

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXV., No. 2 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. FEB., 1899

Beating of the Toms-Toms

Members of the Society of American Artists have recently been beating their tom-toms in the newspaper columns over the refusal of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to accept a picture of the Impressionist School by a late one of their number. While the Metropolitan Museum is quite within its rights in refusing anything it does not want, the occasion brings up the interesting question whether Impressionism, as a branch of the painting of the day, has achieved a position which entitles it to recognition in the history of modern art. Is it anything more than an incidental diversion or fashion? If we mistake not, Impressionism is now dwindling in force, and is as far from being popular to-day as it was when it first astonished the world with its efflorescent scheme of color, and its appropriation of certain canons of art which were as old as the hills. The curious part about Impressionism is that no one has ever plainly defined what it is, while the tendency of its followers to experiment with certain bizarre effects of form suggests that they have taken something from a careful study of that modern development of science, the instantaneous photograph. In color, too, they have chased certain phantasmagoria which have only served to bewilder the picture lover in general. While an occasional amateur of art has professed to understand these vagaries and has succumbed to the fascinations of Impressionist "suggestion," such cases have been rare. Indeed, Impressionism has had no standing in any great sale of pictures, and has not been admitted in any noteworthy case to the collection of any amateur of recognized catholic taste. In spite of these discouragements the younger artists of the day have followed it with persevering assiduity. In one respect only has Impressionism shown any life, and that has been in decorative work. The trick of Impressionism consists in securing to oil paints a uniformly dead finish. This allies it with the old painting in distemper, which was a method of preparing the colors which the great painters of old considered available only for large decorative pictures on walls and ceilings. When it came to the painting of canvases the old masters resorted to oils and varnishes, and recognized the necessity of a transparent scheme of coloring for all classes of work which were subject to close scrutiny. Had we to-day an insight into the secrets which made them such masters over color in their day, we do not believe that Impressionism would be tolerated for the painting of easel pictures even by artists. As a fad or fashion Impressionism has developed from the general search for the alchemy of the old Dutch painters, but its limitations are too narrow for the things which our times must some day express

through the painter's brush and the canvas. Impressionism is, as we have said, but an incident in the search for what has been lost sight of in art, and as such an incident may at some future time be found to have exerted an appreciable influence in the final development of painting. Such being the case, Impressionism will have to be reckoned among the decorative developments of our day, and there may be a shrewder, more far-sighted policy than at first appears on the part of the Metropolitan Museum in declining an easel picture from those who are, to all appearances, most capable in large decorative work.

The Yankee Gunner

After the naval engagements of Cavite and Santiago, so much was said and written in praise of our gunners and the extraordinary accuracy of their fire, that great surprise has been since excited by the report of the Board of Survey on the Spanish cruisers destroyed in the latter fight. This has not been lessened by the comments of the German admiral, Plueddemann, who arrives at practically the same conclusions, the sources of his information being unknown to us, though, curiously enough, the foreigner credits us with a slightly larger number of effective shots than do our own observers. Both statements seem to eliminate the two destroyers from their statistical tables, although the admiral has evidently taken pains to include the guns and shots used in their destruction to bolster up his showing regarding the other four ships of the Spanish squadron. The Board of Survey is also at fault in this respect, for the 6,000 or more projectiles expended by our ships apparently include those fired by the Gloucester and other ships of the American squadron at the two destroyers, as well as those directed at the four cruisers. In brief, the report of the Board of Survey purports to demonstrate that but 123 hits were made on the four cruisers by our guns, 79 of which hits were from one-pounder and six-pounder projectiles, and that these 123 shots practically destroyed four modern armored ships, and incidentally killed anywhere from three to five hundred men. As the total estimated number of killed and drowned on the Spanish side was 700, and allowing 200 for those killed on the two destroyers and drowned in striving to reach the shore from the cruisers, it will be seen that 500 will not greatly exceed the actual number of those slain by these 123 hits, divided among four armored ships, an average, say, of 30 to each vessel. As the Brooklyn was hit about the same number of times by the Spaniards, with no appreciable damage, and the loss of but one life, this is surely a remarkable showing, and one altogether unparalleled in the his-

tory of naval warfare; in fact, so manifest an absurdity on the face of it that it seems extraordinary no naval officer or expert has spoken in defence of "the man behind the gun," and shown the utter futility of the conclusions drawn by the Board of Survey and the doughty German admiral. Recalling the fact that at the time of the board's inspection of the cruisers, their hulls were in great part submerged, remembering that fire had raged fiercely within them for days, twisting and distorting the steel of their decks and superstructures into all imaginable forms, what a farce it seems under such circumstances not only to attempt to count the holes and scars made by shots, but to pretend to tabulate with absolute accuracy the number of hits made by each and every calibre of gun used in the American fleet. Is no reckoning, forsooth, to be made of the shells that burst among the men at the guns, leaving no trace behind but mangled corpses? Is a hit such as slew poor Bagley and his men on board the Winslow not of more avail in battle than a visible shot-hole through a smoke stack or ventilator? With the exception of the crew of the Colon, whose captain should have been shot for cowardice by his own government, and certainly deserved punishment at our hands for treacherously sinking the ship after her surrender, it is generally conceded that the Spaniards fought with the courage of despair. What, then, is the testimony of all the surviving officers and men, so many of whose comrades died beside their guns? Was it not that their ships were swept and searched by a rain of shot and shell against which it was a physical impossibility to contend? Did they not claim that a hell of fire blasted them, and fairly drove those that survived from their stations in spite of the fact that they fought with the desperate courage of doomed men? Possibly a few figures will most palpably demonstrate the absurdity of such investigations after a fight between modern armored ships. Leaving the Colon altogether out of the question, something like an hour and a half elapsed from the time of the coming out of the Spanish ships from Santiago harbor until the Vizcaya surrendered, and taking the three ships that suffered most from our fire, we find an average of forty hits to a ship in the course of ninety minutes, that is, a shot of large or small calibre struck a ship in somewhat more than each two minutes of elapsed time. We are accustomed to accept the "dicta" of experts and ordnance "sharps" with due humility and respect, but that any man-of-war's man—even a Spaniard—could possibly have described this as a rain of projectiles passes belief, and is beyond the credulity of even those who may not have looked through the sights of anything larger than a shotgun. In justice to the Yankee gunner, then, it is to be hoped that those better equipped for a thorough investigation of this subject will take it up and discuss the details more fully. In anticipation of that time, however, and with the kindest desire for the future preservation and welfare of the German navy, we think we may safely warn these Teutonic and scientific sea-soldiers that the conclusions of boards of survey in such matters are not wholly to be trusted; that for somewhat over a century Yankee gunners have been noted for their deadly accuracy of aim, and

that while every bullet may not have its billet, a sufficient number of their shot seem to reach the mark, in spite of tables and figures, generally to ensure the capture or destruction of ships and men opposed to them.

*The Decline of Messenger-
Boy Literature*

The proverbial deliberation of the messenger boy has been recently threatened in two directions. In the first place, he has been mounted on the bicycle, which one must ride with a certain speed or fall off; in the second place, there has been a marked decline in the popularity of the sensational literature which made his feet as much slower as it made his heart beats faster. Furthermore, the progenitor of him who was perhaps the messenger boy's favorite character, "Old Sleuth," has lately died. There has been indeed a notable falling off in the demand for messenger-boy literature—for who shall deny this elastic word "literature" to a field of letters in which the authors have a decided kinship with Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Victor Hugo, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many another honored name? For, after all, the desire of every one of them has been to stir the reader's blood by means of the brisk telling of scenes of rapid action. The lower caste differs from the upper chiefly in point of literary style, and certainly far excels it in point of imagination and prolificity. In plain truth, it is mainly a difference in degree, not in kind. Feats of derring-do, Indians, cut-throats, hidden treasures—these are the common material of all of them. The violence done to actual history by Walter Scott is no less than the extravagant demands made on the reader's credulity by the author of *One-Thumbed Theodore*, the *Theoretical Thief*; or, *Why Little Lilly Lacy Lost Her Lover*.

It is hard to find a generic term for this messenger-boy literature. In England they call these works "penny dreadfuls," or "shilling shockers"; here they used to be called "dime novels"; but the high-sounding name "five-cent library" (usually pronounced "liburry") has had the greatest vogue for many years. Time was when both the writing and the publishing of these—shall one say with the appropriate alliteration, "nickel-nerve-annoyers"?—were attended with profit. The clientage has diminished rapidly, however, and the last decade has seen the authors' prices cut down one-half. The Spanish war has given a little flurry of revival; but it will not last long. The cabin-boys that directed the naval battles of Santiago and Manila and won the humble thanks of Sampson and Dewey have been pretty well worked out, and the Texas Toms and Cowboy Kits who really captured San Juan Hill single-handed have speedily reached their *Götterdämmerung*. While, as for Indians, their war-whoop has ceased to deafen the youth to the clang of the cable-car gong, and the tight places they get Rattlesnake Reub into no longer raise the hair on the cash-boy's scalplock. Detectives, too, are pretty well played out.

Perhaps more than the mere weariness of the old threadbare material, the cheap newspaper has done this literature to death. The yellow journals are no less free from base slavery to facts, and they have the same way of pursuing a murder-mystery in in-

stallments, but there is an allurements and an illusion about newspaper stories which are believed to be at least "founded on fact" that has overcome the charms of the freer fancies. Messenger-boy literature is fading into oblivion. The writers of it will soon be as extinct as the Homeric Rhapsodists, the Minnesingers and the Troubadours. The death of the dean of the guild, Page Halsey, Esq., father of "Old Sleuth," the author of more than six hundred works, and the amasser of a fortune of several hundreds of thousands, emphasizes the decline and fall of this literature. Mr. Halsey lived to see the pauperizing of his trade. He was the last of the Mohicans.

Pneumatics v. Electricity

The application of a newly-discovered natural force, or of a newly-invented mechanical method, to the attainment of ends hitherto reached in other ways, is frequently attended not only with direct but with reactive consequences. To meet the competition of the new system the adherents of the old are compelled to adopt reforms and improvements which otherwise might never have been introduced. A few years ago it seemed as if the electric light were carrying everything before it—that in its effulgence the flames of the gas jet must soon fade away as did the tallow dip in the radiance of kerosene. But the discovery of the Welsbach incandescent gas lamp came to the support of the gasometer, which stands to-day as firm as ever. In another of the applications of electricity—its employment as a means of furnishing power under conditions unfavorable to the direct use of the steam engine—it is encountering competitors which, if not likely to get the better of it, at least bid fair to hold their own against it. Among them are the gasoline and gas engines, both prime movers, and the latter having within it the undeveloped germ of great possibilities. But a further means of power supply, and one which closely parallels the electric current in being not a source of power, but an agency for its transmission, either through a conduit or by bottling up and transportation, is compressed air.

Although the extensive use of compressed air in the arts is a thing of quite recent date, its employment in certain ways is by no means new. As early as 1640, it is believed, air was compressed by a fall of water and availed of for a furnace blast. In modern times it has found an important field in mining and tunneling work. When so employed the air is compressed by a compressor driven by a steam engine and thence is conveyed by a pipe to the rock drill, which it operates as a working fluid after the manner of steam. It possesses the advantages that it is not subject to condensation in the pipe, that after it has performed its duty and is liberated from the drill it furnishes a supply of pure air to the men at work underground, and that by its expansion it cools the atmosphere. For many years the application of the principle of pneumatic tool driving was chiefly confined to tunneling and mining, but now that a fair start has been made in adapting it to other objects, their number and variety are remarkable. Nearly all the navy yards and the large shipbuilding and railroad shops in the country have adopted the pneumatic system for

driving some of their tools. For drilling holes, chipping, calking, riveting tanks, and many other purposes it is pronounced from 25 to 50 per cent. more economical than the old methods. Compressed air is availed of for stone cutting, for refrigeration of buildings, for blowing fog horns, for lifting ash cans from the basement to the sidewalk, for handling baggage, for oil burning, for the transportation of the mail from one part of the city to another through tubes, and for a vast number of other uses as heterogeneous as those mentioned. One of the most curious applications that has been made practical is the painting of surfaces by spraying on the paint from a hose with a blast of expanding air. In the navy, on certain ships, compressed air has been used for performing such operations as charging torpedoes and, in connection with water, for elevating guns and running them out, for steering engines and for ash hoists. It is suggested that these applications could, to advantage, be supplemented by many others, and perhaps in the later improvements made by the Navy Department this is being done. It is hardly necessary, after all the war literature that has been published within a year past, to say that dynamite and guncotton guns, as, for example, those upon the Vesuvius, are generally operated with a charge of compressed air. The Holland torpedo boat, which was offered for sale to the Government, depends upon compressed air as one of the most important elements in her manipulation.

Most of the applications of air which we have already spoken of involve commonly, though not necessarily, its continuous transmission in pipes from a compressor. Transmission systems have been made over a distance of fifteen miles. At the time of the installation of the first power plant at Niagara Falls this was one of the methods considered. Although in that case it was rejected, it is claimed by its advocates to be more economical in long-distance water-power transmission than the electric current.

But in using compressed air for some purposes it is not expedient that the point of utilization be in direct communication with the source of supply. The air, under thousands of pounds of pressure, can be isolated in steel cylinders and carried about from place to place. Herein consists its value for street cars and for automobiles, or horseless carriages, in the introduction of both of which important developments are now taking place. It is to be installed upon certain of the cross-town routes in New York, where it will be found peculiarly valuable because of its avoidance of trolley conduits intersecting those of the up and down-town lines, and of the necessity of maintaining an electric plant in operation for the small number of cars employed. The newest thing in compressed air is the project of Mr. Jacob Leiter, the Chicago capitalist, to introduce automatic vehicles propelled through that agency upon the streets of New York, and of several important European cities. He has already purchased the foreign rights in the Hoadley-Knight patents, and bought out a locomotive works in Rhode Island for the purpose of building part of the machinery. A company known as the New York Auto-Truck Company has been chartered to further his plans as far as this city is concerned, and ere long it will at-

tempt to do a coal-hauling and regular trucking business with self-propelled vehicles. The retirement of the horse from city thoroughfares, which already has begun, seems destined to continue. To fill his place the future is likely to witness a spirited contest between the electric storage battery and the compressed air reservoir.

The Well-Tempered Hurdy-Gurdy

The habit of keeping on the key has been accounted of importance to success in music everywhere, except among the itinerant street musicians and the singers of German opera. The well-known city of Boston (Massachusetts) has recently set its policemen to the task of keeping the venders of hurdy-gurdy harmony within speaking distance of tune; and doubtless when the metropolitan constellation of opera stars reaches Boston-town in its orbit, the spectacled and long-haired policemen of that city will be placed in the wings of the opera house and detectives in citizen's clothes will be stationed in the audience, and the chief of police will wield the baton. Then, at last, those who hit sacred harmony below the belt or strike the established key on the "solar plexus" will find themselves interfered with, the opera house will be "pulled," and the malefactors who break the auricular peace of the auditors will be punished like the lesser criminals who filch mere purses or attack the cerebellum with a sandbag. Then Boston's name will wax popular in the land, and all singers will be tested, licensed and tagged before they are set at large.

Until the complete authority of music is thus vindicated, however, it seems rather harsh to pick on the helpless gutter-minstrels. Once the system is begun and the ruler of our cities becomes art militant, it will not be an unusual experience for the citizen of any of our towns to be visited by a peremptory policeman who will say:

"Your residence is a public nuisance, because it represents the inartistic combination of several architectural periods; the columns are Corinthian, the cornice is Florentine, the gables are Gothic, the shingling is Queen Anne, the windows are Renaissance. Now tune up your architecture within ten days or to jail you go!"

It will be no unusual thing at that artistic day to see a fugitive shot at and run down by an officer, who explains to the mob: "He was seen wearing a Nile-green neck-scarf with a peacock-blue weskit!"

In court the district-attorney will be heard thundering to the horrified jury: "Look on that guilty wretch cowering before you. He abused his high and holy calling as a newspaper reporter, and misused the beautiful word 'transpire'! Shall such a murderous assault on the English language go unpunished? No! A thousand times No!!"

In that blessed time the sculptors will pass a bill forbidding the wearing of implastic and inæsthetic trousers; advertisers will be compelled to use properly designed posters; publishers will be forced to print in rubic with William Morris type-faces; owners of adjoining houses will be penalized for not arbitrating to secure harmonious color-schemes; sculptors of statues, such as make the Central Park Mall a chamber of horrors, will be strung up to the nearest lamp-posts; players and playwrights con-

cerned in any but blank verse dramas will be tarred and feathered.

Toward this artistic millenium Boston has taken a long stride. The effort to keep the street piano tuned is certainly more praiseworthy than the effort made in New York some time ago to abolish street music altogether. The Bostonian way does not rob the poor man of his troubadour, and it modifies the annoyance to the exacting musician of having a deafening rattlebox of all discords under his window. Now for the next crusade against ear-racking street-criers; and then for the paradise of universal asphalt and silent automobiles.

The Russian Peace Project

In joining with other nations of Europe to consider the Czar's proposal for a peaceful disarmament of the great powers, Great Britain joins in a discussion it would willingly favor, but with the rest of the world it doubts the possibility of attaining the sought-for end. The Czar promulgated his rescript in August last, commanding Count Muravieff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, "to propose to all the governments whose representatives are accredited at the imperial court the assembling of a conference to occupy itself with this grave question." Russia has been thought to have seen her own special profit in a general disarmament. She may entertain dreams of a colossal empire for the future, and already she extends her hands over China, while in time she might find herself in a position to drive England out of India.

To prepare for this great future Russia has immediate pressing need of peace and money. Her people are now so heavily taxed that M. Bliokh, a Pole, who recently issued a work on *The Future War in Its Technical, Economical and Political Aspects*, which is supposed to have greatly influenced the Czar, says: "That if the present system is continued, in fifty years, when the population of the Russian Empire has doubled, a considerable part of the nation will be represented by a proletariat, not merely without means of subsistence, but positively half-naked."

This poverty seriously hampers the Russian ministers. If they could reduce the present standing army of 868,000 men a great deal of money would be set free for the development of the territory and resources of the country.

The Russian government has innumerable costly schemes for making Russia invincible. Great sums of money are needed to complete the trans-Siberian Railway. A canal is also projected from Rhigo to Kherson to connect the Black Sea with the Baltic and the Pacific.

Besides these territorial improvements Russian industries must be nurtured for commercial strength. Her present lack of commerce is greatly to her disadvantage in China. She has only an aggressive and diplomatic hold on the country. She cannot intrench herself in the daily life of the Chinese by means of what she buys and what she sells.

Russia recognizes this handicap to her power in China, and to prevent England from gaining an impregnable commercial hold she is encouraging German ambition.

Prince Oukhtomsky, a Russian journalist and

friend of the Czar, is quoted as saying: "Russia will not touch the integrity of China or the prestige of her government. She will strive merely to extend over China a friendly protectorate. When she has established herself in the confidence of the Chinese government she will give Germany commercial and economical privileges in China. She will not hesitate to do this as soon as she is confident of Germany's friendship in case of war with England; for she could not possibly supply the Chinese market with Russian produce.

"Germany needs markets for her commerce. She must obtain these in spite of England. England is the enemy of Russia and of Germany. An attack on India would destroy England. The friendship of Russia would give to Germany the means of taking what she needs."

Such are the expressions of fear which talk of a general disarmament creates in the minds of those who distrust the motives of the Czar and his ministers.

To allay anxiety it has been announced that the discussion, at the conference, will be confined to the feasibility of partial disarmament—the limiting of military expenditure and the maintenance of peace for five years. The powers will also be asked to bind themselves never to declare war one on the other until they have presented their difficulties to neutral powers and given those powers an opportunity of mediating.

But if England agreed to submit her difficulties to neutral powers before declaring war, where would those powers be found? Europe would not think America impartial, and England could hardly be expected to believe in the impartiality of a continental power.

Partial disarmament can only be accomplished by maintaining the existing strength of the powers in relation to one another. Germany has a standing army of 585,440 men; France's numbers but 568,570. If these armies were to be reduced one-half the equation would be the same. But Germany has an increasing, France a stationary population. Will Germany be willing to forego the military advantage of her increase? She may, because governments are beginning to realize that success in a future European war will depend less upon the number of men than on the quality of soldiers and officers, while flourishing finances will be a very large factor in success. In time of war a state with a comparatively small army and rich treasury has greater chance of success than one with a large army and an impoverished treasury. In spite, however, of the discouraging outlook which the discussion of disarmament has brought about, not alone England, but all the continental nations are more than desirous to lay aside the crushing burden of cost which vast armies and navies have entailed, and while the Czar is emboldened to invite the great nations to this love feast, Russian workshops have never been busier than they are now in the building of modern engines of war.

The New Winter Garden

The regeneration of the city of Havana will be watched with peculiar interest by the people of the United States entirely aside from the political question of Cuban

independence. Those who know it best have long predicted that under any enlightened government Havana would prove the most attractive winter resort in this hemisphere. The political change needed to bring this about has taken place, but now the making over of the city must engage the attention of competent authority, and invite an expenditure of many millions of dollars. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for the realization of this end than the tragic death of Commissioner Waring from yellow fever, contracted while studying this very problem. An article by his secretary, Mr. G. Everett Hill, in the January number of the *Forum*, embodies the commissioner's views upon the subject, and details his recommendations for the complete improvement of the city of Havana according to the latest and most approved sanitary methods.

At the present time the city of Havana is a type of the conditions which existed in certain cities of Europe, even to within very recent times. Without characterizing the details, it may be said to be a city without any means of artificial sewerage, and consequently a breeding ground for endemic diseases and fevers, which in times past have been carried to Europe and the United States, with results of the most disastrous kind. As a consequence of this condition of affairs, Americans must be very cautious about attempting to live in Havana, which is the acknowledged seat of the distribution of the worst of Cuban filth diseases, until this work of reorganization and cleansing has taken place. "If Havana, in its present condition," says Mr. Hill, "were suddenly peopled with men from our Northern and Western States, the general death rate would be very much higher than at present," and while some of the milder diseases would be less virulent because of our better dietetic habits, "yellow fever, malaria, typhoid, and other dangerous diseases would claim scores of victims for every one they claim now.

"The work, however, of the United States in freeing Cuba from the outrageous tyranny of Spain is but one-half of the work which, as foster-parent of a new nation, it must take upon itself to perform. We have not hesitated to spend ten times the millions in making war which it will now cost to purify this dangerous pest-breeding locality. Private enterprise has hastened already to purchase ground and franchises in and around Havana, and shows the utmost confidence in the future of the island. It will be, however, according to Mr. Waring's estimates, a couple of years before the city can be made safe for residents from the North, supposing the National Government to adopt the recommendations which he makes."

When, however, proper sewerage systems have been put in and the city has been paved with asphalt, we shall see unfolding a beautiful and healthful tropical resort, which would in time prove a very powerful competitor to the favorite resorts in the South of Europe. Cuba is destined to be the winter garden of the United States. Rich already in its natural advantages, it would seem to be entering upon times which will make the sad tales of starvation and suffering among the natives the pages of a book forever sealed, and an account with inhumanity forever closed.

ECHOES OF THE WAR

A SYMPOSIUM FROM THE MAGAZINES.

The January magazines teem with articles on the Spanish-American War, its causes and its consequences. Doubtless, chief in popular interest amongst the contributions current are the continuation of Lieutenant Hobson's account of The Sinking of the Merrimac, and the conclusion of Captain Sigsbee's Personal Narrative of the Maine, in the Century.

In the second of these serials Captain Sigsbee's third and concluding paper on our great national disaster treats solely of the wrecking work and the inquiry. From such a source, every bit of information is invaluable. The moral force of one of his concluding paragraphs is equally weighty. Speaking of public opinion in connection with Spain's responsibility for the loss of the Maine, he says:

"Notwithstanding, . . . the war was officially prosecuted independently of the affair of the Maine. Certainly no American is likely to feel more deeply than I in respect to any policy growing out of that great disaster; but it is very gratifying to my national pride that we, as a nation, have been proof against all suspicion and against all argument, short of actual demonstration. We have heard much of the motto, 'Remember the Maine.' If we are satisfied that the Maine was blown up from the outside we have a right to remember her with indignation; but without more conclusive evidence than we now have, we are not right if we charge criminality to persons. Therefore, I conceive that the motto, 'Remember the Maine,' used as a war-cry would not have been justifiable. I should like to make the point here, as I have made it elsewhere, that this great and free country, with its education, good intention and universal moral influence, may go to war to punish, but not to revenge. Improperly applied, the motto, 'Remember the Maine,' savors too much of revenge, too much of evil for evil; but it may be used in an entirely worthy sense."

Lieutenant Hobson brings his narrative up to the point of the surrender of himself and the brave sharers of his heroic enterprise to Admiral Cervera as prisoners of war, after their work was done and they had endured the precarious experience of clinging to their raft—"Close in, bodies below and only heads out; close under the edges," to quote his own words—in the cold water and chill of the air before dawn, "probably an hour," in momentary expectation of death from exhaustion and drowning or at the hands of the enemy.

It is always a pleasant thing to note an officer's recognition of good service in his men, and the following incidental paragraph in this connection from Lieutenant Hobson's article, seems especially worthy of quotation:

"The moon was now low. The shadow of Socapa fell over us, and soon it was dark. The sunken vessel was bubbling up its last lingering breath. The boats looking for refugees pulled closer, peering with lanterns, and again the discipline of the men was put to severe test, for time and

again it seemed that the boats would come up, and the impulse to swim away was strong. A suggestion was made to cut the line and let the catamaran drift away. This was also emphatically forbidden, for we should thus miss the reconnoitering boat and certainly fall into less responsible hands. Here, as before, the men strictly obeyed orders, though the impulse for safety was strong to the contrary, and 'sauve qui peut' would have been justifiable, if it is ever justifiable."

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly contains a further account of the sinking of the Merrimac by Helmsman Osborn W. Deignan, a participant in the dangerous exploit. From this we quote the following:

"As the Merrimac sank the Spaniards sent up a cheer, believing they had sunk some large war-vessel. When I came to the surface I saw the catamaran floating near me, and I at once made for it. Just as I reached it, it capsized and turned over, being attached to the Merrimac by the rope on top, thus causing it to turn bottom side up. Thus we were again drawn down under the water, and when I came to the surface this time I did not see the catamaran nor any of my comrades.

"The heavy guns having ceased firing, I heard a voice, and I made for its direction, and found the rest of the crew clinging to the catamaran, with only their heads above the water. We were told to remain where we were, owing to the fact that the Spaniards on shore were now firing with rifles at everything floating near and which resembled a man's form.

"At this time the tide was coming in and carrying all the wreckage up the channel to the inner harbor, and had we cut loose the catamaran the Spaniards would have become suspicious, because it would then have been separated from the wreckage and been noticeable. There was a Spanish picket boat between us and the outer entrance, and had we attempted to make for our fleet they would have picked us off.

"The launch, commanded by Ensign Powell, had been running back and forth outside of the entrance. We lay in this position until six o'clock, the Spaniards having ceased firing at about 4:30. The water was cold, and we could scarcely speak because of our teeth chattering. We had kept ourselves concealed as much as possible, but now it was broad daylight, and a steam launch approaching from the Reina Mercedes warned us that we were discovered.

"Having heard so much about Spanish 'justice,' when we saw the launch approach we expected to be shot. When they got within a ship's length of us, the marines in the bow of the launch (about eight in number) covered us with their rifles. Then it was that Lieutenant Hobson said, in Spanish, 'Is there an officer in the boat?'

"The reply came, 'Yes.'

"Lieutenant Hobson then said, 'We surrender as prisoners of war.' An officer in the boat said,

'Very well; swim to the launch, one at a time, and give up your arms.'

"Lieutenant Hobson swam for the launch and delivered his revolver. The rest of us, seeing that they took possession of his revolver, loosened our belts and permitted our weapons to sink, sooner than surrender them to the Spaniards. Then it was that we swam to the launch, one at a time. Being very weak and exhausted from being in the water so long, we had to be helped aboard the launch.

"After we had all gotten into the launch and under way for the Reina Mercedes, we heard firing from the Spanish batteries, and we afterward found out that they were firing at Ensign Powell's launch. He was still waiting to pick us up."

In his survey of *The Naval Campaign of 1898 in the West Indies*, in *Harper's Magazine*, Lieutenant S. A. Staunton, who served throughout the war in the flagship *New York* as assistant chief of staff to Admiral Sampson, thus feelingly refers to this same incident of the war:

"On the morning of June 3, at four o'clock, the *Merrimac* went in. The story has been often told. It seems marvelous that any escaped alive from that gorge of fire and flame. The enterprise failed of its object—fortunately, as events afterward fell out. Her steering-gear was shot away, and the ship drifted up with the tide, before she was sunk, to a point where she wholly failed to obstruct the channel; but the example and influence of such acts of courage and devotion are powerful and far-reaching. As Powell's steam launch came back, the Admiral and half a dozen officers on the bridge examined her carefully through their glasses, and the men crowded to the side. Neither Hobson nor any of his crew were in sight. In a dead silence Powell came up the side, came forward, mounted the bridge ladder, and with the hushed, even voice of one who has seen death near at hand, made his report to the Admiral, closing in with the words, 'And no one came back, sir.' He had waited until daylight to pick up a chance swimmer, and had come out under the fire of the Socapa battery."

Of the conduct of the bombardment of San Juan, which has been so freely criticized, Lieutenant Staunton says:

"The bombardment of San Juan has been criticized and totally misunderstood. The public did not understand why it was attempted and abandoned; why, if attempted at all, it was not pushed to a successful issue. With Dewey's achievement fresh in its memory, it looked for similar victories in the Atlantic, and was disappointed at what seemed to be a successful defence against its best fleet, especially as this fleet withdrew uninjured.

"The attack on San Juan, after it was ascertained that the Spanish squadron was not there, was simply a 'reconnaissance in force.' It was desirable to capture the place, to destroy its stores of coal and its defences, and the Spanish coast gunboats likely to be found in its inner harbor, if this could be easily done; but it was not a primary object of the campaign, and in default of army co-operation the place could not have been held after capture. It proved to be better defended than had been anticipated, and after thoroughly testing its strength it

became evident that its complete reduction meant certainly a large expenditure of ammunition, and possibly serious injury to some of the ships. Cervera's squadron was at large, and its capture or destruction was of the first importance. Nothing which jeopardized this result could be considered. The Flying Squadron had not yet been sent to Sampson's assistance, and the force in Cuban waters was small. Not a ship nor a gun could be spared if the blockade was to be guarded against Cervera's powerful ships, and so the Admiral reluctantly turned his back on San Juan and stood again to the westward. So well was this move understood that it had not the slightest effect upon the morale of the crews."

In another paragraph he speaks of the battle of Santiago as "the most complete destruction of an organized and powerful naval force recorded in history." In another, he describes an interesting feature of the war, the Squadron Bulletin, "a daily paper printed on a hand-press in the New York for squadron distribution. As all dispatches and reports came to the Admiral, the flag-ship became the sole repository of information; and other ships, although in company and not a mile away, might be quite ignorant of most interesting events. The demand for news was natural and proper, and a daily paper was the easiest method of satisfying it. Each evening the chief of staff dictated to a stenographer the facts relating to naval and military movements which had taken place or which had been reported during the day. This went at once to press, and was sent out the next morning. It was much appreciated by the men and officers of the fleet, attracted no little attention outside, and has been commented upon by an English service paper as worthy of imitation." And in still another paragraph of much interest, in view of the very different state of affairs which prevailed in our army, Lieutenant Staunton says:

"A sketch of the naval operations of this war is not complete without a word respecting the admirable systems of administration and supply. Although the enlisted force was more than doubled, and the number of vessels in commission quite trebled, everything went on smoothly and efficiently. Coal was abundantly furnished, and was never lacking in ample quantities, either at Key West or at Guantanamo. Steam colliers were purchased and placed under naval command, and these were supplemented by chartered schooners. Three supply vessels were obtained and fitted with refrigerating plants. Two of these were employed to distribute fresh meat, ice and vegetables to the vessels on the Cuban blockade, and the third was held in readiness to accompany the Eastern Squadron. The men had more fresh beef than they wanted. The *Solace*, a hospital ship, was fitted out, and the *Vulcan*, a floating workshop. Red tape was never allowed to interfere with efficiency in the department, at the navy yards, or in the fleet. When it obstructed, it was cut. Results were demanded; the responsibility of obtaining them was placed upon individuals, and these individuals were given commensurate authority and discretion. In a word, it was straight, unfettered *business*, conducted by competent men. The resources of the Bureau of

Ordnance seemed limitless. During the creation of our modern fleet picked men of the navy had been at its head and in its several departments. Sicard, Folger and Sampson had preceded O'Neil, the present chief. The bureau was organized for work and for expansion. It knew what its resources were, and, better still, it knew what it lacked, and how to arrange to make the deficiencies good."

Another article in Harper's, *The Naval Lessons of the War*, is by H. W. Wilson, the English author of *Ironclads in Action*. These lessons are, he thinks, "somewhat inconclusive, vitiated at every point by the immense moral difference between the American and Spaniard. This has been a struggle between modernity and mediævalism, just as was the China-Japan war."

Nevertheless, concerning one thing he seems to have reached a sure conclusion.

"It is, then," he says, "the first and greatest lesson of this war that good ships and guns are useless if there are not good officers, engineers and seamen to work the ships, and good gunners to lay the guns. Farragut's wise saying that 'the best defense against the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns,' is triumphantly vindicated. It is an extraordinary fact that the Spanish government, whilst purchasing or building the ships, took no steps to train the men. Unlike the great navies of Europe—British, French, Russian, German and Italian—the Spanish navy has neglected manœuvres in peace. We search in vain for any sign of that incessant drilling upon the sea which has made the American, British and French fleets so formidable. Target practice, which in these three navies and the German has received the utmost possible attention, was similarly overlooked. There are tales, true or untrue, that the ammunition issued to Spanish ships was never expended. Spanish vessels, indeed, presented a fine appearance at Kiel, Spithead, and the Columbian review, but an imposing exterior is nothing in war. The neglect of battle-training has terribly avenged itself."

Elsewhere he further criticises Spain's conduct of the war, saying that "the shameful and ridiculous dispatch of Camara's fleet through the Suez Canal, only to return, was the crowning example of the monumental incapacity of the Spanish authorities. Upon their shoulders rests the blame for the terrible defeats which have overtaken Spain."

And again, in another paragraph, he pays tribute to the American forces at the expense of Spain:

"In England we knew that the seamen of the United States would win; we never dreamed that they would win so easily. Unquestionably we did not comprehend the tremendous efficiency of the American navy as a fighting-machine, nor had we discovered the many grave defects of the Spanish navy. The Spanish ships were good, and in peace there is always a tendency to think good ships must do well. Yet history might have given a very correct idea of what would happen. In all our past wars the Americans are the people who have most seriously challenged our claim to be lords of the sea. Paul Jones, Hull and Decatur are the names to us of men who were the equals of our great sea-captains. The Spaniards, on the other hand, since

the days of Drake and Hawkins, have been the enemies we have feared least."

Mr. Wilson concludes his article with the complimentary statement that "the skill, judgment and high fighting qualities displayed by the American navy in the present struggle have been such as greatly to enhance its reputation, while the excellent performances of its ships prove that its material is of the best."

The first of a series of papers by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on *The Rough Riders* appears in Scribner's Magazine. In this number Colonel Roosevelt tells of the difficulties in raising the regiment experienced by Army Surgeon Wood and himself, who had been commissioned, when Congress authorized the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains, colonel and lieutenant-colonel, respectively, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. "This was the official title of the regiment," he says, "but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the 'Rough Riders.' At first we fought against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the generals of division and brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the 'Rough Riders,' we adopted the term ourselves.

"The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organizing was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment, we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Government, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats, who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition."

After this came the disciplining of "these green hunters of the mountains, these wild rough riders of the plains," as were the men who made up the bulk of the regiment and gave to it its peculiar character. Of the necessity for this work of discipline Colonel Roosevelt's account gives toward the end of his article several amusing examples. He says:

"I had been quite prepared for trouble when it

came to enforcing discipline, but I was agreeably disappointed. There were plenty of hard characters who might by themselves have given trouble, and with one or two of whom we did have to take rough measures; but the bulk of the men thoroughly understood that without discipline they would be merely a valueless mob, and they set themselves hard at work to learn the new duties. Of course, such a regiment, in spite of, or indeed I might almost say because of, the characteristics which made the individual men so exceptionally formidable as soldiers, could very readily have been spoiled. Any weakness in the commander would have ruined it. On the other hand, to treat it from the standpoint of the martinet and military pedant would have been almost equally fatal. From the beginning we started out to secure the essentials of discipline, while laying just as little stress as possible on the non-essentials. The men were singularly quick to respond to any appeal to their intelligence and patriotism. The faults they committed were those of ignorance merely. When Holderman, in announcing dinner to the colonel and the three majors, genially remarked: 'If you fellars don't come soon, everything'll get cold,' he had no thought of other than a kindly and respectful regard for their welfare, and was glad to modify his form of address on being told that it was not what could be described as conventionally military. When one of our sentinels, who had with much labor learned the manual of arms, saluted with great pride as I passed, and added, with a friendly nod, 'Good evening, Colonel,' this variation in the accepted formula was meant, and was accepted, as mere friendly interest. In both cases the needed instruction was given and received in the same kindly spirit.

"One of the new Indian Territory recruits, after twenty-four hours' stay in camp, during which he had held himself distinctly aloof from the general interests, called on the Colonel in his tent, and remarked: 'Well, Colonel, I want to shake hands and say we're with you. We didn't know how we would like you fellars at first; but you're all right, and you know your business, and you mean business, and you can count on us every time!'

"That same night, which was hot, mosquitoes were very annoying; and shortly after midnight both the Colonel and I came to the doors of our respective tents, which adjoined one another. The sentinel in front was also fighting mosquitoes. As we came out we saw him pitch his gun about ten feet off, and sit down to attack some of the pests that had swarmed up his trousers' legs. Happening to glance in our direction, he nodded pleasantly and, with unabashed and friendly feeling, remarked: 'Ain't they bad?'

A Ride Into Cuba for the Red Cross is the title of an article, by Charles R. Gill, M. D., in this same magazine (Scribner's). Dr. Gill undertook the expedition which is here described at the instance of Miss Clara Barton, for the purpose of "becoming acquainted with the condition of the country, and the needs of the people in the regions beyond the city of Santiago, in order that she might relieve their distress in the most intelligent manner, place them in the way of becoming self-supporting, and

diminish the congestion of idle people in the city by setting them to work in the country. It was hoped by this plan not only to remove permanently the distress of the people of Santiago province, but also to relieve the generous public of the United States from carrying indefinitely a heavy burden."

Dr. Gill's investigations yield abundant instances of the misery and destitution everywhere prevalent in "that unhappy isle." A touching picture is this of the dying Cuban, in the paragraph which follows, and the moving appeal with which Dr. Gill concludes his article a few paragraphs later, must arrest the attention of the most indifferent.

"I shall never forget one poor old man, who was brought to me by his son, a Cuban officer. He was carried in a canvas sling by four men. He had long white hair and beard, and was wasted almost to a skeleton, and as he seized my hand in his dying ones and attempted to kiss it, he cried out: 'Oh, Americano! Americano!' and could say no more, for the tears choked his feeble utterances. He had desired to live only long enough to see an American, one of that nation that had liberated his people. I very gently withdrew my hand from his dying clasp, and he was borne away with his hands raised in prayer to—die happy. Tell me not that Cubans have no gratitude toward Americans! . . .

"I cannot conclude this simple narrative without making an appeal for this suffering people. The distress is there—God knows I have seen it—and I cannot rest easy in knowing it. There never was a cry from suffering humanity more urgent than this from Cuba, at our very doors. We have not relieved it. The war has intensified it for the present, and whatever may be its ultimate benefits thousands of precious lives must yet be lost before adequate relief can reach them."

The Review of Reviews, in a statistical article, by Margherita Arlina Hamm, on the Red Cross in the Spanish War, contains the following interesting paragraphs, the last of which confirms the statements of the need still existent in Cuba made in Dr. Gill's article mentioned above:

"Of the nurses who attended the sick and wounded some were hired and received a salary. A second class received no salary, but had their expenses paid. A third class paid their own expenses and traveled great distances in going from their homes to the camps in the South or in the West Indies. A fourth class consisted of members of local branches residing in the neighborhood of the hospitals, who volunteered their services for a day, week, or month, and who did not wait for any special order from the central authority. Besides nurses there were distributors, inspectors, physicians, clerks, guards, bookkeepers and others. Altogether over 1,000 volunteers served their country in the peaceful ranks of the Red Cross army.

"Of the amount of money raised and expended by the Red Cross it is very difficult to get anything like accurate figures. A few contributors and auxiliaries published the value of the supplies they forwarded either to the supply depots or the camps, but at least three-fourths kept undivulged the value of their donations.

"Mr. Richard J. Hinton, who gave this division

much study, found that the amount of money received at the New York office between June 15 and August 26 aggregated over \$235,000, an average of \$3,400 per day. The supplies received during the same period came to about \$250,000, or \$3,500 per day. . . .

"The grand total of gifts from all parts of the world, including supplies and transportation, was not less than \$3,000,000 and probably not more than \$4,000,000, although the agents in different States say it is very difficult to value the supplies.

"No such munificence was ever known before in the history of the world. Though the war is practically over, the Red Cross keeps up its good work and will, as far as it can, bend its energies to ameliorating the condition of the Cubans. In Porto Rico little or nothing remains to be done, and in the Philippines there will be no great need of charitable action; but in the luckless island of Cuba a very large body of people will require assistance for two or three years before they become prosperous and self-supporting. Not alone are the fields ruined, but the homes, factories, machinery, and live-stock have been destroyed."

This issue of the Review of Reviews contains also an interesting article on Our War Diplomacy, by Henry Macfarland.

The January McClure's gives the second installment of Captain Alfred T. Mahan's article, *The War on the Sea and Its Lessons*. Writing of the effect of our deficient coast defense on the movements of the navy, and concerning the military and naval conditions of the enemy, Captain Mahan says:

"Spain, being a state that maintains at all times a regular army, respectable in numbers as well as in personal valor, had at the beginning, and, from the shortness of the war, continued to the end to have a decided land superiority over ourselves. Whatever we might hope eventually to produce in the way of an effective army, large enough for the work in Cuba, time was needed for the result, and time was not allowed. In one respect only the condition of the Peninsula seems to have resembled our own; that was in the inadequacy of the coast defenses. The matter there was even more serious than with us, because not only were the preparations less, but several large seacoast cities—for instance, Barcelona, Malaga, Cadiz—lie immediately upon the seashore; whereas most of ours are at the head of considerable estuaries, remote from the entrance. The exposure of important commercial centres to bombardment, therefore, was for them much greater. This consideration was indeed so evident, that there was in the United States Navy a perceptible current of feeling in favor of carrying maritime war to the coast of Spain and to its commercial approaches.

"The objection to this, on the part of the Navy Department, was, with slight modifications, the same as to the undertaking of operations against Porto Rico. There was not at our disposition, either in armored ships or in cruisers, any superfluity of force over and beyond the requirements of the projected blockade of Cuba. To divert ships from this object, therefore, would be false to the golden rule of concentration of effort—to the single

eye that gives light in warfare. Moreover, in such a movement, the reliance, as represented in the writer's hearing, would have been upon moral effect, upon the dismay of the enemy; for we should soon have come to the end of our physical coercion. As Nelson said of bombarding Copenhagen, 'We should have done our worst, and no nearer friends.' The influence of moral effect in war is indisputable, and often tremendous; but, like some drugs in the pharmacopoeia, it is very uncertain in its action. The other party may not, as the boys say, 'scare worth a cent'; whereas material forces can be closely measured beforehand and their results reasonably predicted. This statement, generally true, is historically especially true of the Spaniard, attacked in his own land. The tenacity of the race has never come out so strongly as under such conditions, as was witnessed in the old War of the Spanish Succession and during the usurpation of Napoleon.

"On the other hand, such an enterprise on our part, if directed against Spanish commerce on the seas, as was suggested by several excellent officers, would have had but a trivial objective. The commerce of Spain was cut up, root and branch, by our expeditions against her colonies, Cuba and Manila; for her most important trade depended upon monopoly of the colonial markets. The slight stream of traffic maintained in Spanish bottoms between the English Channel and the Peninsula was so small that it could readily have been transferred to neutral ships, whose flag we had for this war engaged should protect enemy's goods. Under these circumstances, the coasts of the Philippines and of Cuba were to us the coast of Spain, and far more conveniently so than that of the home country would have been. . . .

"With such results from our operations in the Antilles and the Philippines, there was no inducement, and indeed no justification, for sending cruisers across the ocean, until we had enough and to spare for the blockade of Cuba and Porto Rico. This was at no time the case, up to the close of the war, owing to a combination of causes. The work of paralyzing Spanish trade was being effectually done by the same measures that tended to strangle the Spanish armies in Cuba and the Philippines, and which, when fully developed, would entirely sever their necessary communications with the outside world. Besides all this, the concentration of our efforts upon Cuba, with a subsequent slight extension to the single port of San Juan in Porto Rico, imposed upon Spain the burden of sustaining the war between three and four thousand miles from home, and spared us the like additional strain. Every consideration so far entertained, therefore, of energy as well as of prudence, dictated the application of all the pressure at our disposal at the beginning of hostilities, and until the destruction of Cervera's squadron, upon Cuba, and in a very minor degree upon Porto Rico. Indeed, the ships placed before San Juan were not for blockade, properly so called, but to check any mischievous display of energy by the torpedo cruiser within."

McClure's also contains an article by the newspaper correspondent, Stephen Bonsal, relating

scenes and incidents of the battle at Caney and San Juan. From this, *The Day of Battle; Stories Gathered in the Field*, we quote a few interesting paragraphs:

"To nine-tenths, and perhaps to a larger proportion still, of the five brigades which made the gallant advance through the jungle and up the heights of San Juan, under such untoward circumstances and under such a withering and unrelenting fire, the trying experience was also a novel one. Only a few of the gray-haired colonels surviving from the civil war could remember from their subaltern days to have confronted such a fire as this. Some men, not counting those who are born fools, come into the world and pass through it without ever having had an experience of physical fear; but these men, even when you include the fools, are not a majority, or even a considerable minority, of mankind. And few men there were who, as they advanced into the unknown that now opened before them, into the jungle where the shrapnel grumbled and sang, and the shells burst overhead, and the unseen bullets struck down men at their sides, did not give evidence of the strain that the performance of their duty under such grim circumstances as these imposed upon them. Indeed, there were not a few who came up the road livid with fear, looking wildly about them upon every side with starting eyes to see from where their death might come.

"One of these, a young officer whom I knew, I could hardly recognize as he passed, so changed were his features, so distracted was the expression of his face. The mask of discipline had fallen, and for a moment I thought to see into the man's very soul. His company had been halted for a minute by the little hillock behind which I lay in almost perfect security, and where there was security for others, too. But he had to go on, leading the hundred men who would obey him implicitly, who would follow him either right up to the enemy's lines or in cowardly flight off the field, just as he said, just as he led. Seeing my anxiety at the suffering I had surprised in his face, he said, 'I'm sweating blood with fear; but I will go ahead all right, and keep my men in line, too, never fear.'

"He went on, and, by force of character and unwavering devotion to duty, carried his weak and protesting body into the zone of fire. That evening I listened to those who told how gallantly he had died at the head of his company in the charge up the heights, and I thought then, and have thought many times since, that though many died there, and there was much glory, no one showed such heroism or was deserving of such praise as this man, who was born a coward and who died at the head of the charge with the bravest of the brave. . . .

"Of no man can it be said that had he not been there the victory might not have been won; for it was a soldiers' fight from first to last, and it was won by stout hearts that did not know defeat, and there were many of them. But if there are men who more than their fellows contributed to the astonishing results of the campaign, these men—I say it without fear of contradiction from any one who was there—were the teamsters and packers of the mule trains, who carried the much-needed cartridges right up to the firing line. These heroes—

and they were heroes if there still be left any grace in the much-abused and overworked word—were not bound to the service they rendered by an oath, and they wore no uniform and followed no flag which encouraged and compelled them to daring deeds. They were simply the hired men of the army, at so much a month, to be discharged at will; and indeed of the few that survived the hardships which the campaign entailed upon them, and from which they suffered more in proportion than the soldiers, because they were less well taken care of and had more fatiguing work to do, quite a number were discharged in Santiago because mule trains were no longer needed, and they had to shift for themselves to get back to the country they had served so well and so recently. The scene of all those beheld upon the edge of the battle which is most indelibly engraven upon my memory, the one which I most often delight to recall, is the picture I had of a mule train which crossed the creek and pulled up in the road, awaiting the result of the charge up the hill upon which the fortune of the day, as things had now developed, undoubtedly depended.

"'Get back, man! What are you doing here?' shouted an excited aide as he galloped by and saw the long file of restless mules and the tall, raw-boned, imperturbable packers. 'You think we all want mule meat for breakfast?'

"'We are here 'cording to orders,' replied the chief packer, 'and I guess we'll remain here until them orders is changed, though two of the boys has been knocked out and a whole mess of the mules.'

"The officer dashed on as though not caring longer to bandy words with a madman; but the packer continued, half to me and half for his personal satisfaction, 'I got my orders from Lieutenant Cabaniss, the boss of all the mule trains, and from Lieutenant Brooks, son of General Brooks, you know, and the ordnance officer of the whole blamed outfit, to bring these cartridge boxes right here, and here I'll stick until he tells me to go away. He said, 'Before this mix-up is straightened out, the boys on the firing-line will be wanting ball cartridges, and will be wanting 'em bad'; and he's gone up there to tell 'em where they can get more when their belts is empty, and I'm going to stay here if all hell breaks loose.'

"And this surmise was only too true. Shortly before five o'clock, details of men came rushing down from nearly every regiment on the hill, in the wildest excitement, announcing that the ammunition was nearly spent. They fell upon the mule train, pried open the boxes with their bayonets, filled their pockets, their hats, their haversacks, and their blankets with the precious cartridges to replace the 200 rounds already fired. And then they rushed back to the firing-line, where, thanks to this mule train and the 200,000 rounds it had brought up and kept at the front, they were now in a position to meet any emergency. So I believe, if there were any men or set of men who did more than their fellows to turn the tide of battle and to win the day they were the men of this mule train who, for all I know, may be among those teamsters and packers who have since been turned adrift in the streets of Santiago to shift for themselves."

A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. W. D. CABELL.

A German Emperor in Palestine.

Under date of Constantinople, October 17, 1898, appears an article upon Emperor William's visit in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Etienne Lamy, from which the extracts which follow are made. The first part is upon the Turkish army:

. . . To know the number and date of the European influences that have presided in turn over the constitution of the Turkish army, it suffices to observe the style of the uniforms and their age. That regiment of Lancers coming down the street, strapped into blue vests, with red plastrons, the "shapska" on each head, and wearing close-fitting pantaloons, is in German style, and is newly equipped. The regiment of Chasseurs following it, preceded by kettledrums and fifes, dressed all in green, with loose trousers stuffed into the boots, a large tunic with outside pockets and an astracan toque, resembles a Russian regiment. Its uniforms are faded, and show at the seams those paler tints which reveal the springtime of nature and the autumn of the wardrobe. Yet more rusty are those Turcos and Zouaves, formerly borrowed from Islam by France, and returned by France to the Ottomans. Their ragged appearance tells all too plainly how remote are the days of Lyria and the Crimea. The only military costume that has any true Oriental originality belongs by the irony of facts to the most western of the Ottomans. The Albanian guard, composed of giants, would be superb in vest, trousers and cap of white wool, with black braid, if European enterprise, reaching even here, had not replaced the national foot-gear—a long band of skin enveloping the foot and rolled around the leg—by heavy shoes and low gaiters of yellow leather. Thus these wild men, who begin as demigods, terminate as Chasseurs of the plain of Saint Denis. It might be thought that even America, now become a military power, sends models here; a dust-colored regiment passes, dingy from head to foot, without a bright button or a bit of metal braid, cartridges on the breast, knapsacks fastened low. To eyes accustomed to the usual uniform, this costume is rather that of the huntsman than the soldier; but has the soldier less need than the huntsman to march with comfort and to conceal his presence? Curiously enough, this innovation was suggested by the Germans, and they are possibly experimenting with the Turks for their own benefit. Meantime, they have given the entire Ottoman army their arms, their manœuvre, their drill, their step, and even their boots.

With all these accoutrements, and amid so many borrowed fashions, the Turk resembles only himself. The drill he has acquired from Berlin has failed to deprive him of the natural suppleness of his movements. Despite the heavy boots that distress him, he retains the elasticity of his step—quite superior to his instructors in this, that they transform their recruits into soldiers by the continued constraint of the will against nature, while he is unconsciously and by nature a soldier. His dress is often neglected, but his arms are always

bright. He knew how to use them before he received them from the Sultan. He will continue to bear them when he returns to his house or his tent. Sobriety, courage and obedience are the laws of his whole life. These virtues are stamped upon his countenance with the simplicity of instinctive force, and give to this army an air of repressed power and of imposing dignity. . . .

Hope. Jules Lemaitre. Annales Politiques et Littéraires

For many months I have read only books that descanted upon our ills . . . until by a happy chance a book has come into my hands—"Aube de Siècle" (Dawn of a Century), by M. Jules des Botours—which I have read with feelings of surprise and relief. In this earnest and charming work, strong and tender, full of courage and grace, the author disguises none of the troubles, none of the dangers of the present hour, and avoids alike a weak optimism and all puerile illusions, but does not yield to a sterile discouragement. He is not afraid to entitle his last chapter, "Of Hope and of Joy," and his originality in this day of trite and unfruitful pessimism is that he dares to reassert and honor the claims of hope.

Let it not be said that the originality of this effort is slight, and the attempt superfluous; that hope is a sentiment requiring neither rekindling nor fostering with us; that man hopes from the moment of his birth, and that this instinct may be dangerous to him by preventing him from seeing things as they are and withholding him from action. No; hope is not recklessness or improvident indolence, illusion or presumption.

The Church has made hope one of the three cardinal virtues. If only a natural instinct, if it did not demand action and effort, and consequently self-sacrifice, it would not be a virtue.

Hope may be defined as the enemy of pessimism. Pessimism, however much derided, constitutes the sickly charm of nearly all modern literature. Interpreted by a generous soul it may be made a principle of virtuous action; but then it ceases to be itself—and it is always dangerous.

It prefers claims to distinction, and that cheaply, for it is really within the scope of very commonplace minds. It flatters intellectual arrogance by the high idea it gives us of our penetration, as if to discover evil were more difficult than to see good. It flatters our indolence by representing the uselessness and vanity of all things. It benumbs the will like a sort of opium, at once bitter and delicious.

"O death, divine death to whom all things return,
Receive thy children into thy starry breast;
Release us from time, number and space,
And restore the repose that life has marred."

Beautiful, but very simple and too easy! There is a hypocrisy of pessimism. One can "despair" by egotism and calculation. To complacently affirm the universality of evil may be only a pretext not to view too seriously the evil we ourselves perpetrate. As it has its dupes, pessimism has also its knaves.

But if hope is the enemy of pessimism, it must

not be confounded with optimism, which is often silly, cowardly and heartless. Optimism is the belief, often through self-interest, in the present goodness of the world, and conduces to a comfortable indifference. Hope is the belief in future goodness, and is therefore inseparable from the idea that we must work with our little might for its coming. It is a part of faith and charity; it is faith and charity applied to what as yet is not, faith and charity reaching out towards the morrow. It was through hope that our fathers wrought the Revolution, that Columbus discovered the New World, and Pasteur developed microbiology.

To seek the motives for hope is to seek those for action. These motives are never lacking, and they are increased and strengthened by the effort to see them, because to see them is an impulse towards good which in itself adds to the benevolent impulses tending to the preservation of mankind.

Despite all counter-indications and even the apparent refutation of events at this moment, there is in the world an increase in love of justice and paternal feeling. All literature is full of it, and this is an indication that can never be wholly misleading. Observe that I speak only of an "increase," a modest word that conveys but the relations of the present with the past that is known to us.

"The conflict between classes is more pronounced than ever," it is said. More than ever? It is rather that complaints are more heard than formerly. At least, no one now can be ignorant of this conflict, and no one, I think, speaks of it lightly. There are workmen of intelligence and critical capacity, there are employers of good feeling and intentions. Much may be expected from the workmen's unions if they learn to better limit their pretensions. Much may be hoped from voluntary co-operation. It may perhaps abolish socialism—which appears at present to mean involuntary co-operation, or by modifying it may become merged in it. There are, for instance, more sentiments common to M. Paul Deschanel and M. Millerand than they are aware of, and they are perhaps separated by words and by the demands of their respective positions rather than by opinions! . . . They may become conscious of this some day! . . .

"The conflict between races grows more and more cruel." This is true, and it is not the moment to approach the subject with confidence. No; war is not dead; it has reasserted itself through those frightful Anglo-Saxons who are assuredly the scandal of humanity. European diplomacy is powerless and the dream of international arbitration appears seriously threatened. And yet, even this Europe that has been unable to interfere, views war with a changed eye. War is considered a pure abomination, and every effort should be made to control it and to alleviate its effects. Europe still permits war to be waged; but she is plainly ashamed of it, and that is something, until better can be attained.

"The state of France is deplorable, and we still endure the depression following defeat." But we know our trouble, which has never been the case with a people doomed to decay. Our colonies will save us perhaps, because we know that unless they do save us, they will be our ruin. From the neces-

sity of developing them may result a fortunate modification of our habits and whole system of public instruction, and a sort of renovation of our national temperament. Moreover, Tunis is in good plight; New Caledonia is not badly off; the Madagascar Railroad is about to be built. On the Niger we have been as wise and practical as the English could have been, as bold, and at the same time as sparing of our strength.

Men of action are all men of invincible hopefulness. . . . Let us mark the words of Gabriel Bonvalot in his address to the Touring Club:

. . . "It is in traveling and observing the work of other peoples that I have become cognizant of our inferiority in certain respects. I do not say that we are inferior in intrinsic value; on the contrary, I claim that we are their equals. We are as intelligent, we give our lives more freely, and we suffer with equal fortitude. It must be owned that we are prone to sudden discouragement, even to fancies, although we need only a man of strength to check us, and restore us to ourselves." . . .

"In English India there is about one European to 550 or 600 natives. Therefore, if it were only a question of numbers, Tonquin, where the proportion between the French and native population is about the same, would be as flourishing as English India. But of the 1,914 Frenchmen, 1,500 were officeholders, 400 persons were living under protection, and there were 14 planters. Of these 14 planters two years ago, six were subsidized."

"I do not therefore ask you to send all your sons to the colonies. It is not the number that is important, but the quality of the men. . . . Let the propaganda of the Comité Dupleix equip only one good planter per year in each of the eighty-six departments remaining to us. Let this be done for ten years, and we will have 860 planters, and the work will be accomplished. Our colonies will have all the strength they need, and will prosper."

"In short, France has the right to occupy one of the highest places under the sun. Have no fear, she is going to live. To give her this place it is only necessary to utilize all the forces now dormant."

So be it! Let us hope with Bonvalot, and thus be able to act!

This account of the sermon on the Mount is dated the Mount of Olives, October 30, 1898:

In the open air, on a wide esplanade before the chapel, a large carpet is spread. At one extremity of this carpet glitter two gilded chairs, as stately as thrones, under the light shade of young pine trees. The Emperor and Empress are seated on these chairs; their suite is grouped behind them. Before them, at the centre of the carpet, a German stands speaking. This German is the first pastor to their Majesties. He is delivering a sermon to them. His clear, simple tones, his natural and reserved gestures have, without any attempt at eloquence, an accent of gravity and all the force of conviction. Whether he bends as subject or aspires as priest, he understands the difficult task of speaking to an emperor in the name of God. He reminds William of his father, who was also a pilgrim to Jerusalem. He commends the son for following this example, and thus doing homage to faith. He does not doubt

that this act of faith will be useful. He asks heaven to watch over the sovereign and inspire him.

The Emperor listens bare-headed, with an air of respect hitherto lacking in him. At the moment when the sermon soars into prayer, he kneels with the Empress, their heads bow low while the pastor consecrates each of his prayers by more and more insistent supplications, and even after the hush that follows the final "amen," they continue bowed as though listening to God in the stillness. The Empress, with hands joined, seems to believe and worship in an effusion of confidence. The devotion of William II. is less simple. With one knee on the ground, the other supporting his left arm, his right hand grasping the folds of a large bournous which veils with its silky transparency the blue and silver of his uniform, his head and body bowed, his face as motionless as his form, he is a splendid statue of prayer, a counterpart of the "Penseroso." There is nothing to be criticised, unless the excess of perfection in this arrangement, the fall of the draperies, the harmony of colors, the studied effectiveness of the attitude, the care to change or disturb nothing when once posed. It seems that William wishes to give the spectators and himself the spectacle of an emperor in his relations with God. That, thinking of God, he is thinking also of men. That he is playing his part as a representative personage, and that in him the artist and actor overwhelm the believer. Statues of Prayer do not pray.

When the Emperor had risen a slow and religious melody made itself heard. Issuing at first from musical instruments it was taken up by the audience, but very softly, as if by the voices accompanying an orchestra. In this murmur of chanted words could be plainly distinguished the slender, true notes of the Empress. With her the whole court chanted the Cantrill. These men and women, who, a little before, had the air at once consequential and subordinate always worn in the presence of princess, now showed in their faces the ennobling effect of a religious service, a confession of faith. And this court, lifted above its accustomed adoration of one man—this man, himself, laying aside his self-worship, returning to his Maker the homage he usually received, and in the sight of all bending his knee before an invisible Master—all this was imposing. The secret of greatness so vainly sought until now was discovered to-day by William II., and the poetry of this religious sacrifice hovered over him as at the head of his silent cortège, and in the fading light, he returned to Jerusalem.

The New Academician..... Journal des Débats

The French Academy has just elected a successor to M. Henri Meilhac. The contest over the vacant chair was unusually eager, and the struggle between the two principal candidates, M. Paul Henreu and M. Henri Lavedan, very close. The prize was finally adjudged to M. Lavedan, through the influence, it is said, of what is called "the duke's party."

Thirty-nine years old, a handsome fellow, very elegant, still liable for military duty, a landed proprietor, crowned with green palms at an age of which they are not the customary adornment, M. Lavedan bids fair to be even more in demand than hertofore. He will make good and witty orations;

he will work on the Dictionary, introducing into it some of his words if he pleases. He will have only the embarrassment of choice between invitations to dinner—one of the advantages (?), it appears, pertaining to the position. We recall the "mot" of a recently-made academician, previously little known to society, who, on receiving the eighth dinner card of the week, exclaimed: "I did not know that nourishment was included!"

The Tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Hippolyte Buffenois writes as follows of the tomb and burial place of Rousseau in a recent number of *Le Monde Illustré*:

Last year Prince Constantine Radziwill, proprietor of the Château of Ermenonville, ordered that the century-old stone tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau, much injured by time and weather, should be completely restored.

Rousseau passed his last days at Ermenonville as the guest of Marquis René de Girardin, and died there the second of July, 1778, in his sixty-eighth year. In accordance with his last wishes, he was interred in the Isle of Poplars, which is situated at one end of the lake in front of the château. His mausoleum, constructed by the order of that lover of arts and philosophy, René de Girardin, and recently restored by his worthy successor, Prince Radziwill, is the treasure and glory of Ermenonville. Designed by Robert, and sculptured by J. P. Lesueur, it has the proportions of an antique altar. The front, facing the south, is adorned with a bas-relief representing a woman seated at the foot of a palm tree, the symbol of fecundity. Her new-born babe is at her breast. She holds Emile open in one hand, while she smilingly watches the gambols of her older boys. There is a fine figure of Gratitude depositing fruits and flowers upon Nature's altar. A child is setting fire to swaddling bands and mediæval fetters. There are figures representing Music and Eloquence, naked Truth, and Nature in the guise of a female suckling small children. Pilasters and rich carvings adorn the structure; over the front is a civic crown with the device of Rousseau: "Vitam Impendere Vero." Towards the north is this inscription: "Here sleeps the man of Nature and of Truth!"

The monument was formerly surrounded by Italian poplars which gave the island its name. "Their straight and slender stems," wrote an enthusiastic visitor, "their tranquil foliage seem to fix meditation and solitude in this island." These fine poplars, with stately stems and reposeful aspect, have suffered the common lot—they grew old and are dead.

In front of the island, on the shore of the enchanted lake and under the shade of a group of trees, stands a rustic bench known as "Le Banc des Mères." To this spot, from 1778 to about 1830, the period when Paris and indeed all France proposed to worship Rousseau, the celebrities of the Revolution, of the Empire, of the Restoration, thinkers, lovers, the ambitious, the learned, passionate women, restless spirits, minds eager for knowledge, justice and liberty were wont to come and meditate.

That great disciple of Rousseau, Robespierre, loved this Mothers' Bench, and he was often found

there plunged in endless reverie. Saint Just passed sweet hours there, absorbed in his republican ideal. Bonaparte, while still almost unknown, came there more than once to dream of his future and indulge the melancholy of his vast ambition.

André Chénier, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Boucher, Ducis, Chateaubriand, Mme. Roland, Mme. de Stael, later George Sand, Louis Blanc, Lamartine, Lammenais, and many others paused and lingered at this same spot, where a week ago a fair friend and I passed and whispered softly amid the caress of the breeze, the freshness of the trees and the sweet silence of the valley.

Among the persons of note who have visited the tomb of Rousseau were two famous women of august rank—a queen and an empress—Marie Antoinette and Joséphine.

It was the 14th of July, 1780, that the Queen of France was conducted to Ermenonville by the Count d'Artois. She paused in deep thought before the great man's tomb, and her suite imitated her religious silence. She dined at the château, where the Count d'Artois did the honors by invitation of the Marquis de Girardin.

A painter enamored of the eighteenth century might have found here a theme for a picture—Marie Antoinette at the tomb of Jean Jacques! The daughter of the Cæsars doing homage to the citizen of Geneva! She must have admired him profoundly, for this same year, 1780, in the month of September, attired as a young shepherdess, she played with infinite grace the part of "Colette" in "Le Devin du Village," in her theatre at Trianon. The fiery soul of Rousseau must have shivered with pleasure!

The Empress Joséphine was also a disciple of the writer of "La Nouvelle Héloïse." Our best proof of this lies in certain charming verses which she wrote after visiting the Isle of Poplars. And truly there is no end to the tributes in prose and verse by the most eminent personages in letters, arts, sciences and politics inspired by the philosopher's tomb. And the solitary tomb on the enchanted island, caressed by singing waves and gentle breezes, amid verdure and flowers, was best adapted to the lover of nature, this enthusiast who, with inimitable pen, had so often pictured her harmonies, graces and charms!

But that daughter of Rousseau, the Convention, wished to show her gratitude to her progenitor. In her ardent love and her omnipotence, she decreed that his mortal remains should be transported from Ermenonville to the Pantheon, and there be placed beside Voltaire in the temple to great men. This transfer took place the 9th and 10th of October, and the ashes of the two philosophers are still at the Pantheon.

During the invasion of 1815 the commander-in-chief of one of the hostile armies arrived at Pleises-Belleville, unrolled his map, and finding himself near Ermenonville, asked if it were there that Jean Jacques Rousseau spent his last days. On receiving an affirmative reply he said: "Then, so long as there are Prussians in France, Ermenonville shall be exempt from all exactions of war." He went to the last home of the philosopher. On approaching it he uncovered and gave his troops orders to re-

spect Ermenonville, its inhabitants and their property, an order which was strictly observed. All the German and Russian troops that followed, either from conviction or obedience, showed the same respect to the memory of Rousseau. Officers and soldiers who came to visit the Isle of Poplars usually uncovered at a distance of thirty paces. These facts which we have found attested in the National Library, in documents of the period, have an eloquent significance. Better than labored eulogiums they show the powerful influence of Rousseau upon his time, not in France only, but in the world; they show how profound a furrow the author of *Emile* had made in men's souls; what a luminous trace his passage left; how seductive an influence accompanied his works. We congratulate Prince Constantine Radziwill upon the admirable restoration of the mausoleum of the Isle of Poplars. We hope that the Government will erect to his honor and that of Voltaire a magnificent mausoleum in the Pantheon. Let us not forget that a people exhibits its greatness and strength in doing honor to its great men.

Versailles.....*Revue des Deux Mondes*

If it has been truly said that the secret of a period lies always in the art that it bequeaths to us; this may be surely affirmed of Versailles, where the greatness of a reign, the uniform reach of one will are manifested in the majesty of a work perfectly harmonized, while the decorators' skill is so exhibited in even the smallest details as to compel admiration. Versailles, with the infinite perspective of its vast avenues radiating from its castle on a hill, with its regular streets, its French park, its marvels and its memories, surpasses all other cities in the type it offers of an art complete and uniform in its expression. The century of Louis XIV., the most enlightened of the centuries, is here represented as a whole with the physiognomy of manners and of men, the personification of ideas and of art. To interpret the living image of the great century, it is not enough to look upon the royal city; it is necessary to question it closely, to penetrate into its confidence. Then, all its stones speak to those who can hear them; the echoes of its halls still repeat the voices of Louis XIV., of Bossuet, Massillon, Villars, Turenne, Molière, Racine. Across the mirrors of the galleries still pass before the evoking eye the forms of the Maria Theresas, the La Vallières; of Montespan, Maintenon, the Duchess of Burgundy, Marie Leszinska, Pompadour, Du Barry, of the martyred Queen. It was Versailles that gave the impulse to fashion and art, and long controlled the taste of Europe. To Versailles came the artists impelled by the instinct of the beautiful to obey a uniform discipline whether that of Le Brun, Mignard or Le Nôtre, striving, without regard to personal fame, for a result impregnable on the score of good taste. Nothing, moreover, was left to chance by those in charge; all was the work of an admirable organization; and the cost of Versailles, as attested by the official figures carefully preserved, fell far below the fabulous sums attributed to it in the attempt to prove that our subsequent financial disasters were due to the outlay upon this masterpiece.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Sailor of the Sail.....Thomas Fleming Day.....Songs of Sea and Sail

I sing the Sailor of the Sail, breed of the oaken heart,
Who drew the world together and spread our race apart,

Whose conquests are the measure of thrice the ocean's
girth,
Whose trophies are the nations that necklace half the
earth.

Lord of the Bunt and Gasket, and Master of the Yard,
To whom no land was distant, to whom no sea was barred;

Who battled with the current; who conquered with the
wind;
Who shaped the course before him by the wake he threw
behind;

Who burned in twenty climates; who froze in twenty seas;
Who crept the shore of Labrador and flash'd the Carib-
bees;

Who followed Drake; who fought with Blake, who broke
the bar of Spain,

And who gave to timid traffic the freedom of the main;

* * * * *

To whom all things were barter—slaves, spices, gold and
gum;

Who gave his life for glory; who sold his soul for rum—

I sing him, and I see him as only those can see
Who stake their lives to fathom that solveless mystery;

Who on the space of waters have fought the killing gale,
Have heard the crying of the spar, the moaning of the sail;

Who never see the ocean but that they feel its hand
Clutch like a siren at the heart to drag it from the land.

I see him in the running, when seas would overwhelm,
Lay breathing hard along the yard and sweating at the
helm.

* * * * *

I see him drunk and fighting roll through some seaboard
town,

When those who own and rob him take to the street and
frown.

O Sovereign of the Boundless! O Bondsman of the Wave!
Who made the world dependent, yet lived and died a slave.

In Britain's vast Valhalla, where sleep her worst and
best—

Where is the grave she made you—your first and final rest?

Beneath no stone or trophy, beneath no minster tower,
Lie those who gave her Empire, who stretched her arm to
power.

Below these markless pathways where commerce shapes
the trail,

Unsung, unrun, forgotten, sleeps the Sailor of the Sail.

A Ballad of Manila Bay.....C. G. D. Roberts.....Harper's Magazine

Your threats how vain, Corregidor;
Your rampired batteries, feared no more;
Your frowning guard at Manila gate,—
When our Captain went before!

Lights out. Into the unknown gloom
From the windy, glimmering, wide, sea-room,
Challenging fate in that dark strait
We dared the hidden doom.

But the death in the deep awoke not then;
Mine and torpedo they spoke not then;
From the heights that loomed on our passing line
The thunder broke not then.

Safe through the perilous dark we sped,
Quiet each ship as the quiet dead,
Till the guns of El Fraile roared—too late,
And the steel prows forged ahead.

Mute each ship as the mute-mouth grave,
A ghost leviathan cleaving the wave;
But deep in its heart the great fires throb,
The travailing engines rave,

The ponderous pistons urge like fate,
The red-throat furnaces roar elate,
And the sweating stokers stagger and swoon
In the heat more fierce than hate.

So through the dark we stole our way
Past the grim warders and into the bay,
Past Kalibuyo, and past Salinas,—
And came at the break of day

Where strong Cavité stood to oppose,—
Where, from a sheen of silver and rose,
A thronging of masts, a soaring of towers,
The beautiful city arose.

How fine and fair! But the shining air
With a thousand shattering thunders there
Flapped and reeled. For the fighting foe—
We had caught him in his lair.

Surprised, unready, his proud ships lay
Idly at anchor in Bakor Bay;—
Unready, surprised, but proudly bold,
Which was ever the Spaniard's way.

Then soon on his pride the dread doom fell,
Red doom,—for the ruin of shot and shell
Lit every vomiting, bursting hulk
With a crimson reek of hell.

But to the brave though beaten, hail!
All hail to them that dare and fail!
To the dauntless boat that charged our fleet
And sank in the iron hail!

Manila Bay! Manila Bay!
How proud the song on our lips to-day!
A brave old song of the true and strong
And the will that has its way;

Of the blood that told in the days of Drake
When the fight was good for the fighting sake!
For the blood that fathered Farragut
Is the blood that fathered Blake;

And the pride of the blood will not be undone
While war's in the world and a fight to be won.
For the master now, as the master of old,
Is "the man behind the gun."

The dominant blood that daunts the foe,
That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow,—
It is Dewey's glory to-day, as Nelson's
A hundred years ago!

If I Had Been a Rose.....*Pall Mall Gazette*

If I had been a rose
And not a woman, would your feet have stayed
A moment in their passing, and in shade
That meeting boughs of lime and lilac made,
Would you have stood and softly touched my flower,
Making me redder, and breathed in my dower
Of sweetness? Would you gather me, I wonder?
Oh pass without a word, and leave me under
My shading leaves to watch my bloom grow dry?
Ah! would you be unkind, and pass me by
If I had been a rose?

If I had been a rose
You had been kinder than to leave me there,
Spilling my sweetness out, half in despair,
And half because remembering is so rare.
'Tis easy withering roses, even in June!
Too rough a wind touch, or too bright a noon,
The red leaves drop and show the gold heart under,
Past dream or daring, past desire and wonder.
Ah! yet be gentle though no rose am I!
My tears are in my heart—my tears were dry
If I had been a rose.

Autumn at the Bridge.....*C. Y. Rice*.....*From Dusk to Dusk**

Brown dropping of leaves,
Soft rush of the wind,
Slow searing of sheaves
On the hill;
Green plunging of frogs,
Cool lisp of the brook,
Far barking of dogs
At the mill;
Hot hanging of clouds,
High poise of the hawk,
Flush laughter of crowds
From the Ridge,
Nut-falling, quail-calling,
Wheel-rumbling, bee-mumbling—
Oh sadness, gladness, madness,
Of an autumn day at the bridge!

To the Concord River.....*C. E. A. Winslow*.....*New England Magazine*

Dear stream, I know thy every mood as well
As Love the changes in his mistress's eyes,—
From early morn, when still the shadows dwell,
And wreathing mists from off thy bosom rise,
While glens and dales are wrapped in virgin sleep,
On moss and fern the night's cool dews lie deep,
And morning's kiss caresses crag and steep.

For noon's still hour a cool retreat I know,
And oft thro' shading boughs my course have steered,
To lie beyond the current's rippling flow,
Where vines hang down and sedges tall are reared,
While only here and there a single gleam
Of light breaks through, to dance upon the stream,
A shadowing of Nature's happy dream.

At sunset I have sought a place where slow
The flood rolls northward with a broad expanse,
And over meadows wide the sun hangs low,
To cast soft shadows where the midges dance;
And see the bitter wing his clumsy way
Toward old tall pine that holds unbroken sway
Above the wood of maples autumn-gay.

And I have loved, where drooping willows bend
And hemlocks tall are mirrored in the stream,
To float between two worlds, which have no end—
And no beginning: both enchanted seem;
While 'neath the arched stone bridge which lies below,
The evening star, with steady silver glow,
Swims on the surface of the current slow.

*Cumb. Pres. Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

To-day, fair river, I am far away

From thy cool reaches, in a barren land;
Yet still I see thy slender birches sway,
Hear still thy placid murmur close at hand,—
And in my soul thy peace and calm abide,
As when I wandered by thy tranquil tide,
Or idly drifted where thy lilies ride.

The Lake at Sunset.....*Arthur J. Burdick*.....*Just Jingles**

The glaring sun has sought the mists that hover in the west;
The wanton wind has tired of play and gently sunk to rest;
The lake lies placid 'mid the fields and rugged, tree-clad hills,
Fed by the river of the plain and singing mountain rills.
Belated swallows gaily skim its waters clear and bright;
And far across its calm expanse the golden, glancing light—
The parting kiss of the warm sun—spreads glory on the scene,
And tints with gold the verdant tinge cast by the forest green.

The sun slips gently out of sight adown the western sky,
And darker grow the shadows that upon the waters lie;
The swallows seek their forest homes and chirp themselves to rest;
And birds of night come forth to sport above the lake's calm breast.

The gold fades from the sunset sky; the bright stars gleam and glow,
And view their sparkling, mirrored forms within the lake below;
A passing breeze the calm lake stirs, with tender touch and light;
And rippling echoes seem to breathe the world a fond good-night.

Meeting After Absence.....*Lilla C. Perry*.....*Impressions*†

Can I indeed be I, and you be you,
Happy yet parted? This far stranger seems
Than all the wild imagings of dreams;
And yet your face that once so well I knew
Smiles through the whirling darkness—yes 'tis true!
The past is past—and memory without pain
Wakes as I feel my hand in yours again,
And pictures in my mind our last adieu.

With trembling voice, cold hand, and paling cheek,
You said good-bye at sunset—and alone
Went stumbling down the hill to meet the night;
And I—I watched the ever-fading light
And felt my heart slow turning into stone
And waved the last farewell I could not speak.

The Fields Wait.....*Theodore Roberts*.....*The Criterion*

I.

North-hills and hearthstones wait for him,
And partridge drum in the covers dim:
The white frost knows why the ferns are dead,
And the maples burn with their kingly red:
And low call the spruces.
The old farm—garden and stack—
Waits for his coming—
Dreams of him riding back.

II.

South-hills and palm-trees know of him;
The land-crabs move in the thicket dim:
The sunlight reels in the silent place
And one ray touches his heedless face:
But low call the pastures.
The old house—parlor and hall—
Waits for his coming:
But he—he stirs not at all.

*The Peter Paul Book Co. †Copeland & Day.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Harlan Page Halsey, "Old Sleuth"

The following sketch is contributed to Current Literature by one who knew "Old Sleuth," the writer of the famous "Dime Novel" series, well, and vouches for the accuracy of the facts concerning his life and work given below:

The late Harlan Page Halsey, author and financier, who died suddenly a few weeks ago, was said to be "one of the most remarkable men of his times." He lived literally a dual life, being known to the people of Brooklyn, where he resided, as an alert business man and a financier of undoubted ability, while to the world at large he was known as "Old Sleuth."

He began his literary career at an early age, his first novel, *Anne Wallace, or the Exile of Penang*, being written when he was only eighteen. His nom-de-plume of Old Sleuth was acquired more through accident than design, his first detective story, which was written at the solicitation of a friend, containing a most eccentric character, a detective named Old Sleuth. Mr. Halsey's venture in this new field met with a phenomenal success, for he was the creator of a character as unique in its way as Pecksniff or Uriah Heep, Becky Sharpe or Don Juan, the name "Old Sleuth" being known as a synonym for a clever detective wherever the English language is spoken. Ultimately the author's identity was merged in one of his own creations, few people being aware that the strongly-built man of medium stature, with a strong, refined face, conventional dress and business-like manner was the celebrated writer of detective stories. Mr. Halsey had many imitators, but none equaled him. He was considered probably one of the most prolific writers of his day, as it has been estimated that he wrote not less than six hundred books of adventure.

Undoubtedly many people who have failed to read Mr. Halsey's famous detective stories have labored under the impression that they were of a low order of literature, and lacked moral purity. But it is claimed, and justly so, that in the author's works "there is no word, or suggestion, in either plot or theme, that could bring a blush to a pure woman's face," for, although dealing with the lower strata of society, his books are singularly free from anything that is improper or immoral.

Mr. Halsey maintained that his stories were replete with moral lessons, but while defending the moral character of his works he made no claim to literary merit in his Old Sleuth books. They were too abundantly conceived and too rapidly executed for literary merit. He had no real taste for this kind of story, and would have preferred to have written on higher lines, but the fascination of making money easily and rapidly caused him to sacrifice the exalted ambitions of his youth, and kept him writing his famous stories at the rate of twenty to forty pages of manuscript three hundred out of the three hundred and thirteen working days of the year. His stories are written with an ingenuity and a realism that baffle the copyist; his style is open, never lingering upon description, and is peculiar for

an abundance of incident and dialogue, which of itself carries the stories. We will quote Mr. Halsey's own words in an interview with a reporter a few years ago: "The reason the cheap novel is successful is because it is essentially true to life. It keeps down to the level of the masses, and while there are seeming exaggerations they are never really so. The public knows what it wants, and always selects to suit its palate. An absurdity would soon be noted and laughed at, and hence our characters are consistent—you will find no reformed villains among my works. The hero always triumphs, and always saves the heroine. The good are always rewarded and the wicked punished. It is the poetry of justice, and is as it should be. There is compensation in all things, and in this the moral precept is distinctly brought out. I will venture to say that out of the mass of matter I have turned out, a thick volume of 'moral 'suation' might be extracted."

But Mr. Halsey was also the author of several books of a higher order of literature than his detective stories. His *Tales of a Gilded Palace*; or, *The Confessions of an Imp*, a temperance story, is a wonderful and incisive narrative depicting the unmasking of the Demon Drink. *The New Republic*, a Dramatic Narrative of the Present Hour, is a political novel bearing upon the silver craze. He also wrote several novelettes, among them being *The Weird Courtship*; or, *My Aggravating Wife*, an unpretentious little love tale, with a plot strongly founded and skillfully worked out; its diction and style, said to be so clear and simple, that it was likened to *The Vicar of Wakefield*, or one of Tom Moore's poems, at least so far as prose can resemble poetry. *A Lady Bachelor* is a society novel written with a realism, an ease and finish, and with a certain crisp satire that revealed the author's rare ability as a writer of fiction. These books were published anonymously, and showed no trace of the magic pen of "Old Sleuth." During the last years of Mr. Halsey's life he had in contemplation a novel to be called *The Colonial Daughter*. It was to be somewhat on the order of a religious novel, and from the unfinished manuscript (as it was only about one-third completed), it gave promise of proving a work well calculated to invite universal criticism, and no doubt would have added new lustre to the fame of American authorship.

As for the other side of Mr. Halsey's career it is a singular fact that this man who had a remarkable faculty for rolling out thrilling romances by the ream, was also gifted with no ordinary ability in financial matters, being one of the principal organizers of The Kings County Trust Company, and The Hamilton Trust Company, and other corporations. He was also active in civic matters, particularly in advancing public education. In 1885 he was appointed a member of the Board of Education by Mayor Low, where he served nine years, being esteemed one of its most active and zealous members in all matters pertaining to educational interests.

Mr. Halsey was a member of the Society of the Colonial Wars, and of the Sons of the Revolution. His eligibility to these patriotic societies consisted

in a decidedly historic pedigree. He was seventh in descent from Thomas Halsey, who came to this country from England in 1635, where he became one of the original patentees of Southampton, L. I. The Halsey family is one of the oldest of Brooklyn's colonial families, and is descended from a long and honorable line of ancestors, records of whom are extant, covering a period of 708 years in this country and England. Great Gaddesden, where Thomas Halsey was born, is a fine old mansion, surrounded by a domain of over three thousand acres, and was bestowed upon one of his ancestors by Henry VIII., 1545. The present owner of the estate is Thomas Frederick Halsey, M. P. Mr. Halsey was a lineal descendant of the famous Governor Robert Treat, commander-in-chief of the colonial forces at the Great Swamp fight, afterward second colonial governor of Connecticut. Also of the Rev. Francis Higginson, the first Puritan clergyman who came to this country in 1629; Governor John Ogden, founder of Elizabeth and Newark; Lambert Van Valkenburgh, settler at Rensselaerwick, 1642; Judge Edmund Tapp, Captain Samuel Swayne, Ensign Thomas Chatfield, Henry Ludlow, and others.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, the author of *The Wolf* is at the Door, in the January number of *Current Literature*, and whose poems have been reproduced so often in the pages of the magazine, is the newest of new women. Is she a new woman, or, like any genuine specimen of what we call "new," simply the natural fruitage of strong generations of protesters, each in its time doing notable work? For both strains of the blood in her veins mean fighting blood—with sword when need comes, with tongue till other weapons prove the ones for the hour. The great-granddaughter of old Lyman Beecher, the grand-niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe and of Henry Ward Beecher, she is also by birth a New England Perkins, all born fighters and talkers to a purpose from Protectorate days in Old England to Colonial battles in the New. It is from these mingled traits, each one distinctive, that has come this new woman.

Born in 1860 at Hartford, Conn., she is still young, and life is in every line of the eager, restless figure. Slender, dark, alert, straight as a pine-tree, her rarely beautiful head, with its crown of darkest hair, would mean at any point an instant interest, a conviction that while the erratic might, yea would, happen, unselfish zeal for the right, unceasing battle with wrong, would be the overmastering facts of the life.

She was early a Socialist, but did not become a distinct and acknowledged power in this field till about 1892. In the meantime, the poem by which she is best known, *Similar Cases*, a biological satire, was published in *The Nationalist* in 1890, becoming at once, as it remains, a weapon for the hand of every reformer, and compelling smiles from even the deepest-dyed conservative. At the same period she made her first appearance in public before the *Nationalist Club* in Pasadena, Cal., where she had gone in 1888. Antagonized at every turn, listened to because her wit compelled, derided because her fiery protests counted simply as the word of a

"crank," she passed on presently to Oakland, and later San Francisco.

In Oakland in 1892 the Trades and Labor Union of Alameda County awarded her a gold medal for a brilliant essay, brought out in pamphlet form, on *The Labor Movement*, and in 1893 a thin, paper-covered little edition of her poems was printed, eyed askance by San Francisco, that singular city which has seldom honored any of its prophets till returned to them with the decoration of other countries. A second edition appeared in 1895; an English one from T. Fisher Unwin in 1896, in which year she went abroad, to be speedily made a member of the Fabian Society, no mean honor in these days. With this, to her great delight, came the opportunity to preach Socialism from the tail of a Socialist van, making its propagandizing way through one county and another.

Mrs. Stetson is at present stopping in Chicago; but is expecting soon to go south, visiting St. Louis on the way. During the rest of the winter she will study, so she says, the people, condition and geography of the South.

She will be received gladly wherever she goes, for she is a good comrade for young or for old, for all sorts and conditions of men. She is the owner of what New Englanders know as "faculty." The work of her hands is faultless. She can cook to a turn. She can design and fit and sew. She can even, if demand arise, "clean house," and is as fertile in resources in an emergency as the mother in Swiss Family Robinson. She has keen artistic sense, and draws and colors with marked ability. As storyteller, in private theatricals, in her dealings with children, her delightful humor and quick sympathy are always uppermost.

Some of her brilliant epigrams sting and some are like a lash. She says a society which is based on idleness is in a state of decay. "It is not sufficient to tell the truth," she says, "but to so tell it that one will be perfectly apprehended." As a sort of general epitome of her views she says: "Go through life like an earth-worm, devouring it as you work through it. Don't duck and dodge and try to avoid it."

At every turn she has studied life, from her months in a Social Settlement in Chicago to much work with and before manifold clubs. Declining absolutely to alter her methods or blink one of the scientific facts she dovetails into poem or story, indifferent as to the squirming of the modern critic, she seems at last to have found her own public. Her versatility is something remarkable. That strange study of physical environment, for instance, *The Yellow Wall-paper*, deservedly ranks as one of the most powerful of American short stories. A revised and enlarged edition of her poems, *In This Our World*, and a study of the economic relation between men and women as a factor in social progress, called *Women and Economics*, have been recently brought out and have been met with instant appreciation by men and women of almost every class.

Mr. Howells, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, has called Mrs. Stetson's verse the best civic satire which America has produced since *The Biglow Papers*. Certainly the vigor, the "verve," the deep moral earnestness, and the delightful humor and ex-

traordinary talent for satire which she displays in these poems have hardly been surpassed. The volume is divided into three parts. The first, entitled *The World*, ranges in subject from *Similar Cases* and *An Obstacle* (to name only two of those satirical pieces by which Mrs. Stetson has hitherto been best known), to lyrics of nature remarkable for their tender sympathy and loving observation. The subject of the second section is *Woman*, with its opening verses:

She walketh veiled and sleeping,
For she knoweth not her power;
She obeyeth but the pleading
Of her heart, and the high leading
Of her soul, unto this hour.

As for *Women and Economics*, in writing this book it has been Mrs. Stetson's purpose to point out, explain, and justify the changes now going on in the relations of women to society. The subject is one which must inevitably come home to every household in the country. No woman, whatever her position or the conditions surrounding her, can read the book and not feel that the whole argument applies to herself and her concerns almost like a personal appeal.

In brief, the position taken is that women have for centuries been economically dependent on men; that as a result women have been tending to become more and more feminine and less and less normal human beings. Even this bald statement of Mrs. Stetson's thesis will serve to show the scope and importance of her book. The argument is extended to every branch of social activity with remarkable originality. It may safely be said that hardly any volume of recent years has treated a confused subject with so much real intelligence and in an attitude so singularly fair and high-minded.

It has been no part of Mrs. Stetson's purpose to write a dull book. On the contrary, one of the surprising qualities of *Women and Economics* is its readableness throughout—the really absorbing interest of its argument even to the least scientific reader. It is a book hard to lay down. One hardly knows which to admire the more—its clearness, earnestness, and courage, or the keen wit and shrewd satire which keep its pages fresh and sparkling to the end.

Whether one finally agrees with Mrs. Stetson's position or not, *Women and Economics* is distinctly a book one cannot afford to miss. It is worth reading if only for its high ideals of a finer marriage, a family better nourished and better bred, a fuller life and opportunity for childhood, and a more complete and better rounded womanhood in the home as well as in society.

Of one constituency at least of readers and followers she is forever certain—the working-man, the working-woman—and one may give the words of one of the best-known labor leaders on the Pacific Coast as token of what she stands for to them:

"Who can number the able men and women whom she has influenced? Who can weigh the power of her satire, the force of her logic, the power of her individuality? I will tell you who can so weigh, number and measure. It is he whose hands have been soiled and calloused with hard labor ever

since he can remember; he who, by his economic condition, is stunted and deformed and impoverished in every part save aspiration. Such are numerous in the labor movement. Such, without adulation or sentimentalism, know and love and appreciate their ablest, bravest, and most unselfish friend and leader, Charlotte Perkins Stetson."

Rupert Hughes

Readers of *Current Literature* who have become familiar with

the name of Rupert Hughes (including querist 453 of our Open Question department), will read with interest the following brief account of his life and work:

Mr. Rupert Hughes' critical articles on American composers, published some time ago in one of the magazines, attracted wide attention. In these he accomplished a work that should have been done before. In the midst of almost entire critical silence an important school of American composers had grown up. In endeavoring to promulgate the virtues of these musicians, Mr. Hughes had almost no previous authorities to guide him, but was driven to the irksome task of sifting good and bad compositions alike. In forming his estimates he conscientiously examined thousands of pages of music. He has been called "a pioneer in American musical criticism," and not without justice; for his work, without making any pretence of finality, has opened to the public interest many careers otherwise neglected. While essentially patriotic, Mr. Hughes says he endeavors to be cosmopolitan and catholic in his standards, aiming to treat the classics with reverence, but without idolatry; and to approach every contemporary as a possible classic. He has written many compositions, but only a few have been published.

Mr. Hughes was born in the West, of parents with strong Southern traditions. He was salutatorian of his class at Adelbert College of Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, and spent a year at Yale in graduate studies, earning the degree of Master of Arts. After a short newspaper experience he devoted himself to magazine work. He has contributed critical articles on the arts and letters, verse, fiction, etc., to the *Century*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Godey's*, *The Musical Record*, *Current Literature*, *St. Nicholas*, *Munsey's*, *Peterson's*, *Music*, *Town Topics*, *Illustrated American*, *Harper's Round Table*, *Life*, *Puck*, *Truth*, *The Black Cat*, *The New York Sun and Press*, and other publications.

He was assistant editor for two years of *Godey's Magazine*, where he ably sustained the character of the book-reviewing department once conducted by Edgar Allan Poe. He left the old ship some months before she sank, and became assistant editor of the *Criterion*, where he still is. He has kept five or six pen-names going. His first book, from which a spirited scene is reproduced on pages 154-156 of the present number of *Current Literature*, is *The Lakerim Athletic Club*, published by the *Century Company* after it had run serially in *St. Nicholas*. The story seemed to be success enough to induce the publishers to order a sequel, which Mr. Hughes is now writing. He has duodecimated his difficulties by choosing twelve boy "heroes," all very hard

to manage, but all very enjoyable colts to break, one would fancy—certainly so to read about; for he has succeeded in making each boy real and American, and keeping him from priggishness.

Mr. Hughes made violent efforts to get a hand in the Spanish war—not as a correspondent, but as an active participant—but got no nearer than an acting captaincy in the 114th Regiment of New York. The regiment, however, was not called out.

Some of Mr. Hughes' passion for things military can be seen in the rather elaborate snow-battle scene of his boys' book, which is quoted on another page, as mentioned above.

Opie Read

Opie Read (from whose Arkansas Planter Current Literature

quoted a delicious scene some months ago, wherein figured "Major John Cranceford and his friend, Gideon Batts"), tells a funny story, according to the Chicago Times-Herald, of a colored man who had conceived the idea that he could get a pension from the Government. He went to a pension agent to learn what steps it would be necessary for him to take to bring about the desired result.

"Were you really in the army, Sam?" asked the agent.

"Yas, sah; indeed I was, sah; I was in de army for more'n a year, sah."

"What regiment were you in, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, I don't just this minute recommember, but I'se gwine to bring you all de papers and dat will explain de matter."

"But you surely remember whom you were with, Sam?"

"Oh, yas, sah; I recommember dat all right; I was wid my young master."

"Oh, then, you were in the Confederate Army, were you?"

"Yas, sah; yas, sah."

"Were you ever wounded, Sam?"

"Yes, sah; indeed I was; see dat scar, sah; I got dat scar in de army, sah."

"What was it hit you, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, it was a skillet, sah; indeed it was; a big iron skillet, sah."

"Now, see here, Sam, what chance can you have to get a pension? In the first place, you were in the wrong army, and then the only wound you received anyway was from a skillet; what in the world has our Government got to do with your case?"

"Wall, sah, it was a Government skillet, sah."

In response to a recent request for some facts concerning his life and work, Mr. Read sends the editor of Current Literature the following characteristically terse statement:

"My Dear Sir—I send herewith a few facts which I hope will be sufficient. But first let me say that I thank you for your kindness:

"I was born in Nashville, Tenn., forty-six years ago. And shall I with old Jacob say, 'Few and evil are the days of my pilgrimage'? I was educated privately, almost confidentially, in a school hidden away from the eyes of the war—then at an institution called a college. Began newspaper work early; studied hard; wrote unsigned stories; started the Arkansas Traveler in Little Rock; moved it to Chicago. But no one can find interest

in these dry statements. Began to write novels; people began to read them. A Kentucky Colonel, Emmet Bonlore, A Tennessee Judge, The Jucklins, An Arkansas Planter, The Waters of Caney Fork, My Young Master, etc., appearing regularly. Several of them have been brought out in England, praised by the reviewers, are selling well. That's about all. Again let me thank you for your kindly interest. Yours, OPIE READ."

Mr. Read's new novel, A Yankee From the West, which is being favorably received by the critics, is mentioned in our Book List on another page of this issue.

Blanche Willis Howard

In a letter to the Boston Transcript concerning the late Blanche Willis Howard, Dr. B. R. Brown, of West Newton, Mass., writes:

While residing at her sister's in Wiscasset, Me., she lived right across the street from me; and there wrote her first book, entitled One Summer, which brought her fame and fortune. The town of Wiscasset is old and romantic-looking in itself; situated on the beautiful Sheepscot River, just where it forms into a wide and deep harbor, and having been a famous seaport in Revolutionary days, and down to 1812 and later. The Governor Smith house, in which Miss Howard made her home, and where she wrote two of her books, One Summer and Aunt Serena, was a large and spacious old mansion of the Colonial style, built of brick and painted white. It was surrounded by handsome and stately elms. Governor Smith, who owned and occupied the house, had married a Miss Fuller of Augusta, a sister of Melville W. Fuller, the present chief justice of the United States. Miss Howard's sister Marion was wedded to a son of Governor Smith's, and resided in the paternal mansion; and with her Blanche Willis Howard spent several years of her life before going abroad. Every pleasant day in the summer time Miss Howard, accompanied by her two nieces and two nephews, would go for a bath in the salt waters of the bay; passing directly by our house in going and coming; and I could not help noticing her commanding figure and fine physical development. She was the picture of health, and appeared to enjoy life much. Horseback riding was a favorite exercise with her; and she was frequently to be seen cantering along these country roads. The "Holbrooks," who were characters in One Summer, lived on a farm about a mile out of the village. The farmhouse, which also figures in the book, is the same now as then, being occupied by the mother and two of her boys. The father is dead, and the oldest son died of quick consumption; and I was his attending physician. Another son was lost at sea. Still another, the oldest living, runs a small jewelry store in the town of his birth, and is also at present town clerk. From residing in that little seaport town on the coast of Maine Miss Howard went abroad and married a German nobleman, a physician to the Emperor, and lived a life of affluence and but once or twice afterward do I remember of seeing her in Wiscasset, the scene of her first struggle and of her first victory. And now she has gone, never to return, while the majority of the characters in One Summer are no more.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Our Navy in the War with Spain. By John R. Spears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$2.

"The author of the latest history of the United States Navy has a fortunate two-fold equipment for his present task," says a writer in the Boston Journal, "an adequate technical knowledge and a terse, virile literary style. Mr. Spears' introductory chapters are brief but illuminating. In one he shows by a glance back into history—as far back indeed as the year 1814—how the war with Spain was the logical outcome of old and mighty causes which at last had made 'intervention a duty and non-intervention not only cruel but dastardly.' In a second chapter he shows how our patience has been mistaken for cowardice, and has only taught the Spaniards to despise us. These two preliminary chapters—which are really a just and graphic summary of the underlying motives of the war—bring the author to his immediate subject in two more chapters on the building of the White Squadron and the creation of the steel American navy, and a subsequent chapter on the destruction of the Maine.

"Then the war narrative begins in earnest. Mr. Spears describes with a fine sense of the salient facts our vast work of hurried preparation, the gathering of the squadrons and the sailing of Admiral Sampson's ships for the blockade of Havana. Mr. Spears was a correspondent afloat in Cuban waters during a portion of the war, and an eyewitness of some of the earlier and most dramatic episodes. He offers the most vivid descriptions which we have seen of the desperate cable cutting off Cienfuegos and the fatal fight of the Winslow in Cardenas Bay on that 'bloody 11th' of May, when the navy lost more men than on any other day of the entire war—and lost them, too, in what were inconspicuous skirmishes as compared with the squadron combats of Manila and of Santiago.

"Mr. Spears has an excellent account of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, and of the plucky stand of the marines at Guantanamo, nor is the peerless Oregon forgotten. Due attention is given to Admiral Sampson's well-conceived but fruitless cruise to San Juan, to Commodore Schley's hunt for Cervera along the Southern Cuban shore, and to the long blockade of Santiago. Only a few pages are devoted to Hobson and the Merrimac, but they are pages full of color and life. Mr. Spears has plainly put his best efforts, however, into that mighty combat, the sea-Gettysburg of the war, the death-grapple of Cervera's ships and Sampson's. His story of the action of July 3 is superb. It is the most lucid and comprehensive description which has yet been laid before the American people, and it is made all the more valuable by the official chart of the ship's courses which accompanies it. There have been excellent stories of that memorable day from the pens of officers of this vessel or that, or of one or two civilian onlookers. But the fight extended for miles along the coast, the squadrons finally broke up into groups of combatants, and the smoke-haze of guns and burning woodwork covered everything. Mr. Spears, however, has had the patience and the skill to extricate from a score of

official reports the real sequence of events, and he tells his story not only with a warmth of sympathetic imagination which the glories of the day deserve, but with painstaking care and an accurate idea of proportion.

"The book from first to last is liberally illustrated with pictures which have logical connection with the text. They are nearly all photographs of actual scenes of the war afloat or of participants in it. Thus the camera markedly enhances the realism of Mr. Spears' narrative. Like all volumes prepared in more or less haste, this is not without its imperfections. Mr. Spears names 'twin screws' as one of the modern excellences of our first white squadron, but, as a matter of fact, only the Chicago has them—the Boston and Atlanta, as well as the Dolphin, are single-screw ships. Nor was the Maine 'supplied with large sail power.' She never carried, in commission, the barque rig of her original design. And the Vixen in the fight at Santiago was not 'a converted tug,' but a large steel yacht, of 800 tons displacement. These, however, are minor blemishes, easily corrected in later editions. As a whole, Mr. Spears' book is not only true to technical details, but is a spirited and admirable piece of literary workmanship. It is one of the few volumes out of the many hurriedly issued in the wake of the war which will endure the test of time and stand as a faithful, competent picture to future generations."

The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System. By George Howard Darwin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, \$2.

"There are probably not a great many people who feel any burning desire to know just how the tides behave," says a writer in the New York Evening Post, "and just why they behave as they do, and just how predictions of them are made; so that this book may not be much sought after at the mere mention of its title. Readers of it must pass around from mouth to mouth how interesting it is, and how much the author had made of a seemingly most refractory subject. He has shown us that it is possible to write a popular book upon a branch of mathematics without childishness, without sensationalism, and to give it a real value for him who is versed in the science as well as for him to whom it is all new.

"The variety of topics that are found pertinent to the general theme is astonishing. No less than twenty chapters treat of nineteen different questions, each of great interest quite apart from the rest, but at the same time the whole nineteen have such a unity that we cannot say that any one of them could have been omitted without serious detriment to the general sketch of this branch of science.

"The only chapters of the book with which we cannot feel ourselves quite satisfied are those which deal with mathematical arguments. We are here sometimes at a loss to understand what it is that the author is aiming at. He seems to be explaining the reasoning of the mathematician. But mathematicians, especially when they are dealing with the

most difficult applications of mathematics, have not been inventing abstruse and difficult ways of reasoning; on the contrary, they have been trying with all their might to find the simplest and easiest ways; and they are men of great genius and training in finding out simple methods of reasoning. By far the shortest way to understand the reasoning of the mathematician about the tides is to begin by buying a book on the calculus; and when that is mastered, to go through with the rest of the course required for a thorough understanding of hydrodynamics. Any pretended 'explanation' of the reasoning shorter than this either is fallacious, or covers only a small and insufficient piece of the reasoning for even a vague conclusion, or it is open to both criticisms.

"The author, in his preface, has this remark:

A mathematical argument is, after all, only organized common sense, and it is well that men of science should not always expound their work to the few behind a veil of technical language, but should from time to time explain to a larger public the reasoning which lies behind their mathematical notation.

"The 'language' which Mr. Darwin has in mind is not speech — it is the language of algebra and the calculus. To the disciple of Lagrange and Laplace, the analytical formula is simply the most perfect possible description of the hypothetical phenomena. It is something into which geometrical representations ought to be translated, being itself as near pure thought as it is in the nature of thought to be. When it comes to such a question as the phase of a forced oscillation, especially of an oscillation in two dimensions (and such is the problem of the tides), the frankest way is to leave the mathematical argument untouched in that utmost simplicity to which generations of the most skilful reasoners have been able to bring it. By all means illustrate any steps of it that you can, by parallels drawn from familiar experience; but do not attempt to 'explain' that which, on the contrary, must explain your explanation. Is there one bicyclist in five hundred who thoroughly understands why his wheel behaves as it does? Is there one in fifty who does not imagine that it stands up because of its rectilinear velocity? How utterly visionary, then, it is to attempt to popularize the mathematics of any less familiar and still more intricate subject."

The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell. By R. Barry O'Brien. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8 vo, \$2.50.

"When R. Barry O'Brien, the noted Irish barrister, whose Life of Charles Stewart Parnell is now published, wrote to Gladstone in December, 1895," says the Philadelphia Record, "for the favor of an interview concerning that great Home Rule leader, the Grand Old Man required the most specific queries. 'It is especially necessary for me to be cautious in touching anything associated with that name; that very remarkable, that happy and unhappy name.' Three years only have elapsed since then. It must be doubted that the time has yet come for a dispassionate and truly critical biography of this wonderful man, who, to quote Mr. Healy's declaration in those dark days, was 'for Ireland and for Irishmen, less of a man than an institution.' Mr. O'Brien is still under the spell of what Gladstone

himself has testified to as Parnell's 'remarkable personality.' The biographer was an intimate friend of the Irish leader during a long course of years, and his work is an appreciation rather than a genuine biography.

"We do not mean to imply that Mr. O'Brien seeks to distort, smother and place in false lights the various darker facts of Parnell's career; on the contrary, he strikes us as a conscientious, honest writer. But he is too much an idolizer of Parnell to be accepted as an adequately critical interpreter of Parnell's life; in fact, his great friendship causes him throughout to hasten swiftly over every unhappy little incident in the style of an apologist. Nevertheless, it was almost Mr. O'Brien's duty to write this life. Parnell has been over-harshly judged by the world at large, and this presentation of his personality and career in the most friendly light properly precedes the definitive and coldly critical biography that is yet to come. No one who would understand the Irish politics and Irish public leaders of the past half-century can afford to leave these two volumes (bound in one cover) unread.

"Mr. O'Brien traces the history of the Parnell family from the reign of James I. to the present time. He tells the story of Parnell's boyhood and incidents of his early life, including his curious and amusing American experiences, and gives the causes which influenced him to enter the field of politics and take up the cudgel in behalf of Ireland. Mr. O'Brien's biography narrates at length how Parnell conceived his life purpose, and how his sole ambition was to see Ireland separated from England. His sudden ambition aroused all the dormant energy of the man, and he threw himself into politics with characteristic ardor, although public life was exceedingly distasteful to him. It was the only means by which he could attain his desired end, and no obstacles daunted him. He was a poor orator by nature, but before he left Parliament he could speak with great fluency and magnetism. The biography, as is natural, comprises most of the important events of English politics during the last quarter of a century—Parnell's personal and political relations with Gladstone, Chamberlain, Bright, McCarthy and Cecil Rhodes. There is an account of the Irish societies—the Fenians and the Clan-na-Gael—and Parnell's connection with and sympathy for them. The Pigott forgery is particularly well handled, the crime and fate of the miserable forger being graphically set forth. A little comedy relief is furnished in the story of the London Times' agent who came to America to get from P. J. Sheridan, an ex-Land League organizer, revelations that would 'blow the whole Irish Parliamentary gang to pieces.'"

Maids, Wives and Bachelors. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, \$1.25.

"Mrs. Barr takes herself very seriously in an old-fashioned way," says a reviewer in the Baltimore Sun. "She has lived so agreeably with the past that she cannot get reconciled to the new woman nor to the club bachelor. 'Woman should not take part in politics, because she is too apt to substitute sentiment for reason. . . . Tears and hysteria come, by the law of her nature, to the strongest-

mind woman just as naturally as if the whole world wagged by impulse only; and yet a public meeting in which feeling and tears superseded reason and argument would in no event inspire either confidence or respect.' Certainly not, and it is another instance of the chivalry of man that the reporters of woman's meetings have suppressed this marked characteristic.

"The chapter is on 'the discontented woman,' and Mrs. Barr seems to think that the contented woman is the home-keeping woman, which is a delicate point we dare not discuss. The essays cover a little bit of everything, from 'The Favorites of Men,' with its fearful conclusion that 'to be a favorite with men is not a desirable honor for any woman,' to 'How to take a portrait,' where we learn that 'artists have various ways of treating their sitters,' and we are glad to find so good a reason for the stiff, conventional and terrifying array of portraits the rich American is now accumulating. 'Americans have,' says Mrs. Barr, 'been accused of an undue taste for portraiture; the taste has its foundation in the character of the nation. It corresponds with that estimation of the personal worth of a man, and that full appreciation of individual independence, which form such important elements in our national character.'

"Mrs. Barr always was a delightful writer of fiction."

The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer. In two volumes. Vol. I. Revised and enlarged edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Readers of Spencer will welcome this edition of *The Principles of Biology*," says the Boston Journal, "for not only does it bring the former work up to date, but several new chapters are added, and in the appendices are found valuable articles, which were published first in different reviews.

"A chapter on 'Structure' fills up a gap which existed in preceding editions, and under the head of 'Cell Life and Cell Multiplication' are set forth briefly some of the results of recent microscopical work on cell-nuclei. Probably the deepest interest of the general reader will centre in the supplementary chapter on 'Genesis, Heredity and Variation,' in which the theories of Mr. Darwin and Professor Weismann are described and compared with Spencer's own hypothesis of physiological (now renamed constitutional) units. Very frankly Mr. Spencer confesses 'that none of these hypotheses serves to render the phenomena really intelligible,' and that 'probably no hypotheses which can be framed will do this.'

"Appendix B includes four essays published originally in the *Contemporary Review* in 1893 and 1894. The title of the first is, 'The Inadequacy of Natural Selection'; the other three discuss 'Weismannism.' Appendix C is a summary of Mr. Spencer's well-known views on 'The Inheritance of Functionally-Wrought Modifications.' He says 'that natural selection is and always has been operative is incontestable,' but 'there is ground for asserting that natural selection is less clearly shown to be a factor in the origination of species than is the inheritance of functionally-wrought changes.'

"Appendix D is a letter previously published in

the United States in answer to a criticism in the *North American Review* of *The Principles of Biology*. In it Mr. Spencer more clearly defines his views on 'spontaneous generation' and on the hypothesis of physiological units.

"The second volume of this work will be looked for with eagerness."

Doctor Therne. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 12mo, \$1.

"There is something a little grotesque in taking up a book by Mr. Rider Haggard and finding it a tract on vaccination," says *Literature*. "The Haggard-lover reads the title and revels beforehand in the adventurous practice, probably among cannibals, which will be Dr. Therne's, and the thousand 'sensations' in store. And behold! the scene is laid in 'Dunchester'; the only fighting is a struggle between a young woman and the medical lover who is trying by main force to vaccinate her; the only blood that flows is professionally drawn from Dunchester 'subjects'; and, in the place of weird old crones who get themselves flattened under stone portals, there is a mild lady who believes in anti-vaccination and leaves the hero her money to carry on its cause. However, Mr. Rider Haggard has every right to turn his assegai into a lancet if it pleases him, and Dr. Therne shall stand on its own merits.

"These merits cannot be said to have much to do with literature. The book is little more than an argument with instances, or an extended tract. It is, of course, not uninteresting, but the purpose has swamped the novel, if a novel was intended, and the style lacks grace. Here is a typical clumsy sentence, with an involuntarily humorous suggestion about it:

We were eight in the coach, which was drawn by as many mules—four merchants, two priests, myself, and the lady who afterwards became my wife.

"The end, where the anti-vaccinator is forced to confess himself an impostor, is perhaps the most telling scene in the book. Mr. Rider Haggard, like a good many others, has taken fright at the conscientious objector in his thousands, and Dr. Therne is the result. Such literature means well; but one is led to fear that 'novels' of this description, by well-known writers, will soon be found in the letter-box with the pleadings of the patent-medicine vendor and the discoverer of the last new meat essence."

Odes in Contribution to the Songs of French History. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, \$1.50.

"It is a bold challenge George Meredith tosses to his readers (for he must covet readers) when he appeals to the lyre," writes Joel Benton in the *New York Times*, "and not far from a courage similar to his is that of the un baffled reader who pursues one of his volumes to the end. This author's confidence in his message and song is supreme, as he says, in effect: 'If I compel you to go over barbed-wire fences and corduroy roads, you can pick up rich spoils on the way, and glean a harvest at the journey's end.' Without doubt this is so. He is never feeble, but he is perversely crude. His metal

is mostly rich ore, with only a little dust washed off it. Or, to use Emerson's simile in describing Thoreau's poems: "The thyme and marjoram have not yet become honey." One would suppose that to invoke the muse (as it once was the fashion to say) would be to employ melody and the high charm of smooth cadence, rhythm, and rhyme. But our author sets aside Libyan airs and all sweet sorceries. He will tickle no expectant ear. It is theme and thought only that are uppermost. He puts the counters of one rhyme twelve lines apart, and in the midst of the poetical paragraph places two lines together orphaned of rhyme. They neither rhyme with each other nor with any of their neighbors. But the reader has George Meredith in this book, and, if he will forego the expectation of dainty expression, there will be given to replace it an abundance of virile, vigorous, and telling discourse. It will even be found inflamed with passion."

Clear Skies and Cloudy. By Charles C. Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 12mo, \$1.50.

"The author dedicates this cheerful, tasteful book 'to the amateur naturalists and to whomsoever loves an outing, and to every Audubon society in these United States.' He is an earnest, a devout student of Nature," says the Boston Times, "and writes clearly and beautifully of her moods. 'Frost Foliage,' 'Blunders in Bird-Nesting,' 'An October Outing,' 'The Comfort of Old Clothes,' and 'In Deep, Dark Woods' are some of his chapter headings. He does not pose as a very learned person, but describes what a man or woman of observation and intelligence sees when he or she studies outdoor life with enthusiasm. Here is one sentence: 'To me it is marvelously strange that the world at large is so utterly indifferent to bird-life, and that governments will spend millions to protect the seals of a far-distant sea and never lift a finger to stay the destroying hand of a greedy few that profit by the slaughter of our native birds, the birds of our door-yards even, selling the skins of their victims to thoughtless women who hope to prove more attractive because of a gaudy headgear.' The illustrations were taken by or for the author near his home or on the lands of his neighbors."

A Trooper of the Empress. By Clinton Ross. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Mr. Clinton Ross is a pleasant writer," says the Boston Transcript, "and his latest novel is bright and wholesome throughout. It deals with imaginary conflicts between the Dutch Boers and English troops in that region which Dr. Jameson has made so famous. Mr. Ross shows us that it is possible to write an interesting story of soldier life in that far-away country and leave profanity out—an innovation which is gladly welcomed. The author's style suggests slightly both Kipling and Flora Annie Steele. His hero is particularly well drawn, and is a man whom we feel must be alive somewhere, as he seems too real to be merely imaginary. Mr. Ross permits his hero and heroine to see each other in a vision some years before they actually meet, which thing has already been done by George du Maurier and Rudyard Kipling. One becomes a trifle weary of such meetings. A Trooper of the

Empress, however, is decidedly one of the good books of the year."

NOTES.

"Franklin K. Young is a recognized authority on chess and his books are standard," says the Denver Republican. "His latest publication is *The Major Tactics of Chess*. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston; 8vo, \$2.50.) It might well be called the *Book of Chess Tricks*. Nearly 300 pages are devoted to the elucidation of all the known forms of chess stratagems. All the plays are illustrated with diagrams and are varied enough to give a headache to a person not already well up in the mysteries of chess and an enthusiast in the game. The book is handsomely got up and excellently printed."

"Since its acquisition by the United States, Porto Rico has been written up from many points of view, geographical, sociological, statistical, artistic," says the New York Herald. "But a new book, entitled *Puerto Rico and Its Resources*, by Frederick A. Ober, which Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. publish, will prove pre-eminently the book that business men and capitalists must value, because it devotes itself especially to exploiting the commercial and statistic value of our new acquisition."

"Readers of Dickens," says a writer in the Boston Literary World, "who have puzzled through the years intervening since his death over the unsolved Mystery of Edwin Drood will, presumably, be glad to have their curiosity allayed by the sequel to the story, written by Charles Dickens, Jr., and Wilkie Collins. Some scattered data and various hints dropped in conversation as to the plans of the great novelist for the unravelment of the mystery have supplied the foundation of the tale; and consciously or unconsciously the co-laborers have adopted a style so imitative of Dickens as to almost seem his own, so that John Jasper's Secret (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, \$1.25) is as good—or as bad—as if it had been written by the hand which commenced the work."

"There is very little permanent dramatic current criticism in this country," says a book reviewer of the Baltimore Sun. "Its home is in France, where it has been an art, going into the most minute details, since the time of Molière. In London the names of William Archer and Bernard Shaw are better known than those of its literary critics. In America, with the exception of William Winter, the dramatic critic is not known outside of a small circle in New York. This scarcity of fixing passing impressions of the drama adds interest to the *Essays in Dramatic Criticism*, with *Impressions of Modern Plays*, by L. Dupont Syle, assistant professor of English literature in the University of California. (N. Y.: Wm. R. Jenkins; 75 cents.) In the first part is some general criticism on the influence of Molière upon Sheridan and Congreve; a discussion of the actor's art, and the standing of the theatre. The second is composed of estimates of such plays as *Robin Hood*, *The Geisha*, *Shore Acres*, *Trilby*, *The Cat and the Cherub*, and others."

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: HARRIET P. SPOFFORD

By F. M. HOPKINS.

Mrs. Spofford's first collection, *Poems*, was published in 1882. From the beginning, her verse met with much favor with the critics. Ballads about authors followed in 1888. Her last collection, *In Titian's Garden*, appeared in 1897, bearing the imprint of Copeland & Day, of Boston. While Mrs. Spofford's dozen or more volumes of fiction and miscellaneous writings have probably given her the widest fame, her verse entitles her to true distinction, for it is in poetry that her mind finds its fullest expression.

Mrs. Spofford's verse possesses, in a general way, the characteristics that have made her prose famous—imagination, luxuriance of diction, originality of expression, and a melody all her own. While her verse is never without genuine poetical qualities, the touch of the artist is never absent. Mrs. Spofford has written no poems, perhaps, of transcendent merit, yet all her verse is of unusual evenness and of a very high merit.

All of the selections reprinted here are from *In Titian's Garden* (Copeland & Day, Boston), with the exception of *A Sigh*, *Ballad*, and *O Soft Spring Airs!* These are from *Poems* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). All of these selections are reprinted with the permission of the poet and her publishers.

THE SINGING OF THE RIVER.

When nights are dusk and airs are soft,
Where stars and tree boughs quiver,
How sweet beneath Deer Island's cliff
The singing on the river!

I hear oars dip and waters lap,
The tide turns slowly swinging,
When from the great mysterious dark
The sudden voice comes ringing—

The sudden silver voice that far
Its happy burden launches,
Till the weird pine at Hawkwood's Bend
Stirs all its dewy branches.

And where the Laurels gloom it steals,
And dies, remotely floating,
On Salisbury shore as dies the song
Of some aerial boating.

Perchance a young girl's voice wherein
All love and joy are clinging,
Perchance the river-gods', perchance
The great dark's voice is singing—

The great soft tingling dark that hangs
With warmth and flower scents freighted,
The dark that clung to Eden's slopes
While God and Morning waited.

Ah, till the last of the clear tones
In throbbing silence shiver,
How sweet beneath Deer Island's cliff
That singing on the river!

MOTHER SONG.

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest;
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest;
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note and all is still.
Sleep, little darling; night is long—
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far, the dear earth swings.
Sleep, little darling, all night long,
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother-care,
And hosts of heaven, together prest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling; from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Dying, he dreamed he entertained a King,
He opened wide those wondrous eyes that burned
With heaven's own lightning, all his thoughts concerned
To greet the royal presence. Not that thing
Of mortal birth, and for a moment crowned
Within a gemmy bauble's glittering bound,
But One for whom gates sempiternal swing,
But One the lifting of whose deathless wing
Disclosed the Infinite toward which he yearned.

O poet! you who saw, O spirit strong,
Beyond the walls of sense, as they whose sight
Is interpenetrate with quickening light,
Who caught the meaning of seraphic song,
And made it earthly music, born of sound,
Far, and more ancient than the rosy round
Of morning, you indeed saw Sovereign Might
Fill all your dying chamber with delight
And lead you to the realm where you belong!

THE KING'S DUST.

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the King.
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
"Nay, not so," the King said, "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the King died. And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm-wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha-gum, and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the King.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they hid him first away.
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say—
He, it seemed, the King, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
Swarming sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,
Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame;
Then a wind among the ashes came,
Blew them lightly,—and the King was not!

ON AN OLD WOMAN SINGING.

Sweet are the songs that I have heard
From green boughs and the building bird;
From children bubbling o'er with tune
While sleep still held me half in swoon,
And surly bees hummed everywhere
Their drowsy bass along the air;
From hunters and the hunting-horn

Before the day-star woke the morn;
From boatmen in ambrosial dusk,
Where, richer than a puff of musk,
The blossom breath they drifted through
Fell out of branches drenched with dew.

And sweet the strains that come to me
When in great memories I see
All that full-throated quiring throng
Go streaming on the winds of song:
Her who afar in upper sky
Sounded the wild Brunhilde's cry,
With golden clash of shield and spear,
Singing for only gods to hear;
And her who on the trumpet's blare
Sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair,"
Her voice, her presence, where she stood,
Already part of Angelhood.

But never have I heard in song
Sweetness and sorrow so prolong
Their life—as muted music rings
Along vibrating silver strings—
As when, with all her eighty years,
With all her fires long quenched in tears,
A little woman, with a look
Like some flower folded in a book,
Lifted a thin and piping tone,
And like the sparrow made her moan,
Forgetful that another heard,
And sang till all her soul was stirred.

And listening, oh, what joy and grief
Trembled there like a trembling leaf!
The strain where first-love thrilled the bars
Beneath the priesthood of the stars;
The murmur of soft lullabies
Above dear unconsenting eyes;
The hymns where once her pure soul trod
The heights above the hills of God,—
All on the quavering note awoke,
And in a silent passion broke,
And made that tender tune and word
The sweetest song I ever heard.

EQUATIONS.

You so sure the world is full of laughter,
Not a place in it for any sorrow,
Sunshine with no shadow to come after—
Wait, O mad one, wait until to-morrow!

You so sure the world is full of weeping,
Only gloom in all the colors seven,
Every wind across a new grave creeping—
Think, O sad one, yesterday was heaven!

* * * * *

Young and strong I went along the highway,
Seeking Joy from happy sky to sky;
I met Sorrow coming down a byway—
What had she to do with such as I?

Sorrow, with a slow, detaining gesture,
Waited for me on the widening way,
Threw aside her shrouding veil and vesture—
Joy had turned to Sorrow's self that day!

* * * * *

If some Great Giver give me life,
And give me love, and give me double,
Shall I not also at his hand
Take trouble?

And if through awful gloom I see
The lightnings of His great wills thrusting,
Shall I not, dying at his hand
Die trusting?

BALLAD.

In the summer even
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
Till my love should come to shore.
The fishing-lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come, I sung, my true love!
Come hasten home to me!

But the sea, it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon;
And the young moon dropped from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea,
And wait! cried the night and wind and storm—
Wait, till I come to thee!

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,—
Nothing but a rose;
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a hand as chill,—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

O SOFT SPRING AIRS!

Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver lining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
Above the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh;
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the fulness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun—the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

The future of the Philippines depends chiefly upon the great powers of to-day. The land is marvelously rich in minerals, in lumber, in agriculture and in water power. It has numerous bays and harbors, which are safe, commodious and convenient. Its climate is naturally salubrious, and under a wise and beneficent government the territory could support a hundred million human beings in comfort, and a smaller number in luxury. Properly directed, it could be made the scene of extensive manufacturers and an invaluable market for the New World in the East and for Asia in the West. From its ports fleets of steamers would carry its own products and bring back those of other lands. All that it requires are justice and wisdom. Its people are good types of poor humanity, no better and no worse than other communities around the globe. Under favoring influences the race to which the islanders belong has proven itself capable of civilization and of progress. The Tamil cities of Southern India are among the quietest and most industrious communities, and the great island of Java has for more than a century poured a Niagara of wealth into its parent country, the Netherlands. The Malays of Singapore make law-abiding and orderly British citizens, and even under the cruel rule of the Spaniards many Tagal and Visaya subjects have demonstrated their high ability and worth.

With law and order established, with roads connecting all the districts, with schools and a kindly government, the islanders could be raised to a high level of civilization in a single generation. Nature has been lavish in generosity, and only a little is demanded from those of her children who have for those who have not. What would become of the islanders if their destinies were committed to themselves is difficult to predict. They could not go very far wrong, because the gunboats of civilization do not permit the impulsive savage to interfere with the welfare or enjoyment of his next-door neighbors. The submissiveness and discipline which three centuries have stamped upon the Philippine character would not be outgrown in fifty years, and would undoubtedly preserve the peaceful, social and political conditions without which there can be no progress.

What the Philippines needs is not annexation by any country, but only a protectorate which will enable them to develop morally, socially, industrially as well as politically. No matter what that protectorate may be, even were it Chinese, it would be far kinder and more beneficent than Spanish rule. The best protectorate is that which would be furnished by either the United States or Great Britain—the two countries which more than all others recognize the sacredness of human liberty, the organic rights of the individual, and the duty of the state toward the education and amelioration of the citizens.

The climate is too warm to grow wheat and the northern cereals, yet the people have learned the palatability and nourishing qualities of bread, and

purchase it whenever they can. Cotton does not thrive well, although cotton cloths are always in heavy demand. While the natives are skilled weavers and utilize the natural resources to the utmost, producing matchless pineapple cloth, banana cloth and silk goods, yet these are costly tissues, and are intended for the wealthy few, and not for the masses. The bulk of the people, for their daily attire prefer cotton goods, colored and gaudy. In wheat and flour the nearest rivals are Japan and China. But in this rivalry there is but little danger for the American manufacturer. He exports these goods to Japan and China at the present time, and competes with the native manufacturers in their own market. Doing this he needs scarcely fear them in markets as strange to them as to himself.

There will be a vast field in the Philippines for narrow-gauge railways and for cheap and strong steamboats. In the movement of the products of the field and the forest, transportation is a more serious question than production. There are millions of magnificent trunks in the interior of Luzon and Mindanao, which have either an insignificant value or no value at all at the present time, which would possess high value if they could be carried at a reasonable cost to the nearest seaport, and thence be sent to Japan, China or Hong Kong. With cheap transportation to the nearest harbor, and without the paralyzing burden of Spanish taxation, a lucrative commerce in hard woods and cabinet woods would spring up between the Philippines and all the great cities of America on the Pacific Coast. A larger market still will consist of ready-made iron or steel frames and roofs for earthquake and typhoon houses. Under the existing Spanish law there is even to-day a profitable trade in iron beams, iron roofing and iron clapboarding. Taxes and red tape make the iron shell of the Philippine house cost more than an entire steel structure would under free-trade conditions. The land improperly cultivated produces an excellent coffee, one which, like the Java variety, has been singularly free from the disease microbes that destroyed the plantations of Ceylon.

Under scientific cultivation the Philippine coffee plantations would in ten years equal those of Java, or even the more famous ones of Southern Arabia. With decent government foreign capital would be only too glad to exploit and develop the mineral resources of the archipelago. The little stream of gold which flows illegitimately into Chinese pockets would become a great stream, enriching all classes alike. The sugar plantations of the islands are the richest on the globe, and would, under wise management, afford an inexhaustible supply to the United States as well as to Japan and China. Under existing conditions, thousands of tons are exported from the three treaty ports every year, a quantity which would be soon quadrupled after the sugar tax, the harbor tax, the export tax, the land tax, and the church tax of the Spanish dominion were repealed by the new government of the Philippines.

*From Manila and the Philippines. F. Tennyson Neely.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Jules Cambon.....New York Tribune

Jules Cambon, the newly appointed French Ambassador to the United States, is an indefatigable worker and a brilliant conversationalist, and his personal qualities are such as make him a most welcome addition to Washington society. In his own country M. Jules Cambon has the reputation of being one of the most active and intelligent of those who have attained prominent position under the republican régime. He was a warm friend of Jules Ferry, and became the right-hand man of General Chanzy in carrying out the reforms begun during that eminent soldier's administration in Algeria. M. Cambon has completed his fiftieth year, and his official career and experience suggest a French parallel to those of Lord Dufferin.

M. Cambon for the last seven years has been Governor-General of Algeria, a post corresponding in responsibility to that of Viceroy of India. In May, 1891, when M. Cambon went to govern Algeria, which Edmond About used to describe as "l'autre France," he found it a sort of military pre-consulate, where the natives were regarded as a conquered race, subject to the constant severity of martial law. M. Cambon, with his characteristic energy, at once set to work to free Algeria from centralizing leading-strings, and gradually to accord that liberty of conscience and religion which now makes it possible for every Algerian to practice his religion without being accountable to any one. M. Cambon made every effort to educate and improve the condition of the native population, and his success was so marked that at no period of the French administration of Algeria have the Mahometans and their chiefs shown such loyalty and devotion as at present. As Governor-General of Algeria M. Cambon often had to solve difficult and intricate diplomatic questions, but it is as Ambassador to the United States that he makes his début in a purely diplomatic capacity.

During the Franco-German war M. Cambon distinguished himself as a captain of Mobiles, and many acts of gallantry and daring are placed to his credit. After the war he became Auditor-General at the Council of State. He was subsequently sent to Algeria, where he had charge of the interior service of the General Government, and, rapidly gaining the confidence of his chief, General Chanzy, he was made, when only thirty years of age, Prefect of the Department of Constantine. He also rendered important service as a member of the Commission of Reform, which was the first step in the direction of making Algeria a civil instead of a purely military colony. M. Cambon was afterward called to Paris, where he became Secretary-General of the Prefecture of Police, and some months later was made Prefect of the Department of the North, where, by a singular coincidence, he replaced his elder brother, M. Paul Cambon, who is now French Ambassador at Constantinople. From the office of Prefect of the Department of the North M. Jules Cambon was promoted to that of Lyons, which after that of Paris (the Department of the Seine) is the most important prefecture of France. From

Lyons M. Cambon went to Algeria as Governor-General—a post which he left in October to become Ambassador to the United States.

M. Jules Cambon is a liberal but constitutional republican. He is an enemy to circumlocution and red tape, and has devoted much of his spare time to the study of administrative reform, in doing which he has become a deep student of political and economic questions in the United States.

Edison and Nicodemus.....Pittsburg Leader

One day recently Thomas A. Edison was sitting in his little office on Mount Musconetcong, where his iron mine is located. He was talking to several business acquaintances, and in the course of the conversation one of the men present stated that he once had been a train boy.

"Were you?" said Mr. Edison, characteristically plunging into this new subject. "I was one, you know. What road did you run on?"

"Grand Trunk, out of Port Huron."

"Did you? Why, so did I. But I was before your time."

With the incentive thus given, stories of train-boy life flew back and forth. The two men, for the time, became train boys again. They forgot the triumphs and cares of their after lives, and the rest of the company listened silently and enjoyably to the reminiscences of the days when the greatest inventor in the world sold newspapers and peanuts. Some of the stories told by Edison have been published, but the following one has never before appeared in print:

"Curious how these things come back to you," said Mr. Edison. "I remember a funny thing that occurred on one of the old three-car trains. In my day, you know, they used to run trains made up of three coaches—a baggage car, a smoking car and what we called the ladies' car. The ladies' car was always last in the string. Well, one day I was carrying my basket of nuts and apples through the ladies' car—I hadn't sold a thing so far—when I noticed two young fellows sitting near the rear end of the car. They were dandies, what might be called dudes now, but we called them 'stiffies' in those days. They were young southerners up North on a lark, as I found out afterward. Behind them sat a negro valet, who had a large iron-bound box beside him on the seat. Probably he was an old family slave. He was dressed in as many colors as an English flunky.

"The young men were complaining of the dullness of things. They stopped when they saw me. I came along wabbling my basket from side to side as I asked each passenger if he wanted to buy anything. When I reached the southerners I asked them if they wanted some. 'No!' replied the fellow nearest to me. 'We do not, and furthermore we are not going to have any,' whereupon he grabbed the basket out of my hands and dumped the nuts and apples out of the window. 'Here's your basket,' he said, handing it to me. For a moment I was too surprised to speak. Then I yelled at him in a way that made everybody jump around. I did

not say anything. I just yelled at him on general principles.

"What's the matter, boy?" he said when I stopped. Some of the passengers laughed; others were indignant, and some who had not seen his action simply looked at me in amazement. Then I protested.

"Look here, boy," said the young man, "how much were they worth?"

"Oh, about a dollar, I guess," said I.

"He turned to the negro on the next seat. 'Nicodemus,' he said, 'give this boy a dollar.'

"The negro grinned, and, turning to the box beside him he opened it. It was really full of money and valuables. He took out a dollar and gave it to me. I took it and walked up the car. I was still surprised. At the door I looked back at them, and everybody laughed at me for some reason—all except the young men, that is; they never even smiled during the whole performance.

"Well, I filled up my basket with prize packages and came back through the train. Nobody bought any of them. When I reached the southerner, however, he said, 'Excuse me, sir,' and grabbing the basket again he sent the prize packages after the peanuts. He handed me my basket and sat back without a smile, but everybody else laughed again. I did not yell this time. I simply said, 'Look here, mister, do you know how much those are worth?'

"No," said he; "how much?"

"Well, there were three dozen and four at ten cents for each one, not to mention the prizes in some of them."

"Oh," he said; "Nicodemus, count up how much the boy ought to have and give it to him."

"The negro opened his box and gave me four dollars, and again I went away with the empty basket, while the passengers laughed.

"Next I brought in some morning papers, and nobody bought these, either. Somehow the passengers had caught the spirit of the thing, and as it cost them nothing they apparently did not wish to deprive those southerners of their fun. I was watchful when I came to the young bloods this time, and carried the papers so they could grab them easily. Sure enough the nearest one threw them out of the window after the other things. I sat on the edge of a seat and laughed myself. 'Oh, you settle with Nicodemus,' he said, and Nicodemus settled up.

"Then I had an idea. I went into the baggage car and got every paper I could find. I had a lot of that day's stock, and over a hundred returns of the day before, which I was going to turn in at the end of the run. The whole lot was so heavy that I could just manage to carry it on my shoulder. When I staggered into the ladies' car and called 'Paper!' in the usual drawling way the passengers fairly shrieked with laughter. I thought the southerner would back down, but he never flinched. He just grabbed those papers and hurled them out of the window by the armful. We could see them flying behind the train like great white birds—you know we had blanket sheets then—and they spread themselves out over the landscape in a way that must have startled the rural population of the district. I got over ten dollars for all my papers.

"That dandy was game. 'Look here, boy,' he

said, when the passengers had seen the last of those papers float around a curve; 'have you anything else on board?'

"Nothing except the basket and my box," I replied.

"Well, bring in those, too."

"You remember the big three-by-four boxes they used to give us to keep our goods in? Well, I put the basket in the box and turned it over and over down the aisle of the car to where the fellow sat. He threw the basket out of the window, but the box was too big to go that way. So he ordered Nicodemus to throw it off the rear platform. I charged him three dollars for that box. When it had gone he turned to me and said:

"How much money have you made to-day?"

"I counted up over twenty-five dollars Nicodemus had given me.

"Now," he said, "are you sure you have nothing more to sell?"

"I would have brought in the smoking car stove if it had not been hot. But I was compelled to say there was really nothing more.

"Very well!" and then with a change in his tone he turned to the negro and said: "Nicodemus, throw this boy out of the window."

"The passengers shrieked with laughter; but I got out of that car pretty quick, I can tell you. That fellow was a thoroughbred, and I believe he would have done it, even if his nigger had refused, which was not likely."

And the face of the inventor wore a half-amused, half-regretful smile at this vision of his train-boy days.

The Emperor of China and His Edicts.....London Spectator

The account of the recent reform edicts of the Emperor of China forms an interesting though melancholy document, explaining at one and the same time the singular position of the Emperor, and the reason why he was at once defeated by the energetic and reactionary Dowager-Empress. A recent portrait of the Emperor affords to keen observers an insight into his character, and so enables us to get at his mind when he issued this scheme of reforms. The face is that of a woman rather than a man, or of a man with an essentially feminine nature, thoughtful, delicate, refined, probably imaginative, but lacking force and will. It is not Chinese at all, it is too "spirituel" for the average and exceptional Chinaman alike; it might be the face of a mystic or a philosopher, it is not the face of a man who can deal roughly and practically with the complicated issues of Chinese life. Here is a man, one says, of considerable intellectual power and moral insight, who will be able, from the purely intellectual and moral point of view, to see the urgent needs of his country and to suggest remedies for her political and social disorders. But he is not of the stuff of which practical reformers are made; if his schemes are thwarted—as they inevitably will be—he will not know what to do. The great reforming monarchs have always been men of vigorous character. Peter the Great not only knew what Russia needed two centuries ago, but he was determined to enforce his reforms by the knout and the sword, and woe be-tide any reactionary who dared to stand in the way.

Frederick the Great did not content himself with reading philosophy and speculating on politics; he gave it to be understood that those who resisted his authority would be punished without mercy. But the Chinese Emperor is not a reforming monarch in this sense; he more resembles a political philosopher reporting to a sovereign his own purely speculative conclusions. He sees, but he is unable to act.

One edict was addressed to the high Mandarins all over China, exhorting to earnest co-operation with the Emperor in reforming China. It speaks of the "technicalities of old and obsolete usages," and the "high importance of keeping up and educating ourselves with the procedure of modern times," and refers with scarcely veiled contempt to "the ancients of the Sung and Ming eras." "The bane of the country," says the Emperor, "has been the deep-rooted system of inertness, and a clinging to obsolete customs. This, indeed, it should be the true duty of each and every officer to shake off, in defiance of the hostile attitude of the uneducated majority." From all this we see that the Emperor has sufficient clearness of vision to survey China, as it were, from the outside, to look at it without prejudice as a cultivated European would look at it, and that his hope for the reforms he considered needful lay in an educated bureaucracy who would use the force at their disposal without paying court to the ignorant conceit of the Chinese masses. In China, as in Russia (as in every country, in short), it is the great overwhelming majority which would arrest progress, which is satisfied with things as they are. Evidently the Emperor saw in the possible rallying to his side of the intelligent few the one prospect of carrying out reforms from within, and so effecting the deliverance of China from either violent revolution or from conquest and partition at the hands of foreign nations; and, as evidently, he has been disappointed. Whether a sufficient "remnant" exists in China, or whether the reforming Mandarins, if such there be, were cowed by the instant display of reactionary force, we do not know. What we do know is that the imperial purposes remain mere aspirations, and that the Emperor is practically a prisoner. The edict is not confined to general statements, it "condescends" to particulars. . . . It is evident, by the way, that the superiority of Japanese science in the late war has impressed the Emperor, and led him to see that what Japan attained by her revolution and her willingness to listen to the teaching of the Western world must now be secured by China if she is not to break up and dissolve into chaotic fragments. All through, in a word, we find the recommendations of a thoughtful and reflective mind, who has seriously weighed recent experience, and who perceives clearly what should be done. Think of the infinite pathos in the situation of this young, thoughtful ruler who can devise but not enforce, shut up in his palace, barred round by the rigid etiquette of an unchanging court, knowing that his country is sinking under the burden of ancient superstition and the senile prejudices of thousands of years, and yet as helpless as the meanest of his subjects! Few more tragic figures have appeared on the stage of history.

A writer in the London Times thinks that "the young Emperor has gone to the root of the causes of the decadence of China. The reverence for antiquity, for obsolete customs, for exploded precedent, and the all-pervading corruption are the topics of his denunciation, the objects of his reforms." We do not think this is quite accurate. Apart from the corruption of the official class, the adherence to exploded customs and obsolete precedents must be referred to a deeper cause, for these deep-seated traits of Chinese character are effects rather than causes. The "vera causa" of Chinese mental and moral stagnation is ancestor-worship, the most completely organized system of Animism the world has ever known. As all wisdom and knowledge attained, according to the Chinese theory, their perfection in the remote ages of the past, one must look back to that past for intellectual and moral guidance. Under the influence of such a belief, a really moral life is all but impossible, for morality degenerates into slavish submission to a rule imposed from without rather than a free acceptance of a law of conduct within. The "arrested development" of China means, in fact, that the Chinese, in spite of their ancient classics and fine codes, are a people without any active principle of morality. This does not mean that they steal or murder in any unusual degree, or that they work injustice; for in the green villages of the interior much happiness, prosperity, and good social order are said to exist. But mankind cannot live on the harvests of the past, it needs renewal of life day by day on pain of moral and spiritual starvation.

The source of Chinese stagnation is that the people, as a people, are spiritually dead; they need awakening to a new and real moral life, which means emancipation from the dead hand of the past. Whether the young Emperor fully perceives this it would be hard to say, but obviously the reactionary party saw it; and they saw that what appear to be external, and even trifling, reforms, like that regarding calligraphy, are really based on a conception of life wholly different from that of China. When it is remembered, moreover, that upon the Chinese ancestor-worship rests the whole fabric, not only of social life, but of the Chinese state, it will be seen at once that the reactionaries beheld before them a complete revolution for which, they may have honestly thought, China was not ready. For in China, as in the pre-Christian world of antiquity, the religious system and the state are indissoluble. In the state alone the individual finds his whole moral life, such as it is, while in the world of Christianity the emancipation of the spirit from the absolute domain of the secular order has been achieved for all. If the Emperor of China dimly perceives this great gulf which separates his nation from the Western world, he becomes an even more pathetic figure; for while, on that assumption, his imagination has overleaped the bounds of his environment, he cannot be expected to work out in his mind any idea of a safe bridge over that wide gulf. He stands, in fact, as the poet says, "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." Harder lot has fallen to few among the sons of men.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

For Thee.....Bernard M. Ramsay.....London Sun

The sun, with its glories outspread,
Is gilding the land and the sea.
And I fancy its smiles are all shed
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The birds, with their songs of delight,
Are waking the morning with glee,
And they're singing—I fancy I'm right—
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The roses that grow at thy door,
The daisies that bloom on the lea,
Their sweetness I fancy outpour
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The love that endures in my breast,
The worship my feelings decree,
I know are most truly possess'd
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

A Song to Sorrow.....E. H.....London Speaker

Sleep, Sorrow, sleep; the Earth is all too bright
To-day to heed thy voice, though thou shouldst cry
From dawn till dusk. With brave persistency,
Behold, yon breeze-bent beech leaves keep the lights
They pilfered from the Sun. Joy claims the right
To sing to-day, his instrument, the thrush,
Who sweetly pipes, where hyacinths grow lush
Below close hazels, flitting out of sight.

So sleep, pale Sorrow, let thy grudging face
No more upbraid me with forgetfulness;
Sleep, and content thee, since this little place
I yield to Spring, amid the mournfulness
That fills my heart, waking, thou shalt not trace;
Nor, in thy kingdom, find one shadow less.

The Unborn.....Julia Neely Finch.....Magazine of Medicine

Thou art my very own—
A part of me,
Bone of my bone
And flesh of flesh;
And thou shalt be
Heart of my heart
And brain of brain—
In years that are to come to me and thee.
Before thou wast a being, made
Of spirit, as of flesh,
Thou didst sleep beneath the beats
Of my tumultuous heart, and drink,
With little aimless lips
And blind, unseeing eyes
From every bursting vein
Replete with life's abundant flood.
Ay! even of my very breath,
And from my blood
Thou didst imbibe the fresh
And glorious air, that holds the sweets
Of nature's sure and slow eclipse.
That ceaseless round of life and death
Which are the close entwined braid
Of all the season's subtle mesh
And endless chain.
In a soft and silken chamber set apart—
Here, just beneath my happy heart,
Thou didst lie at dreamy ease
While all my being paid
Its tribute unto thee;
What happy hours for thee and me!
As when a bird

Broods on its downy nest—
So would I sit
And watch the flit
Of idle shadows to and fro—
And brood upon my treasure hid
Within my willing flesh;
And when there stirred
A little limb—a tiny hand!
What rapturous thrills of ecstasy
Shook all my being to its inmost citadel.
Ah! none but she who has thus borne
A child beneath her heart may know
What wondrous thrill and subtle spell
Comes from this wondrous woven band
That binds a mother to her unborn child
Within her womb.
As in the earth—
That fragrant tomb
Of all that lives—or man or beast,
Soft blossoms bud and bloom and swell—
So didst thou, from my body gain
Sweet sustenance and royal feast;
Then through the gates of priceless pain
Thou camest to me—fair, so fair,
And so complete—
From rose-tipped feet
To silken hair!
And there beneath each pearly lid,
There glowed a jewel—passing rare!
It moves and breathes! It slakes its thirst
At my all-too-abundant breast!
Oh, a moment born of life—of love!
Oh, rapture of all earth's high, high above!
Three lives in one—
By loving won!
My own—and thine—
Oh, bond divine—
Our little child! Our little child!

A Prayer.....Meredith Nicholson.....New England Magazine

Not in an hour can tireless Change
Across the spirit's fiefdom range;
But measuredly, and gathering force,
It follows steadily its course.
And if 'twere mine to wield control
Of Time within my heart and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay
What I hold dearest, I should pray
That I may never cease to be
Wooded daily by Expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;
That I may feel, till life be spent,
Each day the sweet bewilderment
Of fresh delight in simple things,
In snowy winters, golden springs,
And quicker heartbeats at the thought
Of all the good that man has wrought.
But may I never face a dawn
With all the awe and wonder gone,
Or in late twilight fail to see
Charm in the stars' old sorcery.

Song of the Dying Swan.....Ernest M'Gaffey.....Chicago Post

By Currituck's lone shore we lay
And watched the east, where coming day
Spun threads of dun and ashen-gray
Along the ocean line.
The wild fowl flying overhead
Through leagues of misty vapor sped,
Wheeled, swerved, and then with wings outspread
Slow settled in the brine.

And five, with necks stretched out and on,
 Marking the lordly flight of swan—
 As grayer grew the light and wan
 Came shiplike sailing by;
 Their broad wings beat the air austere
 And resonantly to the ear
 The leader's challenge sounded clear
 And haughty from the sky.

Then from the reeds our guns were turned
 As we their naked course discerned,
 The heavy charges flashed and burned
 And belched with hollow roar;
 The wild fowl rose in thunderous pack
 Against the skyline looming black,
 And deep-toned echoes answered back
 And rumbled round the shore.

Then paused the leader in the flight,
 With mortal wound; and from his height
 He drifted like a snowdrift white
 In stately sweep along,
 A victim to the fowler's aim;
 And as he set his wings and came,
 Pierced through the haze as some thin flame
 His liquid, dying song.

No more for him the polar zone
 The pathless ways with stars thick strown,
 The chill air round about him blown
 Like tresses of the night;
 For him no more to live and be
 As one with wind and sky and sea,
 For him no more the strenuous, free,
 Far ardor of the flight.

Sweet, plaintive notes in mellowed strain
 They floated o'er the watery plain
 And mournful as an autumn rain
 By Currituck's lone shore;
 A requiem in the dawning wan
 That ever lessened, on and on,
 A death chant from the stricken swan
 Of never—nevermore.

Love and Time.....Beatrix Demorest Lloyd.....Chap Book

Across the gardens of Life they go,
 A strange ill-mated pair;
 By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
 By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
 By hand in hand, through joy and care,
 Across the gardens of Life they go.

The one is old, and grim, and gray;
 His eyes stare off like one in dreams,
 Across his breast the white locks stray,
 The sands in his glass fall day by day,
 Over his shoulder the scythe-blade gleams—
 And he is old, and grim, and gray.

And one is young, and bright, and fair;
 The golden curls about his head
 Shine as a halo; his red lips dare
 The birds in song; he knows no care,
 Joy in his heart is never dead—
 He lives to love and he is fair.

Hoar-headed Time was never young;
 And love on earth can ne'er grow old;
 And yet—since first to that hand he clung,
 Since first his tender song he sung,
 Since first his love-tale he had told,
 And to a dart his bow had strung,

Together, through ways of joy and woe,
 Though one is old and one is fair,
 By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
 By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
 Together—a strange ill-mated pair—
 Across the gardens of Life they go.

Only One Killed.....Lydia Avery Coonley.....New England Magazine

"Only one killed!" the head-line reads,
 The glad news speeds;
 The newsboys cry, "Killed, only one!"
 He was my son!
 What were a thousand to this one—
 My only son,
 Whose blood was spilled
 That bells might peal, guns fire, men shout,
 "Only one killed!"

*Left Out.....Albion Fellows Johnston.....Songs Vsame**

Well he knew that his clothes were poor;
 He was common, he humbly thought;
 Child as he was, he could understand
 Why he was slighted and never sought.

Yet could he help it—his mother gone—
 Help the weight of his father's shame?
 Hardest sentence of childish law;
 Blaming innocence not to blame.

It was hard when the children played
 All together, to be left out—
 Stand aside, with a stinging sense
 That 'twas he that they laughed about.

Thoughtless children, they felt no wrong—
 Pushed him out of the ring at play;
 No one heard how his voice was choked,
 No one cared when he stole away.

No one saw how he crept at last
 Through the gate and the grasses deep,
 Past the wall to a lonely grave
 Where his mother was laid asleep.

Could she feel in her narrow bed,
 Wee, cold hands, as they groped about—
 Feel the tears that were dropped because
 Even her grave had left him out?

My Love Hath Gone A Journey..Mildred McNeal..New Orleans Times-Democrat

How moves the merry wind to-day,
 Along the land, along the sea?
 Oh, winds, be gentle in your play,—
 My love hath gone a journey.
 Bend as ye list the growing corn,
 Run riot through the summer trees,
 But deal ye softly where the seas
 Bear yonder ship to meet the morn.

And was there then no eye to see
 What evil chance that day befell?
 The sad winds strive in vain to tell,
 The sunlight hides its face from me.
 Somehow, amid the fair sunshine
 And kindly winds, that single bark
 Stole out beyond their ken and mine,
 Upon a long, long journey.

Sacred.....Carrie Blake Morgan.....Lippincott

Deep in each artist's soul some picture lies
 That he will never paint for mortal eyes;
 And every author in his heart doth hold
 Some sad, sweet tale that he will leave untold.

WADY HALFA AND THE ROMANCE OF THE SUDAN

By G. W. STEEVENS.

The author, G. W. Steevens, joined the Sirdar's expedition to Khartum early in 1897, went through the battles of Atbara and Omdurman and entered Khartum with the conquerors. He has embodied his story in a volume, *With Kitchener to Khartum* (Dodd, Mead & Co.), to which the following picturesque summary of English conquests in the country of the Mahdi forms the introductory chapter:

To walk round Wady Halfa is to read the whole romance of the Sudan. This is the lookout whence Egypt has strained her vision up-Nile to the vast, silent, torrid, murderous desert land, which has been in turn her neighbor, her victim, all but her undoing, and is now to be her triumph again. On us English, too, the Sudan has played its fatal witchery, and half the tale of Halfa is our own as well as Egypt's. On its buildings and up and down its sandy, windy streets we may trace all the stages of the first conquest, the loss, the bitter failures to recover, the slow recommencement, the presage of final victory.

You can get the whole tale into a walk of ten minutes. First look at that big white building. It is the Egyptian military hospital, and one of the largest, solidest structures of Halfa. In shape and style you will notice it is not unlike a railway station, and that is just what it was meant to be. That was the northern terminus of Ismail Pasha's great railway to Khartum, which was to have run up-river to Dongola and Debbeh, and thence across the Bayuda, by Jakdul and Abu Klea to Metemna. The scheme fell short, like all Ismail's grandiose ambitions. Gordon stopped it, and paid for his unforesight with his life. The railway never reached the Third Cataract. The upper part of it was torn to pieces by the Dervishes, who chopped the sleepers into firewood, and twisted the telegraph wires to spear-heads. The part nearer Halfa lay half-derelict for many years, till it was aroused at length to play its part in the later act of the tragedy of the Sudan.

Now, twenty yards along the line—in this central part of Halfa every street is also a railway—you see a battered, broken-winded engine. It was here in 1884. That is one of the properties of the second act—the nerveless efforts to hold the Sudan when the Mahdi began to rip it loose. For in the year 1881, before we came to Egypt at all, there had arisen a religious teacher, a native of Dongola, named Mohammed Ahmed. The Sudan is the home of fanaticism. It has always been called "The Land of the Dervishes," and no rising saint was more ascetic than the young Dongolawi. He was a disciple of a holy man named Mohammed Sherif, and one day the master gave a feast at which there was dancing and singing. Such frivolity, said Mohammed Ahmed, was displeasing to Allah, whereat the Sherif was angry, cursed him and cast him out. The disciple sprinkled ashes on his head, put a yoke on his neck, and fell at his master's feet, imploring forgiveness. Again Mohammed Sherif cursed him and cast him out.

Angered now himself, Mohammed Ahmed joined

a new teacher and became a straighter ascetic than ever. The fame of his sanctity spread, and adherents flocked to him. He saw that the people of the Sudan, smarting under extortion and oppression, could but too easily be roused against the Egyptian Government. He risked all, and proclaimed himself El Mahdi el Muntazer, the Expected Guide, the Mussulman Messiah. The Governor-General at Khartum sent two companies to arrest him. The Mahdi's followers fell on them unawares and destroyed them. More troops were sent. The Mahdists destroyed them. Next came a small army, and again the Mahdists destroyed it. The barbarous tribesmen flocked to the Mahdi's standard, and in September, 1882, he laid siege to El Obeid, the chief city of Kordofan. His assault was beaten back with great slaughter, but after five months' siege the town surrendered. Sack and massacre taught doubters what they had to expect.

The Sudan doubted no longer. Of a truth, this was the Mahdi. Hicks Pasha's army came down from the North only to swell the Mahdi's triumph to immensity. Unorganized, unwieldy, afraid, the Egyptians crawled on toward El Obeid, harassed by an enemy they never saw. They saw them at last on November 4, 1883, at Shekan. The fight lasted a minute, and the massacre spared only hundreds out of ten thousand. The rest you know—Gordon's mission, the loss of Berber, the siege of Khartum, the massacre of Baker's levies at El Teb, Graham's expedition to Suakim, and the hard-fought fights of the second Teb and Tamai, Wolseley's expedition up the Nile, with Abu Klea and the Gubar and Kirbekan, the second Suakim campaign and McNeill's zariba. Everybody knows these stories, so gallant, so futile. I remember thirteen and fourteen years ago being enormously proud and joyful about Tamai and Abu Klea. I was very young. Read over the tale again now—the faltering and the folly and the failure—and you will feel that if Egypt has Baker's Teb and Hick's ruin to wipe out, England was not so very far from suffering precisely the same humiliations. And in the end we failed, with what loss we still remember, and gave the Sudan away. The second act is not a merry one.

The third was less tragic, but it was perhaps even harder to play. We pass by a mud-walled quadrangle, which was once the artillery barracks. Through the gateway you look across sand to the mud ramparts of Halfa. That is the stamp of the days of reorganization, of retrenchment, of difficulties and discouragements, and unconquerable, undisappointed work. Those were the days when the Egyptian army was in the making, when Halfa was the frontier fortress. There are old barracks all over it, where the young fighting force of Egypt used to sleep half awake. The brown flanks of those hills beyond the rifle-range, just a couple of miles or so desertward, have seen Dervishes stealing up in broad day and insolently slashing and stabbing in the main streets of the bazaar. Yet this

time was not all unavenged insult. The long years between 1885 and 1896 saw Egypt defended and its assailants smashed to pieces. Little by little Egypt—British Egypt now—gained strength and new resolution.

Four battles mark the stages from weakness and abandonment to confidence and the resolution to reconquer. At Ginnis, on the last day but one of 1885, came the first Anglo-Egyptian strategical victory. The Mahdists had been tactically beaten before—well beaten; but the result had always been that we fell back and they come on. After Ginnis, fought by the British army of occupation, aided by a small number of the new Egyptian army, we stood firm, and the Dervishes were washed back. There were men of the Cameron Highlanders on the Atbara, who had fought in that battle. It was not perhaps a very great one, but it was the first time the enemy had been brought to a standstill. He retired behind the Third Cataract.

Then followed three years of raid and counter-raid. Chermiside cut up their advance-guard at Sarra. They captured the fort of Khor Musa, and Machell Bey of the Thirteenth Sudanese drove them out within twelve hours. On the Suakim side the present Sirdar made head against Osman Digna with what irregulars and friendlies he could get together. Then in 1888 Osman waxed insolent and threw up trenches against Suakim. It became a regular siege, and Dervish shells fell into the town. But on December 20 Sir Francis Grenfell, the Sirdar, came down and attacked the trenches at the battle of Gamaizeh, and Osman fell back shattered. Never again did he come so near his soul's ambition.

Meanwhile Wad-en-Nejumi—the great Emir, the conqueror of Hicks and the captor of Khartum—had hung on the southern frontier, gathering strength for his attack on Egypt. He came in 1889, skirting Halfa in the western desert, striking for a point in Egypt proper above Assuan. His Emirs got out of hand and tried to get to the Nile. In a hard day's tussle at Argin Colonel Wodehouse and the Halfa garrison threw him back into the desert again. Nejumi pushed on southward, certain of death, certain of Paradise. At Toski Grenell brought him to battle with the flower of the Egyptian army. At the end of the day Nejumi was dead, and his army was beginning to die of thirst in the desert. Egypt has never been attacked since.

Finally, in 1891, Colonel Holled-Smith marched against Osman Digna's base outside Suakim, the oasis of Tokat. The Dervishes sprang upon him at Afafit; but the days of surprise and panic were over. They were rolled back and shattered to pieces. Their base was occupied, and Suakim as well as Halfa had peace. Now all ground was finally maintained, and all was ripe for attack again. England heard little of this third act; but, for all that, unadvertised, hard-working, it was the turning point of the whole drama.

And now we have come to the locomotive-sheds and the fitting shops, the boiler houses and the storerooms. We are back in the present again, and the Halfa of to-day is the Egypt of to-day. Halfa has left off being a fortress and a garrison. To-day it is all workshop and railway terminus. To-day it

makes war not with bayonets, but with rivets and spindle-glands. Railways run along every dusty street, and trains and trucks clank up and down till Halfa looks for all the world like Chicago in a turban. In chains, too, for to Halfa come all the worst villains of Egypt. You must know that till the other day no Egyptian could be hanged for murder except on the evidence of eyewitnesses—just the people whom most murderers try to avoid. So the rails and sleepers are slung ashore to the jingle of ankle-chains; and after a day in Halfa it startles you in no way to hear that the black foreman of the engine-shop did his five murders, and that, nevertheless, he is a most intelligent, industrious and harmless creature. On the contrary, you find it admirable that Egypt's ruffians are doing Egypt's work.

Halfa clangs from morning till night with rails lassoed and drawn up a sloping pair of their fellows by many convicts on to trucks; it thuds with sleepers and boxes of bully-beef dumped on to the shore. As you come home from dinner you stumble over strange rails, and sudden engine lamps flash in your face, and warning whistles scream in your ears. As you lie at night you hear the plug-plug of the goods engine, nearer and nearer, till it sounds as if it must be walking in at your tent door. From the shops of Halfa the untamed Sudan is being tamed at last. It is the new system, the modern system—mind and mechanics beating muscle and shovel-head spear. It takes up and digests all the past. The bits of Ismail's railway came into the Dongola line; the engine of Wolseley's time has been rebuilt, and is running again. The artillery barracks are a store for all things pertaining to engines. They came together for the fourth act—the annihilating surprise of Ferkeh, the masterly passage of Hafir, the occupation of Dongola and Merawi, the swift march and sharp storm of Abu Hamed, the swoop on Berber. They were all coming together now for the victorious end, ready to enter for the fifth act and the final curtain on Khartum.

But that is not all Halfa, and it is not all the Sudan. Looking at it hence from its threshold, the Sudan seems like a strong and swift wild beast, which many hunters have pursued, none subdued. The Sudan is a man-eater—red-gorged, but still insatiable. Turn your pony's head and canter out a mile—we are at the cemetery. No need to dismount, or even to read the names—see merely how full it is. Each white cross is an Englishman devoured by the Sudan. Go and hear the old inhabitants talk—the men who have contrived to live year in, year out, in the Sudan, in splitting sun and red-hot sand. You will notice it best with the men who are less trained to take a pull on their sentiment than are British officers—with the engineer corporals and the foreman mechanics, and all the other plain, efficient Englishmen who are at work at Halfa. Their talk is half of the chances of action, and the other half of their friends that have died.

"Poor Bill, 'e died in the desert surveying to Habu 'Amed. Yes; 'e's 'ere in the cemetery. No; there wasn't any white man there at the time."

Yes; it is a murderous devil, the Sudan. The man-eater is very grim, and he is not sated yet. Only this time he was to be conquered at last.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Our Most Famous Battleship.....The Christian Advocate

A few weeks ago this venerable ship (the Constitution) was towed from the Portsmouth Navy Yard to the Charlestown Navy Yard. Thousands of visitors have walked the quarter-deck of this historic craft since its arrival at Boston. The Constitution was a remarkable ship in its day. Some of the most distinguished men of our navy have commanded it—Talbot, Nicholson, Preble, Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart, and others. The victories won by the Constitution were marvelous, when all the conditions are considered. At the bombardment of Tripoli in 1804, under command of Preble, the ship performed conspicuous service, but its first action, and perhaps its most memorable one, was with the English ship *Guerrière*, off Halifax, on August 19, 1812, when Captain Hull succeeded in annihilating his adversary in forty minutes. The Constitution was in charge of Captain Bainbridge when its next illustrious action occurred. This was the contest with the *Java*, off the coast of Brazil, on December 29, 1812, which lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes. A third brilliant action was that in which the Constitution was attacked by two English ships together—the *Cyane* and the *Levant*—and succeeded in capturing both. This gallant deed was performed on February 20, 1815, while the Constitution was under the command of Captain Stewart. These three encounters stand out prominently in a career that is bestudded with brilliant deeds.

The Constitution captured a large number of prizes, and was one of the most fortunate vessels of the navy. This is seen from the remarkable way in which the ship escaped the clutches of its enemies on more than one occasion. The most noted of these experiences the Constitution had when Captain Hull was its commander. It occurred in July, 1812. On the 17th of that month Hull was sailing up the Atlantic to join Captain Rodgers' squadron at New York, when he fell in with Captain Broke's blockading squadron. The entire British fleet was too much of a match for the Constitution, so Hull, concluding that "discretion is the better part of valor," attempted to escape. What happened then is briefly told as follows:

"All night long the vessels kept close to each other, and in the morning the wind, which had been light, died away entirely. The enemy was too close for comfort, and Captain Hull resorted to various means to increase the distance between himself and his pursuers. The small boats were ordered out, and the sailors began to tow the big ship. Guns were placed in the stern of the Constitution and in the cabin, to be used as stern chasers. With sails set and boats tugging hard, the Constitution gradually drew away from its pursuers, who were mystified by this performance. It was not long, however, before the Britishers discovered Captain Hull's scheme, and then they immediately resorted to it. Then the American captain tried various other methods to increase the speed of his ship, but gradually the foremost ship of the enemy drew nearer, and when it opened fire upon the Constitu-

tion, the Americans thought the end was at hand. But at this critical moment Lieutenant Morris, of the Constitution, suggested the trial of kedging, and Captain Hull gave orders to splice all the spare rope on the ship, and then this line—about a mile long—with a small anchor attached to it, was carried ahead of the vessel and dropped into the water. The men on board hauled the line in, and the ship moved on again in a manner mysterious to her pursuers. This kedging was kept up for a time, and then the puzzled Englishmen saw through the new scheme and put out their kedges. So the chase continued for three nights and two days, and the Constitution escaped only by the exercise of strategy at last. Captain Hull, when leading his pursuers by about three miles, saw a squall coming. As it would strike his ship first he so arranged his sails as to give the enemy the impression that a storm of unusual severity was approaching. The enemy followed Captain Hull's precautions, as he thought they would. As soon as the squall—which was light—struck the Constitution and shut the ship off from the enemy's view, all sail was made and the gallant vessel went bowling along at an eleven-knot rate. After forty-five minutes the enemy was so far astern that the chase was given up, and Captain Hull put about for Boston and reached that port in safety."

The Constitution had another serious race with the British in 1815. On March 10 Captain Stewart, having whipped two British ships, the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, in one contest, found himself at anchor in Port Praya. Soon ships were seen off the port, and fearing that they were the enemy's vessels, and not caring to be cornered by them, Captain Stewart hastened to get to sea. The four strangers, the fleet of Sir George Collier, discovered the escaping American and crowded on all sail for pursuit. Then the Constitution had another chance to show its superior sailing qualities, and the chase continued until late in the afternoon, when the British ships fell away, knowing that with a good wind they could not hope to overtake this fleet ship.

With the close of what is known as the War of 1812 our navy began to fall into decay through the enforced inactivity of the ships. Most of the ships were sold, some were broken up, and a few refitted and retained in commission. After awhile these also became superannuated and disappeared one by one, until now only the Constitution is left—the only connecting link between our first and our present navies. This ship has been preserved, while those of our first navy, of which it was a conspicuous part, and those of our second navy—that created by the civil war—have been disposed of. Should we ever have a great review of our present navy no one will deny the Constitution the privilege of leading the fleet with the flag of the admiral or of the President at its masthead.

Empress Josephine's Costly Toilettes.....New York Evening Post

In "L'Existence d'une Impératrice," Frédéric Masson has recently described the life of the Empress Josephine at the Tuileries.

Josephine gave three hours every morning to dressing. Her toilet was a great affair, and the women who helped her were the most important witnesses of her life. Her staff was composed of two first bedchamber-women, four maids, a "dame d'atour," four women and a girl "de garde-robe." The two first women were there only for etiquette's sake; they had large salaries and little to do. The four maids who received the title of "dames d'annonce," had for their special business to act as ushers, to open the door to the Emperor, to the princesses. The real actors during the toilet, the intimate companions, were the "dame d'atour" and the four "femmes de garde-robe." Josephine bathed every morning, and, after the bath, she had to take all sorts of means "pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage," as the poet says. Like an actress, she painted herself, she concealed as she might her wrinkles. M. Masson tells us that in one year (1808) she bought 2,749.58 francs of rouge at Martin's, and 598.52 francs of rouge at Madame Chaumeton's. He has seen the bills and gives us the francs and centimes. Napoleon did not like women to look pale. "Go, put on rouge," he said one day to a lady, during a reception. "What ails you?" said he to another; "you are very pale; have you just been confined?" He did not like perfumes, and Josephine was obliged to do without any, except "eau de Cologne." Josephine had every fortnight a visit from her "pédicure," a German Jew named Tobias Kohen, who arrived in uniform, with a sword at his side.

When she put on her shift, her maids had to choose among 488, more or less embroidered, and garnished with the most expensive laces. "Don't be surprised," says M. Masson, "at these 500 shifts; they hardly suffice, as she changes them three times a day." The maids put on her stockings—generally white, sometimes pink. She had in her wardrobe 958 pairs of white silk stockings, 32 pink silk stockings, and 18 flesh-colored, worth from 18 to 72 francs the pair. The shoes she wore in the morning were generally of colored leather or of silk. In one year she buys 520 pairs. These shoes are very light and heelless; they seem to be a part of the foot. They are like the shoes of which a lady once complained to Cotte, the Empress' furnisher, that they split the first time this lady put them on. "Oh, I see what it is," said Cotte; "Madame has been walking."

After the corset, very light, without whalebone, she puts on a dressing-gown, and Herbault, the hair-dresser, is introduced. Herbault is quite a personage, but on great occasions Josephine receives a greater personage, the famous Duplan, who has known all the ladies of the Directory, who was familiar with Mme. Tallien, and one day cut in pieces a veil worth 8,000 francs which she had handed him, and which he found too large for her coiffure. Duplan received 32,000 francs in 1807 from Josephine, 12,000 in 1808, as much in 1809; he sells besides to her 10,000 francs' worth of various articles yearly. At the time of the divorce Napoleon gave Duplan to the new Empress, with the salary of 42,000 francs a year. While the hairdresser is still at his work, the "dames du palais" introduce a succession of furnishers, who bring muslins, silks, etc., for the Empress' choice.

M. Masson gives us a complete inventory of the gowns ordered by Josephine. It would have much interest for our great dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix, but I fancy that some of their clients would find that Josephine was a very reasonable person. Our modern dressmakers do not allow their clients to buy themselves the stuffs which are used for their gowns, as Josephine did. M. Masson calculated that in stuffs for gowns and for the making of them Josephine spent in six years 1,573,653 francs, without counting the great "parures" of the coronation and of the grand ceremonies, which were charged to special credits by the Emperor. Of this million and a half, Leroy, the great "couturier" of the time, received in five years nearly half. Leroy thought himself very reasonable, and one day he dared to say to Napoleon himself that he did not give Josephine enough for her dresses.

Josephine was constantly in debt, though the Emperor allowed her a very large revenue; he had to pay these debts from time to time. M. Masson calculates that she, in reality, spent 1,100,000 francs a year—more than a million for her toilet, but jewelry is included, and amounts to nearly half of the sum. It is rather extraordinary that she bought so many jewels, as she had at her command the splendid jewels of the Crown, at that time the finest in existence—a complete set of diamonds, crown, diadem, comb, earrings, bracelets, necklace, valued at nearly four millions; a set of rubies, one of turquoises, one of pearls. What she bought herself could not compare with these fine jewels, but she liked to buy, to change, to play, as it were, with her ornaments. She was like a child with its toys. The debts of Josephine were paid after conjugal scenes which ended always in the same way: Josephine wept, and Napoleon consoled her. "Allons, Joséphine, allons, ma petite, ne pleures pas." As long as Josephine bought French goods Napoleon was patient, but he could not endure her buying English goods, regarding this as an attack upon his authority. Josephine, however, was a born smuggler; she took great delight in having Indian cashmeres, and imported them in the coffers of the French couriers.

The last part of M. Masson's interesting study of Josephine's life is given to the serious part of her existence, if it can be said that there was anything serious in it. She had a sort of administration for her charities, which were innumerable, for pensions, the presents she made, the charitable institutions which she patronized, the favors she asked for—and she was always ready to oblige. She will always be remembered by the people as "la bonne Joséphine."

The Coronation Chair of England.....Roman Bibliothek

This chair, known as the chair of St. Edward, is of the utmost historical interest. It is an antique seat of hardwood, gaily painted, and was used in ancient times for the coronation of the kings of Scotland. Edward I., known as Longshanks, brought it to England in 1296, after defeating the Scottish king, John Baliol, at Dunbar. Since then the chair has been kept in Westminster Abbey, and every ruler of England has been crowned on it. Under the seat, twenty-four centimetres from the

floor, is a board supported by four lions. On this rests the famous Jacob's stone, or stone of destiny, on which Jacob's head is said to have rested when he dreamed of seeing the ladder which reached to heaven. This stone was originally the royal chair of Ireland. It was called Fiafal, or the stone of fate. There is a tradition that a descendant of the Scottish kings will always reign in the country possessing this treasure. This stone is said to have been taken to Spain by Cathol, king of the Scots, but was brought back to Ireland by Simon Brech, leader of a band of Scots, about 700 before Christ. The gods themselves gave this stone to the Scottish people with the promise that a scion of their race should always reign over the land which retained possession of this relic of antiquity. Sir Walter Scott gives the following history of this stone. Fergus, son of Eric, probably a descendant of Simon Brech, was driven out of Ireland and landed in 503 B. C. on the coast of Argyshire in Scotland, bringing the stone with him. Later on, it was brought by King Kenneth of Scotland to Scone Castle and the Scottish kings were crowned on it from that time till Edward I. destroyed the royal residence of Scone and took the stone to London, where it has remained ever since.

The Scots formerly believed that it gave forth musical sounds when the rightful ruler seated himself upon it, but remained mute when a usurper was crowned. The conveying of this stone to England was regarded as a national humiliation by the Scots, and in the treaty concluded between England and Scotland in 1328, one of the conditions was the return of this ancient treasure. Edward III. gave orders that it should be sent back, but for some unknown reason they were never obeyed. When James VI. of Scotland ascended the throne of England under the name of James I. the aforementioned prophecy seemed to have been fulfilled. The stone is undoubtedly a relic of remote antiquity. It is not, however, of meteoric origin, as many have maintained, but a block of red sandstone containing an unusual proportion of iron. It was once carved, gilded and painted, but these decorations have entirely disappeared. In modern coronations it is covered with cloth of gold.

The Ampulla, or vessel which contains the consecrated oil used to anoint the sovereign is in the form of an eagle, which rests with outspread wings on a pedestal, the whole being of gold, exquisitely wrought. The oil flows from the beak of the eagle. In former times the king was anointed on the head, under the arms, on both shoulders, between the shoulders, on the breast and on both hands. In modern times there are only three anointings—on the head, breast and hands, typifying glory, holiness and strength. A strange legend attaches itself to this Ampulla. This is to the effect that King Henry IV. was anointed with oil given in this sacred vessel to Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Blessed Virgin. He received it while in exile, and the Blessed Virgin assured him that all rulers of England who were anointed with this oil should be mild in their rule and staunch defenders of the Faith. This eagle-shaped vase was lost for a long time, but was at length brought to light in a most remarkable way. When Henry,

Duke of Lancaster, was in foreign parts on a warlike campaign, the vase was unexpectedly presented to him by a holy man to whom its hiding place had been miraculously revealed. The duke gave the vessel to Edward, the Black Prince, who placed it in the Tower of London. It was deposited with the utmost care in a carefully locked casket, but casket and oil both disappeared so that it could not be used in the coronation of Richard II. It was again found in 1399, together with a manuscript of Thomas-à-Becket's, promising all manner of blessings to those kings of England who should be anointed with this oil. This made so deep an impression on Richard II. that he applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury to anoint him again. The Archbishop, however, persisted in refusing, on the ground that the sacrament of unction, like that of baptism, could not be renewed. Richard took the chalice with him on his unlucky journey to Ireland, and on his return to Chester, delivered it to the Archbishop, saying: "It is evidently the will of God that I shall not be anointed with this oil. That blessing is reserved for a more fortunate monarch." The Archbishop kept the oil till the coronation of the usurper, Henry II., who was the first English king anointed with it. The original Ampulla which Thomas-à-Becket received from the Blessed Virgin was destroyed with the rest of the royal insignia in the time of the republic, and new regalia provided for the coronation of Charles II.

Queer Names for Post-Offices.....Cleveland Plain Dealer

To any one who frequently consults the United States official postal guide, which is a dictionary of post-offices, the number of peculiar and mirth-provoking names used to designate places where mail is handled is an unending source of astonishment.

Many of these names are plainly suggestive of their origin. "Sweetlips," Tenn., for instance, at once reveals to a romantic mind the story of love, and there is little doubt that in some way or other Cupid's arrows are responsible for the name. "Mud," Tex.; "Mule," Ore.; "Sodom," N. M.; "Yellowjacket," Idaho, and "Loyalsock," Pa., are also suggestive, but the desirability of their selection is a matter of serious doubt. "Panther" is enough to depopulate most any town, but six States have used it to designate post-offices. Iowa has made a post-office of "Wax," Florida of "Sawdust," Kentucky of "Seven Guns," Texas of "Twin Sisters," Tennessee of "Virtue," North Carolina of "Wit," Mississippi of "Zero," Colorado of "Love," Pennsylvania of "Mountain Sunset," South Carolina of "Oats," Virginia of "Pluck," Missouri of "Pure Air," and Maryland of "Sassafras." Mail is left at "Option" in Pennsylvania. The only "Pious" post-office is in Ohio. If "Quality" is what you want, go to Butler County, Kentucky, for it. "Rolling Stone" is in Minnesota. The question arises, will it stay there? "Rockycomfort" is the contradictory name of a Missouri village. If Uncle Sam's employees catch the spirit of the place, mail is handled with more than ordinary promptness at "Rushmore," Minn. "Peppertown," Ind., is supposed to be a hot place. Says Florida to Alabama: "Yours is not the only 'Pebble' on the beach."

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

The Building of the Pyramids—A Suggested Method.....Cassier's

From the earliest times the erection of embankments of earth have been carried on by savage nations and primitive peoples. The earthworks left by the mound builders in America and Europe are conspicuous evidence that the digging and carrying of earth was practiced on a large scale in many localities, long distant from one another, centuries ago.

Let us see how, by the aid of inclined planes of earth, the huge stones used in the construction of dolmens or cromlechs could be put in position by the use of primitive appliances. The stone posts could be moved to the desired place and erected in a vertical position. Two piles of earth are dug from the pit in which one of the posts is to stand. The stone slab can be rolled up the inclined plane and tilted into position, and, by the use of levers and pry bars, be made to stand upright; and when the second post was erected by a similar operation, and the space between the posts and around them filled with earth, the top stone or lintel could be placed in position after being elevated to the desired height on another inclined plane, made of earth. These operations being completed, the earth could be returned to the pits from which it was dug, and the surface of the ground leveled.

The construction of the Egyptian pyramids, for centuries a matter of wonder, could have been performed by similar methods. Let us suppose that each of the stone blocks used had a rectangular base, being half as thick as wide, and that they were moved from the quarry to the pyramid, being first placed on rollers and moved into position! Other stone blocks could then have been transported along the surface of the ground in the same manner and so could the other stones in the same tier. An embankment at a twenty-per-cent. or thirty-per-cent. grade could then have been constructed by carrying earth from pits beyond the continuation of the boundary lines of the base of the pyramid. Over the surface of this plane, extended toward the quarry, the second tier of stones could then have been put in place; a new embankment could then have been constructed, and new blocks and those behind them being put in place; and so on, by the aid of the additions to the embankments, the remaining stones could have been put in position.

When the pyramid was complete the earth could have been removed from in front of it, the pits filled up, restoring the original conditions of the surface of the ground, leaving no hint to gratify the explorer, forty centuries after the work was done.

Let us see what labor this method would have involved in the construction of the pyramid of Gizeh, the largest of its kind, which is approximately 150 yards high and 250 yards square at the base! As is well known, in building this pyramid, which is located three miles south of Cairo, two kinds of stone were used, limestone and red granite. The limestone was quarried at El Massarah, forty-five or fifty miles from Gizeh, while the red granite was brought from Assouan, near the first cataract, over

500 miles. Both of these quarries were located on the River Nile.

Rafts laden with stone blocks could be brought from the quarries by this means. Upon the sloping embankment blocks are being drawn on sledges, perhaps equipped with rollers, to the highest point to which the structure has been built, the inclined plane being gradually made longer and higher with earth brought from the pits on the right and left. The highest embankment necessary when the workmen reached the top course, assuming that a twenty-per-cent. grade was adopted, would have been 750 yards long, containing about 7,500,000 cubic yards, if the sides of the earth embankment would stand at an angle of 30 degrees, which is not at all improbable.

Assuming that one laborer could have placed two and one-half yards (about twenty barrow loads) of earth on an average each day on this embankment, 10,000 men could have built it in twelve months of twenty-five working days. It is stated that 100,000 men were employed for twenty years in the whole work, so that, according to this calculation, the construction of this embankment would have occupied only a small portion of the total time consumed.

The false work to support the walls of the interior chambers of the pyramids could also have been made of earth rather than of timber. It should be remembered that heavy lumber for scaffolding must have been brought over long distances, and that the framing and erection of any structure of sufficient strength to bear heavy weights would have required more skill and knowledge than the building of the pyramid itself by the method above described.

In the great temple of Rameses I. is to be found a colossal statue of that king, which equals in dimensions and exceeds in weight any other Egyptian monolith, being sixty feet high and weighing 887 tons five and a half hundredweight. It was made from a single block of red granite brought from the quarries at Assouan, 135 miles distant, by the River Nile.

At Baalbec, Syria, are to be found the ruins of three temples, one of which has been given the name of Trilithon, "Three-stone-temple," from the extraordinary proportions of three of the stone blocks found in it, each being over sixty-three feet in length, thirteen feet in height, and proportionately thick. These stones now rest in a wall over twenty feet above the present surface of the ground.

In the solution of the problem of putting similar huge blocks in place at the present day, the utilization of inclined planes of earth in the manner just described might well be considered by the modern engineer before adopting a more complex method; in fact, since the various details of this method of construction have suggested themselves, the writer has examined photographs of many ancient structures and has yet to find one that could not have been constructed to a great extent according to the practices just described. Until the principles of the true arch were understood it was less difficult to move and erect long blocks of stone by these primitive methods than to place smaller units over the

openings of structures designed in accordance with the types of ancient architecture, in which the arch, with a keystone, was lacking.

Especially was this true in an era when the value of time was not considered, and slaves were to be obtained by thousands, at small cost, to toil and sweat to gratify the ambition and perpetuate the fame of kings.

Happily for our race and time, the crack of the Egyptian slave-master's whip and the weird cries of cadence of the battalions of swarthy laborers, while tugging in unison to draw or hoist the monolith, has given place to the puffing engine and the rumble of revolving wheels; but, mayhap, in the years to come the engineering methods in vogue at the end of this eventful century will seem almost as crude to those who will practice in the new fields of applied science on the borders of which we seem to stand as these primitive methods of the ancients now appear to us.

Whether the anticipations for the future shall be realized or not, and proud as we may be of the advances made by discovery and invention in our age, we must not forget that the patient perservance of the engineers of antiquity, who, by brawn and muscle, and unaided by mechanism, built wiser than they knew, have been rewarded by the preservation of an indelible record of their achievements in the material remains of their edifices that have withstood the ravages of centuries. Will fate so favor the engineer of the nineteenth century, versed in the laws of modern science, and skilled in the practice of the mechanic arts?

Torpedo Boat Without a Crew.....N. Tesla.....New York Journal

"My submarine boat, loaded with its torpedoes, can start out from a protected bay or be dropped over a ship side, make its devious way below the surface, through dangerous channels of mine beds, into protected harbors and attack a fleet at anchor, or go out to sea and circle about, watching for its prey, then dart upon it at a favorable moment, rush up to within a hundred feet if need be, discharge its deadly weapon and return to the hand that sent it. Yet all through these wonderful evolutions it will be under the absolute and instant control of a distant human hand on a far-off headland, or on a warship whose hull is below the horizon and invisible to the enemy.

"I am aware that this sounds almost incredible, and I have refrained from making this invention public till I had worked out every practical detail of it. In my laboratory I now have such a model, and my plans and description at the Patent Office at Washington show the full specifications of it.

"As to the mechanism which is to be stored in this submarine shell: The first and most essential thing is a motor, with storage battery to drive the propeller. Then there are smaller motors and batteries to operate the steering gear, on the same principle that an ordinary vessel is now steered by steam or electricity. Besides these there are still other storage batteries and motors to feed electric signal lights. But in order that the weight of machinery shall not be too great to destroy the buoyancy or make the boat go too deep in the water, compressed air motors will also be used to perform

certain functions, such as to fill and empty the water tanks which raise the boat to the surface or sink it to any required depth. Pneumatic air or motors will also fire the torpedoes and pump out the water that may leak in at any time.

"This submarine destroyer will be equipped with six fourteen-foot Whitehead torpedoes. These will be arranged vertically in two rows in the bow. As one torpedo falls into position and is discharged by pneumatic force, another torpedo, by the force of gravity, falls into the position of the first one, the others above being held up by automatic arms. They can be fired as rapidly as a self-cocking revolver is emptied or at intervals of minutes or hours. The discharge takes place through a single tube, projecting straight in the bow. The small amount of water which leaks through each time is caught by drain pipes and a compressed air pump instantly expels it. As each torpedo is expelled a buoyancy regulator will open the sea cocks and let enough water in the ballast tanks to make the buoyancy uniform and keep the boat at the same distance beneath the surface.

"This submarine destroyer will carry a charge of torpedoes greater than that of the largest destroyers now in use. Those vessels of five hundred tons each, which cost the Government \$500,000, carry but three or four torpedoes, while this simple submarine destroyer, which can be built for \$48,000 to \$50,000 or less, will carry six torpedoes. It will have also the incalculable advantage of being absolutely invisible to an enemy, and have no human lives to risk or steam boilers to blow up and destroy itself.

"All that is necessary to make this submarine boat subject to perfect control at any distance is to properly wire it, just like a modern house is wired so that a button here rings a bell, a lever there turns on the lights, a hidden wire somewhere else sets off a burglar alarm and a thermal device gives a fire alarm.

"The only difference in the case of the submarine boat is in the delicacy of the instruments employed. To the propelling device, the steering gear, the signal apparatus and the mechanism for firing the torpedoes are attached little instruments which are attuned each to a certain electro-magnetic synchronism.

"Then there is a similar set of synchronistic instruments all connected to one little switchboard, and placed either on shore or on an ordinary warship. By moving the lever on the switchboard I can give the proper impulse to the submarine boat to go ahead, to reverse, throw the helm to port or to go ahead, rise, sink, discharge her torpedo or return. It might seem that some great power would be necessary to be projected across the miles of distance and operate on the far-off boat. But no; the power is all stored in the submarine boat itself—in its storage batteries and compressed air. All that is needed to affect the synchronistic instruments is a set of high alternating currents, which can be produced by my oscillator attached to any ordinary dynamo situated on shore or on a warship.

"How such an apparently complicated mechanism can be operated and controlled at a distance of miles is no mystery. It is as simple as the mes-

senger call to be found in almost any office. This is a little metal box with a lever on the outside. By moving the crank to a certain point it gives vibrating sounds and springs back into position, and its momentary buzzing calls a messenger. But move the crank a third further round the dial and it buzzes still longer, and pretty soon a policeman appears, summoned by its mysterious call. Again, move the crank this time to the farthest limit of the circle, and scarcely has its more prolonged hum of recoil sounded when the city fire apparatus dashes up to your place at its call.

"Now, my device for controlling the motion of a distant submarine boat is exactly similar. Only I need no connecting wires between my switchboard and the distant submarine boat, for I make use of the now well-known principle of wireless telegraphy. As I move this little lever to points which I have marked on a circular dial I cause a different number of vibrations each time. In this case two waves go forth at each half turn of the lever and affect different parts of the distant destroyer's machinery.

"How such submarine destroyers should actually be used in war I leave for naval tacticians to determine. But it seems to me that they could best be operated by taking a number on board a large, fast auxiliary cruiser like the *St. Louis* or *St. Paul*, launch them, several at a time, like lifeboats, and direct their movements from a switchboard placed in the forward fighting top.

"In order that the director of the submarine destroyer may know its exact position at every movement, two masts, at bow and stern, will project up just above the water, too minute to be seen or hit by an enemy's guns by day, and by night they will carry hooded lights.

"The lookout placed in the fighting top could detect a hostile ship off on the horizon while the auxiliary cruiser's big hull is still invisible to the enemy. Starting these little destroyers out under direction of a man with a telescope, they could attack and destroy a whole armada—destroy it utterly—in an hour, and the enemy never have a sight of their antagonists or know what power destroyed them. A big auxiliary cruiser, used to carry these submarine destroyers, could also carry a cargo of torpedoes sufficient to conduct a long campaign and go half-way around the world.

"She could carry the gun-cotton and other explosives needed to load torpedoes in safe magazines below the water line, and do away with much of the danger of transporting loaded torpedoes. When necessary for use the war heads could be loaded, fitted to the torpedoes, and the submarine destroyers fully equipped.

"A high, projecting headland overlooking a harbor and the sea would also be a good point on which to establish a station and have the destroyers laid up at docks below and ready to start."

Modern Alchemy.....Silver Turned to Gold.....Knowledge

A love of science for its own sake has been the noblest incentive of the world's greatest discoverers, but in the pursuit of chemical science there has ever been an inducement of a more practical kind. We find the alchemists of old continually

urged forward in their arduous labors by the dreams of wealth which their science, if it could be so called, appeared to render capable of realization; or perhaps by the infinite possibilities which seemed to exist in the changing substances around them.

Within the past year a claim has been made to the discovery of a solution of the problem of the alchemists which is both startling and interesting. Dr. Emmens, an eminent chemist of New York city and inventor of the high explosive "Emmensite," has recently published an account of some researches which would seem to have resulted in the actual transmutation of silver into gold, an achievement as important in its economic aspect as it is revolutionary with regard to chemical theory. In order, however, to properly appreciate the work which appears to have been accomplished, it is well first to consider the subject in the light of modern chemistry. The chemist, in pursuing his analyses of matter as far as his methods will permit, discovers that there are some seventy kinds of substances which refuse to be split up into other substances, and to these ultimate constituents of matter he gives the name of "elements." To the elementary bodies he finds, by reason of certain considerations which cannot now be gone into, that different numbers, representing the ratios of the weights of their respective atoms, may be attached, and thus we obtain a series of elements with atomic weights, ranging from that of hydrogen to those of the heaviest elements known. It is, moreover, found (as was first observed by Newlands in 1864) that if the elements are arranged in the order of their atomic weights, similar elements recur at definite intervals in the series. Thus they arrange themselves in several groups or "natural families," and the properties of the elements are said, mathematically, to be periodic functions of the atomic weights. In view of the problem of the transmutation of the metals (which are elementary bodies) this classification is supremely interesting. As it is found that certain elements are more nearly related to those in the same group than to others, their transmutation, in the large number of such cases occurring, into a nearly related element, may be a problem which it is worth while to attack. Another consideration, moreover, is that, as the properties of an element depend upon its atomic weight, the elements, especially of one family, may possibly be regarded as built up from one another, or from some common material. Whatever relation among the elements this periodic classification may really indicate, it is probable that it has its origin in some unknown law concerning their formation; and it must be admitted that the hope of the alchemists, resting in their own time upon entirely false hypotheses, may, with the progress of chemistry, find its realization in some new field of modern investigation.

It is by means of the classification referred to that important suggestions were obtained which resulted in Dr. Emmens' startling discovery. As he himself describes it, his work had its origin in an attempt to prepare absolutely pure iron and pure nickel. In his investigations he obtained a new substance from iron and nickel different from anything before observed, and this substance was af-

terwards obtained in a similar manner from the element cobalt. Here, therefore, a substance is found which appears to be common to one of the groups of the elements, and, in itself, such a discovery is one of the greatest moment. Dr. Emmens has, however, proceeded to apply his method of investigation in another direction, and having regard to the fact that the gold and silver group offered the greatest reward to his labors if successful, he applied the same investigation to the series containing copper, silver and gold.

It was previously known that silver could be made to pass into solution in water while still in a metallic condition, and it is considered that the element is, in this soluble form, reduced to extremely minute subdivisions. If such a process could be pushed further, the silver molecules, or smallest particles of silver as such, would become dissociated; and, as is observed in other cases, the body obtained exhibits new and remarkable properties. This further subdivision eventually succeeded in the case of silver, and a substance was produced which, in the opinion of Dr. Emmens, can no longer be regarded as the same element.

With this substance, moreover, a step further can be taken. It was found possible to group up the new substance into molecules of greater density than those of silver, and, in fact, to produce a new body which exhibited entirely different properties. It was yellow by reflected and green by transmitted light, and it was insoluble in either hydrochloric or nitric acid alone, but soluble in "aqua regia," a mixture of these acids—thus possessing the characteristic properties of gold. It also resembled gold under the microscope.

The method of procedure has not yet been made known, but an actual transformation of one element into another is claimed to have been effected, and the claim is made by a chemist of scientific eminence and the author of several scientific works. The process is stated to depend upon mechanical treatment, and it is suggested that use may be made of the combined effect of impact and a very low temperature.

It is startling to consider what a wide field of investigation such a transformation opens up, and it suggests that a scientific problem generally regarded as insoluble may be successfully attacked when approached on entirely new lines. It does not seem improbable that several transmutations may, in reasonable time, be successfully accomplished, for we have little ground for regarding the elements as the ultimate particles of matter, except our inability to split them up further. But such inability may, with future discoveries, be overcome. At one time the alkalis, potash and soda, were substances which could not be decomposed, until Davy, with the galvanic current, separated from them the elements potassium and sodium. By analogy, we may regard the elements of modern chemistry as substances whose analysis resists the action of all known forces. Their formation in nature in the earlier stages of the world's history may have involved forces hitherto undreamed of by mankind; and who therefore can say what startling effects may result in the application of new conditions or of forces yet to be discovered?

The New Planet.....The Independent

The new planet, provisionally designated as "DQ," discovered on August 13 simultaneously by Witt, at Berlin, and by Charlois, at Nice, turns out to be a most interesting little object. Although it was found by the usual methods of asteroid hunting, and resembles the rest of the asteroids in its minuteness, being at present in the twelfth magnitude only, it is doubtful whether it can properly be classed as one of their number on account of the smallness of its orbit and the shortness of its period; its mean distance from the sun is only about 135,000,000 miles, and its period 645 days, while for Mars the corresponding numbers are 141,000,000 miles and 687 days. The shortest asteroid-periods hitherto known all exceed three years, corresponding to a mean distance of about 194,250,000 miles. The new planet's orbit is, however, very eccentric and considerably inclined to the ecliptic—in these respects quite asteroidal. At its aphelion it goes to a distance of 167,000,000 miles from the sun, far beyond the remotest excursion of Mars; at perihelion, on the other hand, it comes within 104,000,000 miles. When its "opposition" occurs at this point, i. e., when the earth at that time happens to be exactly between the sun and the planet, its distance from us is not quite 14,000,000 miles, and it will be almost visible to the naked eye; easily seen in a small opera glass as a star of the six and one-half magnitude. Unfortunately, however, these favorable oppositions happen only at intervals of about thirty years; the last, according to the calculations of Mr. Russell, having occurred in January, 1894.

The least distance of old Mars from the earth is about 36,000,000 miles, and that of Venus 24,000,000, so that the moon and an occasional stray comet are the only bodies which ever come anything like so close to us, and no other offers nearly so good a means for determining the "scale of miles" in the solar system. It is this circumstance which constitutes the chief interest in the little stranger. We may reasonably expect that at its next close approach, in 1924, it will be assiduously observed, and that the still outstanding uncertainty in the distance of the sun will be reduced at least one-half. It is a very curious circumstance that at opposition, although further from the sun than the earth is at the time, yet the planet will then be moving about five hundred feet a second faster than the earth; and so, instead of retrograding, as planets in opposition usually do, it will for some days advance very slowly among the stars. A word as to its odd appellation. A few years ago, when asteroids began to be discovered by photography very rapidly, it became impossible to assign them their final numbers at once, on account of the necessary waiting for observations to determine whether the objects thus found were really new or only old planets rediscovered. It was, therefore, agreed to "letter" them provisionally, as A, B, C., etc., beginning over again when the alphabet was exhausted, with AA, BB, CC, etc., followed by BA, BB, BC, etc. After a planet has been sufficiently observed to determine its orbit, if it turns out to be new it receives its number and name. Probably DQ will not have to wait very long for its formal registration.

DEATH AND BURIAL CUSTOMS IN ALASKA

By ALICE PALMER HENDERSON

The extracts which follow are from a timely volume, *The Rainbow's End: Alaska*, by Alice Palmer Henderson. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

I heard that a dead boy was lying in the Indian village, however, and I hurried across the slough on a log. As is the Indian custom, the corpse was not in the house, but was under a tent roof in a sort of booth next it. The dead boy was upon the ground in a half-sitting position. The head was wound with a bandana handkerchief of which, in life, he had been very proud. Around his neck and covering the mouth and chin was a cotton muffler. He was dressed in a woolen shirt and trousers; the feet that would walk no more were in clumsy mukluks, and the still hands were cold in spite of their heavy buckskin mittens. All his belongings were grouped about him. His tawdry scarlet cap hung beside the head whose covering would soon be of sod, and an Indian bag was at the other side. The lad's parents were evidently people of wealth, for another suit of clothes, folded, was lying at his feet. At one side was a stick about a yard high, and upon it a candle. The face haunts me. The eyes were closed and the nostrils were filled with cotton. He had been perfectly well, and had died of a hemorrhage, so that the body was not wasted, and the face had none of the pallor we associate with death. His immovableness seemed an appalling deception. The sun streamed in on all sides, and a dusty beam fell directly across the eyes of the bronze statue, which, but three days before, had been a rollicking boy. "Of death it has been said that nothing is more certain than that it will come, and nothing more uncertain than when it will come." I felt as if I must shield the dead face from the prying beam which sought out the secret in the close-shut eyes.

The booth was filled with the women and children of the village, who had come to mourn with those that mourned. There was not the slightest fear among even the little ones of the stretched-out figure which lay among them so horribly motionless and still. As their weird wailing filled the air, I alone seemed to feel it was the death chamber. His mother had flung herself prone upon the ground, poor thing, and I needed no lexicon to translate her broken words and wails. An old woman, probably his grandmother, groveled in the dust near him, and would not raise her face. Some of the women worked as they wailed; one of these was grinding snuff with a wooden mortar and pestle which had evidently been used for generations, as both were much worn and blackened. This snuff is a disgusting compound of tobacco which has been chewed and then dried and ground with the nicotine dug from pipes.

It is the Indian custom to provide food for all the mourners, so that it is not all sympathy that induces a large and steady attendance. Father Ragaru told me that an Indian requested him to bury the body right away, as he could no longer feed the people. He had sat up all night cooking slapjacks for the mourners. There are no ceremonies at the grave.

The rude coffins are laid atop the ground and piled with rocks and logs or lumber. One grave I saw, and it was a little one, had a canopy of white drill over it, fastened to four rude posts, which had been laboriously stained red with some juice.

The family mask is usually nailed upon a post above the grave, as we cut the name upon the marble of our vaults. I was told that down on the Kuskokwim the Indians stand above their graves effigies of the departed carved from logs, life-size or even larger, sometimes with two faces, as if one looked upon this world and one out to the next, the quiet sleeper below having tasted of both. The Indians are spirited carvers, and as these monuments are colored, the effect is often startling indeed. Some of them bear threatening spears, some wear fearful masks, and to come suddenly upon a lonely graveyard guarded by these hideous things is enough to make the stoutest heart leap and to hurry the steps of the least superstitious.

The Indians bury with the corpse, or place upon the grave, all belongings of the deceased. I have often looked curiously upon the motley and pitiful objects, rusty kettles, wooden dishes, braided baskets, knives, even the beloved shotgun, than which no Indian can conceive anything more to be desired. One day I saw upon a lonely mountain-side a grave above which stood a high pole, with a rifle nailed to it, and my heart warmed toward the "barbarians" who had made that sacrifice to their dead. Go to Greenwood—over what tomb can you find a woman's diamond necklace hanging? upon which, the mortgages held by a man? And if these things were buried with them, how long, think you, would their valuables remain with the dead, the powerless dead? Near Nulato I saw a grave alone by the river upon the mountain side over which shone—I choose the word—a bright red blanket. How grateful it would have been to those left in this world's cold! But the blanket was his, and he would need it upon his long, solitary journey. What Indian would rob the dead? It is notable that when anything ever is removed from a grave, it is by a white or at his instigation, though he would be apt to suffer if it were known. A man who has lived long in Alaska told me that even an "enlightened" Indian would not dare to actually steal from a grave, but will sometimes "trade." In such a case he always speaks aloud that the spirit may hear. "Take this rifle, this just as good for you," and he will lay an old one upon the grave and take the better one. This man was very desirous of a very ancient and beautiful ivory knife that lay upon an Eskimo grave, so he gave a big butcher-knife, much more valuable in their estimation, to a native, and requested him to conduct negotiations with the deceased. In a few minutes the Eskimo returned. "Well, did you make the deal?" was the irreverent question. "Yes; got ivory knife, but no give iron knife. He need not sharp knife. Give him some stones. He say nothing." Well, I think I'd have said something, if I had been dead, at such a bare-faced imposition as that.

Do the Alaskan Indians really mourn their dead? I have heard it affirmed and denied with equal insistence by people who have lived long among them. Some say that they are very fond of one another living, but that death ends all; that as soon as the body is put away, so is memory, and that the wailing is perfunctory. Near Holy Cross a baby was buried above ground, but covered only by birch bark instead of logs, and the voracious dogs ate the little body as surely the mother must have known they would. And yet, recalling their kindness to their children and love for them living, I cannot think they are not really mourned. I was told that at Port Clarence there was an Eskimo and his wife who visited their little child's grave every day, but that is evidently an exception upon the other side.

An Indian widow cuts off her hair and must wail a certain time every day for a year, during which twelvemonth she may not marry again. I have several times seen a widow doing up her daily wailing as she would her hair, or rather as we would. Still, that's no more ludicrous than to see the careful changes rung on the mourning of many a widow whom we know, mourning taken out in crepe, and shaded with nicety from heavy black to lighter, then through lavender into white, by almost imperceptible advances which require real thought. The American's year is now ended, and she bursts into bloom. Yes, human nature is much the same the wide world over.

Among the Indians still addicted to their peculiar customs, when sickness comes the diseased are first treated by the women, who have considerable knowledge of herbs; but if these do not cure, the Shaman is called in. And then it would appear to be a forlorn hope, for it's much like calling the priest to administer extreme unction. The patient feels he's expected to die, and in common decency he ought to. Besides the Shamans make such an unearthly din exorcising the evil spirits and invoking the good ones, that the exhausted sufferer gladly flies the scene. The Shaman sometimes wears a hideously decorated mask and carries a fantastic rattle.

But we have only to go back to the sixteenth century to find that our ancestors were just as ridiculous: "A leather mask covering the head and neck and simulating a bird's head, with its round eye and long beak; the eye of crystal, the beak a long nose filled with odoriferous substance, the mask tipped with a hat like an ecclesiastic's and continuing down to the level of the shoulders; a child's dress falling to the ankles; the hands lost to view in enormous gloves; in the right hand a long rod; the mask, the robe and the gloves are of Levant morocco—in such a rig as this our fathers were accustomed to visit pest-houses."

When it is plain that the sufferer must die, he is carried without the house, as his death within it would bring ill-luck upon both house and surviving occupants. There, under the open sky, no matter how bitter the weather, he breathes back to God the breath with which he was made a living spirit. Several years ago a man I knew went to Kokrine's, 800 miles up the Yukon. The thermometer registered 60 degrees below zero, and a searching wind

blew. He saw some Indians carrying an old woman on a board from a house, and, being then new to the country, supposed she was dead; but as they passed him the poor thing turned up her eyes, suffering, but not protesting. She herself had carried out the dying to expire alone; now her time was come. When she turned her patient eyes upon the stranger he stopped the bearers and insisted that she be taken under cover. They protested, but he compelled them. He found the woman was simply starving, and fed her wisely till the poor thing rallied her Indian strength, and in a week was well. The man went further down the river and shortly returned to find the woman lying, frozen stiff, upon a cache. It seems that after his departure the Indians visited their rabbit snares for three or four days consecutively and found nothing in them. It was plain that the woman was a witch. She had recovered when by rights she should have died, and now she was in some occult manner eating the village's rabbits, hide, hair and bones. So they took the poor thing, the feeble old witch whose enchantments were no protection to her, laid her upon a cache and told her to die. The cold showed the pity her kinsmen did not, and extinguished the life-fire which required too much fuel from the tribe's scanty store.

It is hard to connect such cruel things with the Yukon Indians, for the Tinnehs are kind and affectionate toward one another, readily share their food with friend or stranger, very seldom quarrel and never fight except when mad with quass, not often then; and a vindictive spirit is almost unknown among them. In their justification be it said, that these are ancient tribal customs; that they are a grossly superstitious people; that their frequent lack of food necessitates a survival of the fittest; that they have not the slightest fear of death, accepting it, as we all should, as a natural occurrence, natural as being born. They have very little idea of the future, and, to tell the truth, very little interest in it. They follow the instruction of the poet:

"Worry not over the future, present is all thou hast,
For the future will soon be present, and the present
will soon be past."

It was at Kokrine's, too, that a dreadful thing was done about ten years ago. A man died, as was supposed, and was buried in a shallow grave. It proved to be only a trance. He awakened at night, and, being big and strong, threw the clods from him, and returned to his home. But the villagers were angry, probably considering there was something uncanny, if not devilish, about the affair. "You are dead," said they indignantly; "you know you are. How dare you come back after you have been properly buried? You come back and stay dead." And they dragged the man to his empty grave, fastened him down with stakes, covered him a second time with earth, and left him to suffocate. Yet it will not do for us to judge these ignorant Indians. Just as dreadful things happen daily and nightly in our great cities, and not long ago people were immured alive in the very name of the God of love and mercy. Who will be judge? The best of us may not even dare to sit upon the jury.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

Costumes and Huts of Filipinos.....Massey's Magazine

The dress of the native men in and around the towns, when "on duty," consists of a white bosom shirt—more or less embroidered, according to the wearer's standing with the fair sex—worn with the skirts flapping outside of a pair of white linen trousers, presenting an appearance of greater comfort than dignity. A pair of "chinillas," or heelless slippers, constitutes the foot-gear, when any is worn, and a more or less dilapidated "Derby" hat usually adds incongruity to this costume. When "lying off," or at manual labor, the skirt is generally discarded, and, if at work in the fields, the head is protected by a bowl-like structure of matting, which frequently does service as a fruit or vegetable basket. The higher class of merchants and clerks very often adopt the European form of dress, and the "capitans" or chief men of the little "pueblos," or districts (sometimes about an hundred yards square), into which the towns are divided, are entitled by virtue of their office to carry canes and to wear short black jackets, the effect of which, with flapping shirt-tails, is pleasingly picturesque, to say the least.

The dress of the women merits a longer description. In general form it is the same among all classes, differing only in quality and texture, and consists of a long skirt of the most brilliantly colored plaid or check that can be obtained for money; a short black overskirt, caught up at one side; a white waist, with flowing sleeves extending to the elbow, and a stiffly-starched, embroidered mantilla, folded cornerwise and worn over the shoulders with the ends crossed on the breast. The effect of this is very agreeable, and not at all unbecoming, especially to those inclined to plumpness, which, fortunately for them, is the rule among the Philippine ladies. The hair, when dressed, is drawn smoothly back from the forehead, without a suspicion of a curl, into a knot at the back of the neck, and decorated with a huge comb. Often, however, for the sake of comfort, the hair is worn loose; but, unfortunately, these young women have drenched theirs, according to custom, with cocoanut oil, which accounts for its streaky appearance. In its natural state the hair is superb; soft, wavy and glossy, often falling to the feet in a glorious, raven-black mass. They are forever washing and combing it, and cleanliness of the head is their especial pride. I do not remember having seen a single native, man or woman, with the least sign of baldness, and gray heads are rare, except among the very aged.

The native huts are curiosities. Built of bamboo, inside and out, they are raised from the ground by stout posts of the same material, which serve as a safeguard during the floods, and also as a protection or preservation from earthquakes, as they are very springy, and allow the hut to sway back and forth when one of these unpleasant disturbances occurs, instead of tumbling to pieces like a pack of cards. The sides and roofs are thatched with the long, slender "nipa" leaves, and altogether their appearance is very much that of magnified, hairy bugs. It would tax man's ingenuity to con-

struct a building more inflammable than a "nipa" hut, and a fire once started among a collection of them does not stop, as a rule, until all are consumed. On Easter Sunday, 1893, some 4,000 were burned in the "pueblo" of Tondo, near Manila. At the same time, this style of architecture has its advantages. If the owner wishes to move from one neighborhood to another, all he has to do is to take his house to pieces, pile it upon a "caraton" or buffalo-cart, with his pots, kettles and family atop, and transfer it to the new locality; and the sight of a domestic establishment thus "moving" is worth seeing. The motive power is supplied by a "carabao," or water-buffalo—a huge, mouse-colored brute, with enormous horns, possessed of amazing strength and phenomenal deliberation of movement. These creatures in a wild state are utterly ferocious, but when domesticated may be guided by a child. All heavy draught work is done by them, as the little, stunted native pony is equal to nothing more than pulling light carriages or serving as a hack under the saddle, thereby resembling the natives themselves, who gracefully yield all "coolie" labor, such as lifting and carrying, to the Chinamen. In spite of their appearance of muscular strength, the natives seem incapable of severe manual labor, and to possess very little stamina; a touch of the "calentura" (jungle-fever), which would only cause an American or Englishman to swear, will lay a Filipino on his back for a week. It is the same in case of the cholera; this dreaded scourge of the Far East is almost invariably fatal among the natives, who die by hundreds during an epidemic; whereas there are several instances of Englishmen recovering, even after a second or third attack, which may be accounted for by the fact that the white men during an epidemic are accustomed to exercise some care in the way of food and drink, while the natives disregard the simplest rules of health, not only with regard to cholera, but of other pestilence, such as the small-pox. I have seen natives in the worst stages of the disease walking in the crowded streets unnoticed. During my time of residence, there were only four cases of small-pox among the Englishmen, two of which were fatal; one being the "black" small-pox, which is invariably hopeless from the first, and the other that of a burly, powerful stevedore, who told me only four days before his death that he had never been vaccinated and never would be. The other two cases were those of young Scotchmen, neither of whom had been vaccinated since childhood, but both fully recovered without a scar. I was vaccinated seven times before it "took"; I would have had it done twenty times if necessary, being a firm believer in the protection thus obtained.

A Home of Silence.....S. Wells.....Travel

A home of silence—such a name appears to be almost an anachronism at the end of this noisy, bustling nineteenth century. Yet such it really is, for, surrounded by lofty walls, the two hundred inmates of La Grande Chartreuse speak but once a week. Monasticism is looked upon as a thing of

the past, yet in this, the chief home of the Carthusians, the same ceremonies and customs and service have been conducted without a break for nearly a thousand years, and as a monk told us with pride, "without needing to be reorganized or reformed." We had traveled by train to Grenoble, where a diligence was waiting to take passengers along fifteen miles of the road. But no! the old pilgrim feeling was upon us and, dusty as the road looked, we decided to do the twenty or thirty miles on foot. The road lay for the most part up a valley, which presented an ever-changing panorama of wild and beautiful scenery. At length we entered the Gate of the Desert between two immense rock cliffs, so close together that the sun's rays never shine upon the river rushing below. Carved upon the rock high above our heads we could see the well-known symbol of the Carthusians, for here we entered their domains—a globe surmounted with a cross, bearing the legend, "The Cross stands firm while the world revolves." It was at this point that St. Bruno penetrated into the solitude of the desert. Thanks to the labors of his followers, who little by little during the centuries overcame the difficulties of Nature, we found a passable road, usually nothing but a broad ledge quarried out of the side of an almost perpendicular rock. A parapet, two or three feet high, protected us from the terrors of the precipice, except where it had been broken away by the mighty rains and snow avalanches. Here and there bridges—marvels of engineering construction, crossed the ravine, while black shadows lay on the rocks and trees on every side. In some places the road passed through galleries cut and blasted through the precipitous rocks overhanging the river, which was dashing, roaring, and foaming hundreds of feet below. We walked several miles in these gloomy gorges without seeing a human being or any bird or beast; in fact, it was getting quite a dreary, melancholy evening, when a large cross appeared on the roadside, and the sound of a bell tolling was heard in the distance. We redoubled our efforts, and soon came in sight of our goal—the monastery, with its vast extent of high walls, with its quaint roofs and many towers rising up behind the walls in strange fantastic confusion, nestling at the foot of mighty pine-clad cliffs towering thousands of feet above the Home of Silence. The gray walls looked strong, solemn, and gloomy, yet who can tell how beautiful—how passing "beautiful upon the mountains"—have they seemed to many a weary soul! We stood before the doorway, noble yet simple, and rang the bell—that bell which no traveler had ever rung in vain, whatever his nation or his faith; for, while swords have been clashing and fires blazing in the name of Christianity throughout the plains below, its witness nearest heaven has always been one of peace. Strange feelings were experienced as we heard the bell echoing in the corridors within. . . .

I dined alone in the "Pavillon de France." It was somewhat lonely, there being only one small light to illuminate a chamber that would seat comfortably two or three hundred. Outside are long, bare corridors, lined with a vast number of chambers, now unused. Years ago, when there were between two and three hundred Carthusian monas-

teries scattered all over Europe, all these rooms would be annually filled by the priors and their attendants; but changes have taken place, and most of the religious houses being suppressed or in ruins, there are few priors and monks left to attend the solemn conference. At an early hour I asked to be conducted to my chamber. It had been used by monks long years ago; all that remains of them now is a nameless grave. The furniture, however, is apparently the same—a plain cell, almost a tomb, brick-floored and stone-vaulted; a bed two feet wide, with thick woolen coverlets; a chair, a table, with basin and towel; and a "prie-dieu." The only ornament a rough wooden crucifix, no carpet, no looking-glass. These, I suppose, are vanities.

A hard straw mattress, bolster stuffed with the same material, two black blankets, an icy wind descending from the mountain, and a cell cold as a tomb, are not conducive to an easy or hasty journey to the land of dreams. I fancied I had only just fallen asleep when I was awakened by the sonorous clang of the convent bell. It was an unearthly sound in the still darkness of midnight, and in the gloomy depth of this wooded gorge. Quickly dressing, I went, candle in hand, down the long, lonely corridors, looking for the door which a "brother" had pointed out as the entrance to the chapel gallery. This lies at the end of a huge vaulted hall, divided into parts by a high rood screen of carved oak with a tall crucifix, one of which is reserved for the fathers, and the other for the lay brothers. Beyond this screen the choir and altar could be dimly seen by the light of a solitary lamp burning before the sanctuary. Leaning over the cold stone balustrade I watched white-robed figures noiselessly glide in one by one, each carrying a little lighted lamp, and looking very ghostly and mysterious. Then at the stroke of twelve a loud wild unison of many voices broke the solemn silence, "singing the praises of the Most High." In the dimly-lighted chapel, from those white figures there rose up the strange, solemn, chanted Psalm. In the hush of the night one hears these solitaires—forgotten by the world—praying for the world; interceding for men who at that moment of the dark night were forgetting God and truth, goodness and purity. He can hear the murmur of those solemn prayers which have gone up night after night for many centuries—prayers for the poor and wretched, for the guilty and crime-laden, for the dying and the dead, for the sad-hearted that they might hope again in God, for the light-hearted lest they might forget God. Death, too, one feels has been powerless to empty those dark stalls, where the white monks have prayed for nearly nine hundred years. The service lasts never less than two hours, sometimes over three, and the monks say their happiest time is when they are singing and praying in the sanctuary in the deep hush and awful shadows of the night.

*Climate of the American Mediterranean.....Cuba and Porto Rico**

The American Mediterranean in its entirety may be considered a great whirlpool or oceanic river. This is caused by the tremendous velocity with

*From Cuba and Porto Rico, by Robert T. Hill. The Century Co.

which the waters of the Atlantic, moved by wind and terrestrial motion, pour into the Caribbean Sea through the straits between the Windward Islands and the passage between Cuba and Santo Domingo. These rush impetuously through the Caribbean Sea until they meet the Central American coast. Failing to find a westward passage across this barrier, they are deflected northward around the western end of the Antilles, through the Yucatan Channel, and into the Gulf of Mexico, out of which they flow to the east, through the Strait of Florida, as the great Gulf Stream. The normal westerly movement of this current through the Caribbean Sea is estimated at from ten to twenty cubic miles of water per day.

After passing at an accelerated speed through the Banks Strait, between Jamaica and the Mosquito Reef, the main stream is joined by an affluent setting from the Atlantic through the Windward Channel. Hence northwestward an enormous liquid mass passes at a velocity of from two to three miles through the Strait of Yucatan, from the Caribbean Sea, into the Gulf of Mexico. On entering the Gulf this stream ramifies into two branches; one, following the north coast of Cuba, sets toward Florida Strait, while the other broadens out in the spacious central basin of the Gulf and develops an intricate system of counter-currents. Toward the centre of this nearly circular sea the waters seem to be in a state of equilibrium, while at the periphery they move parallel with, but at some distance from, the surrounding coasts. South of the Mississippi delta the turbid fluid of that great river is impelled eastward in a straight line by the blue waters of the Gulf Stream, until a junction is effected of the southern branches at the western entrance of Florida Strait, through which the whole mass rushes like a mighty river into the broad Atlantic. At the most narrow part, between Jupiter Inlet, on the Florida side, and Memory Rock, in the Bahamas, the stream contracts to a width of fifty-six miles, with an extreme depth of four hundred and fifty fathoms. In this limited channel the velocity varies from two to six miles, the average being about three, and the discharge, according to Bartlett, 175,000,000,000 of cubic feet per second, or 15,260,000,000,000,000 per day. Such proportions are difficult to grasp, for they represent a moving mass equal to about three hundred thousand Mississippi rivers. Yet they are still far inferior to the prodigious volume of relatively tepid water spread over the surface of the North Atlantic and Arctic oceans; in fact, the Gulf Stream, issuing from Florida Strait, supplies only a small portion of those tepid waters whose influence is felt as far east as Nova Zembla. The main supply comes from that portion of the equatorial current which is deflected north by the barrier of the West India Islands, and is joined by the Gulf Stream south of the Bermudas.

Accompanying these currents are the great tropical trade-winds. They come from the vast expanse of the Atlantic, and blow with a steady velocity across the region—a boon to the inhabitants, without which life would be unendurable. They are laden with moisture, greater at certain seasons than others, which is precipitated against the higher protuberances of the land. They chop the surface

of the Caribbean into a million whitecaps and ripples, giving that sea a rough surface quite different from the glassy waters of the Gulf, the latter being partially protected from these winds by the Antilles and the Yucatan peninsula. They also create a superb surf against the windward side of the tropical islands and mainland. Their benign influence spreads even to our own country, for they make the south breezes which, in summer, blow across Texas and the Great Plains region. There is no more delightful sensation than to feel the cooling touches or drink in the exhilarating purity of this moving air-current, especially along the windward or Atlantic side of the eastern islands, where it moves with a steady velocity stronger than a breeze and milder than a gale. In those portions of the islands entirely or partially protected by land heights, this wind is broken, and counter-currents set in. For instance, on the leeward or Caribbean side of the Windward Islands, cut off from the Atlantic by mountains rising three thousand feet or more, it is often sultry, and the winds, representing eddies in the greater current, come only at certain times of day. On the south coast of Jamaica, at Kingston, the trade-wind blows only between the daylight hours of ten and four. Coming as it does in the warm midday, it is a great relief, and is called by the inhabitants "the doctor." The relation of these winds to the situation of land is an important factor in tropical America, and influences the conditions of vegetation, health, rainfall, and other phenomena. Its importance explains the frequency with which the terms "leeward" and "windward" are used in the West Indian nomenclature.

The great southward-flowing air-currents from the United States, which bring our blizzards in winter, sometimes invade the West Indies, and are there known as "northers." They extend to Panama and the Great Antilles, but barely, if at all, reach the Windward Islands. The absence of a breeze in the West Indies is ominous. Sometimes in these periods of atmospheric quiet the barometer falls rapidly, and in a few hours great hurricanes ensue. The hurricanes are said to occur only at the end of summer or beginning of autumn, when the heated surface of South America attracts the cooler and denser air of the northern continent. But, although most frequent in August, and generally prevalent between July and October, such disturbances have also been recorded at other times.

These winds and currents from the Atlantic Ocean are neither hot in summer nor cold in winter. Their temperature, ameliorated by the cooler waters, mitigates the tropical radiation of summer and warms the northern blasts of winter, and is nearly the same the year round. The intense extremes of our own country are unknown, the thermometer never falling to the cold characteristic of nearly all the United States, nor rising to the intense heat of our summers. Hence throughout the West Indies the temperature is equable, normally between 70 and 80 degrees at sea-level, and varying above or below this only in limited localities where land barriers cut off the winds, or upon the mountain summits. Were it not for the humidity of the atmosphere, the general temperature of the islands would be most enjoyable.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

As Related by Him.....Tom Hall.....When Love Laughs (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

'Twas eight years ago by my knowledge
 (Though it's not of so much moment when),
 That I was a freshman at college
 And she a small maiden of ten.
 And we were at Newport together—
 She muslin-clad, bound with a sash,
 I trying in all sorts of weather
 To coax on a sprouting mustache.
 And she, her prim mother outwitting,
 With a singular fancy for me,
 Quite often insisted on sitting
 In innocent love on my knee.
 And once, with her little hand crushing
 The rose in my coat, this young miss,
 Unembarrassed but not without blushing,
 Well—asked me to give her a kiss.
 With a yawn that I half tried to smother,
 And a manner I fear must have stung,
 I said, "Maud, go back to your mother;
 You're foolish, my dear, and too young."
 * * * * *
 Last night, 'mid the laughter of danc'ers,
 In a bower made of lilies and fern,
 In a lull in the rollicking lancers,
 I asked for a kiss in my turn.
 Don't be shocked. I had asked her to wed me,
 Was pleading my desperate suit,
 Was urging her, lest she might dread me,
 That I was no club-going brute.
 When she broke into love-stilling laughter
 With a flash of her beautiful eyes
 That I'll see when I'm dying and after,
 That bade me stop kneeling and rise;
 When (that scene in her girlhood, that other
 Came back, and the words of my tongue)
 She said, "Jack, go back to your mother;
 You're foolish, my dear, and too young."
 And that's why I'm weary, old chappie—
 Stop laughing, you insolent cub!
 I'm confoundedly mad and unhappy,
 And it's a deuced dull day at the club.

A Souvenir.....Somerville Journal

I found them in a book last night,
 These withered violets,
 A token of that early love
 That no man e'er forgets.
 Pressed carefully between the leaves,
 They keep their color still;
 I cannot look at them to-day
 Without an old-time thrill.
 Ah, me! what tricks does memory play!
 The passing years have fled,
 And hopes that lived in vigor once,
 Alas! have long been dead.
 And this is all that I can say
 When all is said and done:
 Those flowers remind me of some girl—
 I wish I knew which one.

Nutting Song.....Clinton Scollard.....Munsey's

Now the frost has burst the burr,
 Now you hear the squirrels chirr,
 Faith, the lad's a dolt, my masters,
 Who's a lazy loiterer!
 Hark, the airy pipers play!
 West wind and the south are they;
 And the truant twain are piping—
 "O'er the hills and far away!"

That is where the chestnuts be,
 And the hazel company,
 And the butternut and beechnut
 And the supple hickory.
 Sylvia, come, the sun is high!
 With our baskets, you and I,
 Shall we not the quest adventure?
 Shall we not our fortune try?
 Should the treasure trove elude
 In the sylvan solitude,
 I will weave some pleasant numbers
 Suited to the woodland mood.
 And if haply one should go,
 With his arrows and his bow,
 Archer Love a-faring with us,
 Would I mourn? Ah, Sylvia, no.

Old-Time Song.....William Watson.....Poems

Sweetest sweets that time hath rifled
 Live anew on lyric tongue—
 Tresses with which Paris trifled,
 Lips to Antony's that clung.
 These surrender not their rose,
 Nor their golden puissance those.
 Vain the envious loam that covers
 Her of Egypt, her of Troy:
 Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers
 Still desire them, still enjoy.
 Fate but stole what Song restored:
 Vain the aspic, vain the cord.
 Idly clanged the sullen portal,
 Idly the sepulchral door:
 Fame the mighty, Love the immortal,
 These than foolish dust are more:
 Nor may captive Death refuse
 Homage to the conquering Muse.

Charge of the Kiss Brigade.....Chicago Tribune

Half a mile, half a mile,
 Half a mile onward,
 Running the gauntlet 'twixt
 Maidens two hundred!
 "Forward, the Kiss Brigade!
 Here Deignan comes!" they said;
 Through the dread lane he sped,
 Through the Two Hundred.
 "Forward, the Kiss Brigade!"
 Was there a girl dismayed?
 Not though the soldier gasped,
 Trembled and wondered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to kiss or die;
 Bravely they charged on him,
 Charged the Two Hundred.
 Kisses to right of him,
 Kisses to left of him,
 Kisses in front of him,
 Onward he blundered.
 Stormed at by Hawkeye belle—
 Never a breathing spell—
 Blindly he tore his way
 Down through the line, pell mell,
 Through the Two Hundred.
 When can their glory fade?
 O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 'Rah for the charge they made!
 'Rah for the Kiss Brigade!
 Lovely Two Hundred!

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

*Is Society a Marriage Market?.....Lady Jeune**

A very powerful indictment against the evils of modern society appears in these pages from the pen of one of the most popular writers of to-day—one who has studied human nature, and knows much of the life of to-day; and while admitting that some of her criticisms are accurate, we think she is a little carried away by a righteous feeling of indignation at some things which belong to every age and society, and are not in themselves a definite sign of the decadence of this. It is very easy to write the word "Sham" across this age, and by a free and hasty generalization to condemn it—to make it seem as if courage, heroism and all other manly qualities have disappeared.

In our very complex state of society there must necessarily be great varieties and differences in the lives of the different sets into which so large a society must be divided, and we cannot deny that there are aspects of modern life which we deplore. Whether such conditions are worse than formerly must ever be an undecided question; but that we have done with the coarseness and brutality of the last century no one will deny. Where there are great riches, a high standard of comfort and luxury and a money class, there must be extravagance and less moral restraint than in a more primitive state, where the conditions of existence are harder and the life is more simple. An existence such as Marie Corelli tells us of is poetical and idyllic to the highest degree; but in our country, and under the conditions of modern life, it is an impossible one. It does not, however, necessarily follow that a life equally pure and happy is impossible in our modern Babylon. "Love in a cottage" is a delicious thing, but the wherewithal to provide the cottage and its accessories is an absolute necessity. The higher standard of comfort which modern society requires, without any superfluities, makes marriage more difficult than formerly, not because there is not the same capacity for affection and self-denial among us, but because the whole conditions of our life have changed and are still changing; and it must be evident to the most Spartan of us that, however simple and rugged may be our theories, it is an impossibility to carry them out in their entirety. The modern mother is not the heartless, selfish creature described to us because she shrinks from letting her daughter link her life with some one (however deep her attachment to him may be) who cannot at least provide her with the necessities of life. We think that Marie Corelli is mistaken in drawing the picture she has done of the "modern marriage market." The same reproaches have always been heaped on society which she makes; women have always been accused of sacrificing their daughters for money, for the sake of the jewels and settlements of a rich husband; and the cry of the "slave market" is as old as the world itself. But is it true? Or, rather, is not the accusation so grossly exaggerated as to be as false as if there were no foundation for its ex-

istence? There are, and always have been, women who are sufficiently worldly to allow and even to persuade their daughters to marry for the material advantages which a rich husband can provide; but that such women represent the average mother is an accusation we distinctly deny. There may be circumstances surrounding some marriages which lend color to the suggestion that girls have sold themselves for money; but such cases are exceptions, and because some exist it is false to affirm that all are the same.

In the same way we object and protest most strongly against Marie Corelli's statement that girls are "brought out" in the "season" to be sold as "any unhappy Armenian girl"—a statement as false as it is ridiculous. Does she really believe that the bright, happy, pretty girls we see in London ball-rooms all go there for the purpose of exhibiting their charms to the richest and most desirable suitor? Does she think that every girl starts in life with the avowed and open intention of making the best of her looks for such a purpose? We say that such an idea is monstrous; absolutely false of the girls, and equally untrue and unjust as regards their mothers. In the heart of every girl lies the hope that some day she may marry the man she loves, and, in joining her life with his, taste the sweet joys of life together; but the thought is one quite apart and outside any of the motives which make her wish to go into the world, or add to the enjoyment of her season.

Girls enjoy society because of the fun, the gayety, the change, and the wholesome excitement which a season gives them, and not because in the distance they see the millions and the millionaire they are supposed to be hunting. Take any young, wholesome-minded girl, with a happy home, and suggest such a thing, and see her indignant denial of an accusation the thought of which had never darkened the pleasure of her life. If we watch girls in ball-rooms or in following any of their amusements, listen to their hearty laugh, and see the bright, happy expression of their faces, and the zest with which they throw themselves into all they do, can we honestly say that we see a trace of the demoralizing influences which Marie Corelli tells us are sapping all that is pure and sweet in their nature? If such an accusation as Marie Corelli's were true, it certainly needs more confirmation than the facts she brings forward to prove it, and our experience leads us to regard it from an entirely opposite point of view. We agree with her that women, to use her own expression, are much more "mannish" than formerly; and that has grown out of the greater freedom and independence they now enjoy. It may have taken away some of the dependence and softness of women, but it has given them a strong individuality, strong opinions, and an independence which makes anything like maternal coercion an impossibility. Girls think and act for themselves, and have their own most distinct ideas on all subjects; and any mother would find it very difficult—nay, almost impossible—to force her daughter to marry a man solely because he was hugely rich.

* From *The Modern Marriage Market*, by Lady Jeune, Marie Corelli and Others. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

With a gentle, docile nature, without much strength of character or will, persuasion, or even stronger measures, might influence them; but the majority of girls could not be forced to such a step. Nay, we go still further, and say that there are, we believe, very few women who would urge their daughters to marry a man they did not love.

Girls may marry hastily, perhaps marry too young, without knowing their own minds; but in these days no girl is forced into a marriage that is repugnant to her because her mother wishes it, and there are few women wicked and cruel enough to blast the life of their child by acting as Marie Corelli would have us believe. Every year the increased independence which girls enjoy, and the feeling of the time in which they live, make them less anxious to marry, or to marry so early; and their position with regard to men and the feeling of "camaraderie" which exists between the young of both sexes do not tend to increase a girl's desire to take a husband. Marie Corelli says truly, "Nature will not be balked of her rights; she gives us brains to think, hearts wherewith to feel, emotions to respond to every touch of human tenderness and sympathy, minds to educate in such wise they should be able to grasp and realize all the dear and holy responsibilities of life." Because this is so, it is also true that modern thought and education make mothers realize those responsibilities with regard to their children, and so refrain from using any influence except what tends to their happiness; and the same influences also make girls understand the profanation and wickedness of a loveless marriage.

The Art of Tattooing Among the Japanese.....The Strand

The Japanese tattooers are celebrated all over the world, and in that country, at least, the work of the best men is recognized by their countrymen at a glance, and is looked upon with the awe and respect that we should show to a "chef d'œuvre" by Leighton or Tadema; and one is bound to admit that there is more or less of art in the work done by Hori (i. e., the tattooer) Chyo, of Yokohama, who had the honor of placing several designs on the late Duke of Clarence, and his brother, the Duke of York, and Hori Yasu, of Kioto, to whom Chyo was apprenticed, and whose whole body is covered with the rough designs and crude efforts of his pupil while under instruction. For these two men at least can turn out genuine pictures on the human skin with the proper lighting and shading, and all those cunning effects for which the painters of Japan are so justly celebrated, and which are only surpassed by the tattooing work of one man in England.

A visit to Chyo's charming bungalow on the Esplanade at Yokohama is one of those things that most travelers to that fascinating country perform almost as soon as they land, and after a hearty welcome in most excellent English, we sit down either to watch the operation or to have some memento of our visit placed on our bodies. Two or three smiling pupils walk about noiselessly, ready to supply the master with any sized needle or different ink that he may require, and ever ready to bring fresh cigarettes or cooling drinks to the visitor, while on

their bodies may be seen some of Chyo's finest work executed before he lost the sight of one eye, from constantly straining the eyes over some of the smallest and most delicate work ever done by the tattooing-needles—a life-sized lizard on the top of the forehead of one of the pupils being so painfully realistic that we quite believed that no fly would ever settle on his head, unless it had made up its mind that life was not worth living. Lying at full length on luxurious cushions on the floor, and while Chyo's needles were leaving their indelible marks on our bodies, we had time to examine a few of them, and found them to consist of neatly carved and brightly decorated ivory sticks, about the length and thickness of an ordinary pencil, while firmly lashed on the end were needles of various thicknesses, and ranging in number from one to half a dozen, the finer ones being used for outline work, while the heavier grades were used only for shading; but one and all are held and used at such a sloping angle as to give the smallest amount of pain possible, the sensation being more of a gentle scratching than anything else, and we were not surprised to hear from him that many European lady travelers often carry a tiny butterfly or stork on their shoulders to the end of their lives when once they have crossed Chyo's fatal threshold. Still, he is always provided with a miniature silver hypodermic syringe, and this he will use constantly, if requested to do so by owners of unusually tender skins, in the case of heavy shading or on any spot that he knows from experience is likely to cause sharp pain, and we could not help comparing his methods with those of the rough-and-ready Burmese tattooer.

Hori Chyo's great discovery was the use of the third color (brown) in addition to the regulation blue-black and vermilion, and with these three colors he has produced veritable masterpieces. A glance through his album of photographs, of the work actually performed on English and American patrons, is a revelation to any one seeing it for the first time, two of the most remarkable being a huge dragon in three colors, covering an American doctor's back entirely; while on the other hand a life-sized fly was put on an Englishman's wrist so naturally that one would feel tempted to call his attention to the fact that the insect was getting a free lunch out of him, if we were not told that it was the work of the tattooing needles.

Fascination of the Game of Golf.....S. F. Argonaut

Only a few years ago golf was practically unknown in America. It was taken up by a few enthusiasts here, and the rest of the American sporting world looked on and laughed. The would-be funny man described it as "a game in which a lot of fools were engaged in trying to hit a quinine pill with a club." The "fools" have increased in number, until to-day they have organized over six hundred American golf clubs, with a membership of over one hundred and twenty thousand; during the last year over fifteen millions of dollars have been expended on the game by its American devotees, and at the championship meeting held last summer over the Morristown links, in New Jersey, the largest field of contestants ever gathered in this

country or abroad opened the first day's play. Golf has taken so firm a hold upon the American lover of outdoor sports, golf clubs have sprung up with such marvelous rapidity from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so many millions of dollars have been invested in the game, and links, outside those of the richly endowed clubs, that it may be said to have become already one of the favorite sports of the country. What is it that makes the game so popular? It can be played by everybody. It has enough of leisure about it to commend it to the non-athletic player, yet, so say its devotees, it possesses sufficient excitement to keep one constantly interested. It is not, like tennis, essentially a game of youth, in which one may be champion at the age of twenty, but is sure to be defeated in a short time by the younger player who faces the net, for some of the finest golfers living are gray-beards. It commends itself to women, for it requires more skill than strength. It induces one to walk miles over the links, and has done away with that "bête noire" of the health-seeker, the monotonous "constitutional walk." Among the questions which have arisen in connection with golf is that of Sunday playing. It seems, according to published statements, that men in the East do not care to go out of town from Saturday evening to Monday morning to places where they are not permitted to play golf on Sunday. And women are wise enough not to drive the men to places where they are not by insisting that in places where they are on the Sabbath there shall be no golf. There was a time when even in cities it was regarded as an evidence of complete moral depravity for a man to go out for a drive on Sunday. Again, the number of persons who do not regard sea-bathing as an improper Sabbath-day performance has increased very fast in recent years. There are thousands and thousands who find Sunday the only day on which they can take extended rides on their bicycles, and the result is that only the very strict regard it as wrong to ride a wheel on the Sabbath. Men who cannot indulge in outdoor recreations on any other day will indulge in them on Sunday. They will not admit that it is wrong for them to do so. You cannot get men, as a rule, to say: "What I am doing is wrong, but I am going to do it, anyhow." They will say: "Yes, I do this; but there is nothing wrong in it." And by insisting on this view of the matter they (the New York Times declares) convert their fellow-men, and have no trouble whatever with the women.

Curious Hindu Marriage Ceremonies.....Pioneer Mail

The Cochikars (literally Cochín people) belong almost exclusively to Cochín, Travancore, and Malabar, and like most Indian communities are home-staying. They are the descendants of Malayali Hindus, who were converted to Romanism in the fourteenth century. Conversions from among the low castes of Hindus still continue to bring recruits to the fold. Most of these Cochikars are artisans by profession, carpentry being most popular, and St. Joseph is the patron saint of the class. The men are slightly built and, as a rule, well featured. The women are comely, like all the higher native races of the Malabar littoral, with soft, round faces, dark, dreamy eyes, and the most lux-

uriant raven tresses, that almost hang down to the ground. A white jacket, very slightly décolleté, and a white or red cloth wrapped round several times, and tucked away at the waist behind, go to make up the usual attire of the women.

The Cochikars marry their girls at a very early age, often before the years of puberty. Their conjugal customs are picturesque, if singular, and are of much interest to the foreigner, inasmuch as they present a quaint blending of Hindu, European and Biblical observances, the Hindu tint predominating for obvious reasons. A good deal has to be gone through before a Cochikara youth and maid can be wedded. The parents of the former having first privately hit upon a desirable girl, and ascertained the success of their object, visit the latter's parents, in company with two mutual friends and elders; betel is partaken of and the mission revealed. The day of the nuptials having been fixed the two fathers shake hands over the compact and certain conditions of the marriage are settled. If either party thereafter fail in their promise, they are amerced in a fine, which goes to the church. The nature of the "streedanom," or dowry, is also arranged.

In due course the wedding comes off, a Monday or Wednesday being chosen as auspicious. A week previous friends are visited and cordially invited to attend the ceremony and partake of "a chew of betel." On the Saturday preceding the wedding the bride-elect is bathed at a well by her elders, while his elders perform on the groom the important ceremony of "channen chertal." He is gravely deposited in a chair and wrapped up in a new cloth. In front of him a lighted brass lamp is suspended. An old barber comes and shaves the youth, and receives for the work the cloth worn by the bridegroom, and, in addition, a measure of rice, some green plantains, a cocoanut, some curry stuff, and a little coin ("panom," equal to 5d.). Having done with the barber, the groom, with beat of tom-tom and cymbals, is conducted to the well-side, where his father and the elders of the community anoint him with oil and give him a copious bath. A gold chain is then thrown round his neck, and he is brought home, where a grand dinner is served. The next day—Sunday—the plighted lovers perform their religious duties in church.

On the wedding day the groom and his friends start first for church, with tom-toms playing, canopied under a large silk processional umbrella, and accompanied by bearers of large fans. The bride and her party follow a while later. The ceremonial in church is really peculiar. The priest, having asked the contracting parties if they consent to wed one another, and having been affirmatively answered, turns to the witnesses and bids them bear in mind what they have heard. The groom next ties a "tali" (a little gold pendant) round his bride's neck, and thus the twain are made one. The string whereby the "tali" is suspended is made out of seven filaments taken from the veil worn by the bride. The "tali" can only be removed after the death of husband or wife. Should a husband break his wife's "tali" string during her lifetime it is tantamount to a charge of infidelity. But, in parenthesis, it should be stated that Cochikar women make very faithful wives and hold their virtue dear.

A WITCHCRAFT TRIAL IN OLD SALEM*

[On her way home from the "Dame School," where she teaches the younger children, fourteen-year-old Deliverance Wentworth, "a lyttle Salem maide," has been stopped by a stranger Cavalier, and charged with a message for one Sir Jonathan Jamieson, apparently a Puritan, newly arrived in town. The delivery of this message, which she in no way comprehends, and concerning which she is pledged to secrecy, as being on a service for His Majesty the King, greatly angers Sir Jonathan Jamieson, and through his instrumentality, playing upon the superstition and credulity of the Salem populace, Deliverance is charged with being a witch, and is brought to trial.]

Upon entering the meeting house Deliverance was conducted by the beadle to a platform and seated upon a stool, above the level of the audience and in plain sight.

In front of the pulpit the seven judges seated in a row faced the people. Clothed in all the dignity of their office of crimson velvet gowns and curled white horsehair wigs, they were an imposing array.

On the left of the prisoner was the jury.

After Deliverance had been duly sworn to tell the truth, she sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap.

The first witness called to the stand was Goodwife Higgins.

Deliverance, too dazed with trouble to feel any active grief, watched her with dull eyes.

Weeping, the good dame related the episode of finding the prisoner's bed empty one morning, and the yellow bird on the window-ledge. Groans and hisses greeted her testimony. There was no reason to doubt her word. It was plainly observed that she was suffering, and that she walked over her own heart in telling the truth. It was not simply terror and superstition that actuated Goodwife Higgins, but rather the stern determination bred in the very bone and blood of all Puritans to meet Satan face to face and drive him from the land, even though those dearest and best beloved were sacrificed.

The next witness was the prisoner's father. The heartbroken man had nothing to say which would lead to her conviction. Save the childish naughtiness with which all parents were obliged to contend, the prisoner had been his dear and dutiful daughter, and God would force them to judge her righteously.

"She has bewitched him. She has not even spared her father. See how blind he is to her sinfulness," the whisper passed from mouth to mouth. And hearts hardened still more toward the prisoner.

Sir Jonathan Jamieson was then called upon to give his testimony. As his name was cried by the constable, Deliverance showed the first signs of animation since she had been taken from the jail. Surely, she thought, he would understand better than she the meaning of her words to him, would explain them and save her from hanging. Her eyes brightened, and she watched him intently as he advanced up the aisle. A general stir and greater attention on the part of the people was apparent at his

appearance. A chair was placed for him in the witness-box, for he was allowed to sit, being of the gentry. Deliberately, while the judges and people waited, he drew off his leathern gauntlets that he might lay his bare hand upon the Bible when he took the oath.

Deliverance for once forgot her fear of him. She leaned forward eagerly. So near was he that she could almost have touched him with her hand.

"Oh, sir," she cried, using strong old Puritan language, "tell the truth and mortify Satan and his members, for he has gotten me in sore straits."

"Hush," said one of the judges sternly, "let the prisoner keep silent."

Sir Jonathan was then asked to relate what he knew about the prisoner.

"I have had but short acquaintance with her," he said, "though I may have passed her often on the street, not observing her in preference to any other maid; but some several weeks ago as I did chance to stop at the town-pump for a draught o' cold water, the day being warm and my throat dry, I paused as is meet and right before drinking to give thanks, when suddenly something moved me to glance up, and I saw the prisoner standing on a block near by, laughing irreverently, which was exceeding ill-mannered."

At this Deliverance's cheeks flushed scarlet, for she knew his complaint was quite just. "I did not mean to laugh," she exclaimed humbly, "but some naughty boys had pinned a placard o' the edge o' your cape, and 'twas a fair comical sight."

At this interruption the seven judges all frowned upon her so severely that she did not dare say another word.

"Now, while I did not suspicion her at the time," continued Sir Jonathan, "I was moved to think there was a spell cast upon the water, for after drinking I had great pain, and needs must strengthen myself with a little rum. Later I met our godly magistrate and chanced to mention the incident. He telled me the prisoner's name, and how her vanities and backslidings were a sore torment to her father, and that he knew neither peace nor happiness on her account."

At those words Master Wentworth started to his feet. "I protest against the scandalous words uttered by our magistrate," he cried; "ne'er has my daughter brought me aught save peace and comfort. She has been my sole consolation since her mother went to God."

He sat down again with his hand over his eyes, while many pitying glances were cast upon him.

"Mind him not," said one of the judges to Sir Jonathan; "he is sorely afflicted, and weighs not his utterances. Oh, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child,'" and he glanced sternly at Deliverance.

At these words she could no longer contain herself, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, remembering all her willfulness in the past.

"What I have to say," continued Sir Jonathan, "is not much. But straws show the drift of the cur-

*A selected reading from *Ye Little Salem Maide, a Story of Witchcraft*, by Pauline Bradford Mackie. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston, publishers; 12mo, \$1.50.

rent, and little acts the soul's bent. The night of the same day on which I saw the prisoner standing on the block near the town-pump, I went with a recipe to Master Wentworth's home to have him brew me a concoction of herbs. The recipe I brought from England. Knowing he was very learned in the art of simpling, I took it to him. I found him in his still-room working. Having transacted my business I seated myself and we lapsed into pleasant converse. While thus talking he opened the door, called his daughter from the kitchen, and gave her a small task. At last, as it drew near the ninth hour when the night-watchman would make his rounds, I rose and said farewell to Master Wentworth, he scarce hearing me, absorbed in his simples. As I was about to pass the prisoner, my heart not being hardened toward her for all her vanities, I paused, and put my hand in my doublet pocket, thinking to pleasure her by giving her a piece of silver, and also to admonish her with a few well-chosen words. But as my fingers clasped the silver piece, my attention was arrested by the expression of the prisoner's face. So full of malice was it that I recoiled. And at this she uttered a terrible imprecation, the words of which I did not fully understand, but at the instant of her uttering them a most excruciating pain seized upon me. It racked my bones so that I tossed sleepless all that night."

He paused and looked around solemnly over the people. "And since then," he added, "I have not had one hour free from pain and dread."

As Sir Jonathan finished his testimony, he glanced at Deliverance, whose head had sunk on her breast, and from whose heart all hope had departed. If he would say naught in explanation, what proof could she give that she was no witch? Her good and loyal word had been given not to betray her meeting with the mysterious stranger.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "have you aught to say to the charge brought against you by this godly gentleman?"

"I be innocent o' any witchery," she said in her tremulous, sweet voice. The words of the woman who had been in jail with her returned to her memory: "There is another judgment, dear child." So now the little maid's spirits revived. "I be innocent o' any witchery, your lordships," she repeated bravely, "and there be another judgment than that which ye shall put upon me."

Strange to say, the sound of her own voice calmed and assured her, much as if the comforting words had been again spoken to her by some one else. Surely, she believed, being innocent, that God would not let her be hanged.

The fourth witness, Bartholomew Stiles, a yeoman, bald and bent nearly double by age, was then cried by the beadle.

Leaning on his stick he pattered up the aisle, and stumblingly ascended the steps of the platform.

"Ye do me great honor, worships," he cackled, "to call on my poor wit."

"Give him a stool, for he is feeble," said the chief justice; "a stool for the old man, good beadle."

So a stool was brought and old Bartholomew seated upon it. He looked over the audience and at the row of judges. Then he spied Deliverance.

"Ay, there her be, worships; there be the witch." He pointed his trembling finger at her. "Ay, witch, the old man kens ye."

"When did you last see the prisoner?" asked the chief justice.

"There her be, worships," repeated the witness; "there be the witch, wi' a white neck for stretching. Best be an old throat wi' a free breath than a lassie's neck wi' a rope around it."

"Let the witness keep to his story and answer the questions put to him in due order, or else he shall be put in the stocks."

The witness wriggled uneasily, as having had experience.

"A week ago, or it be two or three or four past, your worships, the day afore this time, 'twixt noon an' set o' sun, there had been thunder an' crook'd lightning, an' hags rode by 'i' the wind on branches. All the milk clabbered, if that will holpen ye to 'membrance o' the day, worships."

"That day at set o' sun I was going into toone wi' my buckets o' milk when I spied a bramble rose. 'Blushets,' said I to them, 'ye must be picked,' for I thought to carry them to the toone an' let them gae for summat gude to eat. So I set doone my pails to pull a handful o' the pretty blushets. O' raising my old een, my heart was like to jump out my throat, for there adoon the forest path, 'twixt the green, I saw the naughty maid i' amiable converse wi' Satan."

"Dear Lord," interrupted the little maid sharply, "he was a very pleasant gentleman."

"Silence!" cried the beadle, tapping her head with his staff, on the end of which was a pewter ball.

"As ye ken," continued the old yeoman, "the Devil be most often a black man, but this time he was o' fair color, attired in most ungodly fashion in a gay velvet dooblet wi' high boots. So ta'en up wi' watching o' the wickedness o' Deliverance Wentworth was I, that I clean forgot myself—"

The speaker, shuddering, paused.

"O' a sudden I near died o' fright," he moaned.

A tremor as at something supernatural passed over the people.

"Ay," continued the witness, "wi' mine very een, I beheld the prisoner turn an' run towards her hame, whilst the Devil rose an' come doone the path towards me, Bartholomew Stiles!"

"And then?" queried the chief justice, impatiently.

"It was too late to hide, an' I be no s pry a' running. Plump o' my marrow-bones I dropped, an' closed my een an' prayed wi' a loud voice. I heard Satan draw near. He stopped aside me. 'Ye old silly,' says he, 'be ye gane daffy?' Ne'er word answered I, but prayed the louder. I heard the vision take a lang draught o' milk from the bucket wi' a smackin' o' his lips. Then did Satan deal me an ungentle kick an' went on doon the path."

"Said he naught further?" asked one of the judges.

"Nae word more, worships," replied the yeoman.

"I ha' the caution not to open my een for a long bit o' time. Then I saw that what milk remained i' the bucket out o' which Satan drank, had turned black, an' I ha' some o' it here to testify to the sinfu' company kept by Deliverance Wentworth."

From his pocket the old yeoman carefully drew a small bottle filled with a black liquid, and, in his shaking hand, extended it to the judge nearest him.

Solemnly the judge took it and drew out the cork.

"It has the smell of milk," he said, "but milk which has clabbered," and he passed it to his neighbor.

"It has the look of clabbered milk," assented the second judge.

"Beshrew me, but it is clabbered milk," asserted the third judge; "methinks 'twould be wisdom to keep the bottle corked, lest the once good milk, now a malignant fluid, be spilled on one of us and a tiny drop do great evil."

Thus the bottle was passed from one judicial nose to the other, and then given to the beadle, who set it carefully on the table.

The next witness was the minister, who had conducted the services on the afternoon of that late memorable Sabbath, when the Devil had sought to destroy the meeting house during a thunder-storm.

He testified to having seen the prisoner raise her eyes, as he entered, and instantly an invisible demon, obeying her summons, tore down that part of the roof whereon her glance rested.

This evidence, further testified to by other witnesses, was in itself sufficient to condemn her.

The little maid heard the minister sadly. In the past he had been kind to her, and was her father's friend, and his young daughter attended the Dame School with her.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "the supreme test of witchery will now be put to you. Pray God discover you if you be guilty. Let Ebenezer Gibbs appear."

"Ebenezer Gibbs," cried the beadle, loudly.

At this there was a great stir and confusion in the rear of the meeting house.

Deliverance saw the stern faces turn from her, and necks craned to see the next witness. There entered the young man whom she had noticed mounted on a white horse, at the outskirts of the crowd. A buzz of admiration greeted him, as he advanced slowly up the aisle, with a pomposity unusual in so young a man. His expression was austere. His right hand was spread upon a Bible, which he held against his breast. His hand, large, of a dimpled plumpness, with tapering fingers, was oddly at variance with his handsome face, which was thin, and marked by lines of hard study; a fiery zeal smouldered beneath the self-contained expression, ready to flame forth at a word. He ascended the platform reserved for the judges, and seated himself. Then he laid the Bible on his knees, and folded his arms across his breast.

A pitiful wailing arose in the back of the house, and the sound of a woman's voice hushing some one.

A man's voice in the audience cried out: "Let the witch be hanged. She be tormenting her victim."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance shrilly.

"Dear Lord, give them a sign I be no witch."

The beadle pounded his staff for silence.

"Let Ebenezer Gibbs come into court."

In answer to these summons a child came slowly

up the aisle, clinging to his mother's skirts. His thin little legs tottered under him, his face was peaked and wan, and he hid it in his mother's dress. When the beadle sought to lift him he wept bitterly, and had to be taken by force and placed upon the platform where the accused was seated. The poor baby gasped for breath. His face grew rigid, his lips purple. His tiny hands, which were like bird's claws, so thin and emaciated were they, clinched, and he fell in convulsions.

An angry murmur from the people was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence.

The magistrates and people breathlessly awaited the result of the coming experiment.

The supreme test in all cases of witchery was to bring the victim into court, when he would generally fall into convulsions, or scream with agony on beholding the accused.

The beadle and his assistants would then conduct or carry the sufferer to the prisoner, who was bidden by the judge to put forth his hand and touch the flesh of the afflicted one. Instantly the convulsions and supposed diabolical effects would cease, the malignant fluid passing back, like a magnetic current, into the body of the witch.

Tenderly the beadle lifted the small convulsed form of Ebenezer Gibbs and laid it at the prisoner's feet.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "you are bidden by the court to touch the body of your victim, that the malignant fluid, with which you have so diabolically afflicted him, may return into your own body. Again, I pray God, in His justice, to discover you if you be guilty."

Despite the severity of her rule, the little assistant teacher of the Dame School had a most tender heart for her tiny scholars. She bent now and lifted this youngest of her pupils into her lap.

"Oh, Ebenezer," she cried, stricken with remorse, "I no meant to rap your pate so hard as to make ye go daffy."

Doubtless the familiar voice pierced to the child's benumbed faculties, for he was seen to stir in her arms.

"Ebenezer," murmured the little maid, "do ye no love me, that ye will no open your eyes and look at me? Why, I be no witch, Ebenezer. Open your eyes and see. I will give ye a big sugar plum and ye will."

The beloved voice touched the estranged child-heart. Perhaps the poor, stricken baby believed himself again at his knitting and primer lesson at the Dame School. In the awed silence he was seen to raise himself in the prisoner's arms and smile. With an inarticulate, cooing sound, he stroked her cheek with his little hand. The little maid spoke in playful chiding. Suddenly a weak gurgle of laughter smote the strained hearing of the people.

"Ye see, ye see, I be no witch," cried Deliverance, raising her head, "ye see he be no afeared o' me."

But as soon as the words left her lips she shrank and cowered, for she realized that the test of witchery had succeeded, that she was condemned. From her suddenly limp and helpless arms the beadle took the child and returned it to its mother. And from that hour it was observed that little Ebenezer Gibbs regained strength.

The prisoner's arms were then bound behind her that she might not touch any one else.

After quiet had been restored, and the excitement at this direct proof of the prisoner's guilt had been quelled, the young minister, who had entered at a late hour of the trial, rose and addressed the jury. He was none other than the famous Cotton Mather, of Boston Town, being then about thirty years old and in the height of his power. He had journeyed thither, he said, especially to be present at this trial, inasmuch as he had heard that some doubters had protested that the prisoner being young and a maiden, it was a cruel deed to bring her to trial, as if it had not been proven unto the people, yea, unto these very doubters, that the Devil, in his serpent cunning, often takes possession of seemingly innocent persons. . . .

"The conviction is most earnestly forced upon me that God has made of this especial case a very trial of faith, lest we embrace Satan when he appears to us in goodly disguise, and persecute him only when he puts on the semblance of an old hag or a middle-aged person. Yet, while God has thus far accorded the most exquisite success to our endeavor to defeat these horrid witchcrafts, there is need of much caution lest the Devil outwit us, so that we most miserably convict the innocent and set the guilty free. Now, the prisoner being young, meseemeth she was, perchance, more foolish than wicked. And when I reflect that men of much strength and hearty women have confessed that the black man did tender a book unto them, soliciting them to enter into a league with his master, and when they refused this abominable spectre, did summon his demons to torture these poor people, until by reason of their weak flesh, but against their real desires, they signed themselves to be the servants of the Devil forever, and, I repeat, that when I reflect on this, that they who were hearty and of mature age could not withstand the torture of being twisted and pricked and pulled, and scalded with burning brimstone, how much less could a weak, tender maid resist their evil assaults? And I trust that my poor prayers for her salvation will not be refused, but that she will confess and save her soul."

He turned his earnest glance upon Deliverance, and, perceiving she was in great fear, he spoke to her gently, bidding her cast off all dread of the Devil, abiding rather in the love of God, and thus strong in the armor of light, make her confession.

But the little maid was too stupified by terror to gather much intelligent meaning from his words, and she stood and stared helplessly at him as if stricken dumb.

At her continued, and to him stubborn, silence, his patience vanished.

"Then are you indeed obstinate and of hard heart, and the Lord has cast you off," he cried. He turned to the judges with an impassioned gesture. "What better proof could you have that the Devil would indeed beguile the court itself by a fair outward show? Behold a very Sadducee! See in what dire need we stand to permit no false compassion to move us, lest by not proceeding with unwavering justice in this witchery business we work against the very cause of Christ. Still, while I would thus

caution you not to let one witch go free, meseemeth it is yet worth while to consider other punishment than by halter or burning. I have lately been impressed by a vision from the invisible world that it would be pleasing to the Lord to have the lesser criminals punished in a mortifying public fashion until they renounce the Devil. I am apt to think there is some substantial merit in this peculiar recommendation."

A ray of hope was in these last words for the prisoner.

Deliverance raised her head eagerly. A lesser punishment! Then she would not be hanged. Oh, what a blessed salvation that she would be placed only in the stocks, or made to stand in a public place until she should confess. And it flashed through her mind that she could delay her confession from day to day until the cavalier should return.

Cotton Mather caught her sudden changed expression.

The wan little face with its wide, uplifted eyes and half-parted face acquired a fearful significance. That transfiguring illumination of hope upon her face was to him the phosphorescent playing of diabolical lights.

His compassion vanished. He now saw her only as a subtle instrument of the Devil's to defeat the ministers and the Church. He shuddered at the train of miserable consequences to which his pity might have opened the door, had not the mercy of God showed him his error in time.

"But when you have caught a witch of more than ordinary devilment," he cried, striking the palm of one hand with his clinched fist, "and who, by a fair and most subtle showing, would betray the cause of Christ to her master, let no weak pity unnerve you, but have at her and hang her, lest but one such witch left in the land acquire power to wreak untold evil and undo all we have done."

Having finished he sat down, laid his Bible on his knee, and folded his arms across his breast as heretofore. . . .

During his speech Deliverance had at first listened eagerly, but as he continued her head sank on her breast and hope vanished. Dimly, as in a dream, she heard the judges' voices, the whispering of the people. At last, as if she heard a voice speaking a great distance off, she heard her name spoken.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "you are acquainted with the law. If any man or woman be a witch and hath a familiar spirit, or hath consulted with one, he or she shall be put to death. You have by full and fair trial been proven a witch and found guilty in the extreme. Yet the court will shew mercy unto you, if you will heartily, and with a contrite heart, confess that you sinned through weakness, and repent that you did transfer allegiance from God to the Devil."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance huskily, "I be no witch. There be another judgment."

Thus because she would not confess to the crime of which she had been proven guilty in the eyes of the law, she was sentenced to be hanged within five days, on Saturday, not later than the tenth, nor earlier than the eighth hour.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

Education as a Necessity.....The Ou

One of the signs of the times is the rapidly growing recognition of the necessity of thorough education in all branches of practical work. The necessity of training for the professions has been recognized for centuries; but it has been assumed, especially in this country, that success in practical pursuits depended on natural sagacity and force. In Europe, where competition is keener and natural opportunities are not so great, people have been learning very rapidly in the last two generations that the man in business needs education quite as much as the man in the professions or the arts. Germany, so long the home of scholarship for its own sake, so easily the educational leader of the world, without lowering the standard of her universities, has been supplementing them with a series of technical institutions directed specifically to teaching men how to apply science to business. England has felt keenly the competition of Germany during the last two decades; and it has been a matter of discussion in the newspapers, of notes of warning from English consuls from all parts of the East and South America, and of anxious deliberation in Parliament and out of it.

The rapid growth of Germany as a commercial nation has been due, as the English believe, to the superiority of its commercial and technical education. That education is of recent origin; but with their immense experience as educators and with their keen perception of the opportunities which were offered to modern Germany, the Germans have developed their education on the practical side with great rapidity and with characteristic thoroughness. Through their technical schools the Germans have been able to avail themselves practically of their resources in the way of scientific knowledge; through their commercial schools they are training themselves for the specific work of business in all parts of the world. To meet a competition which is essentially educational in its origin and character, the English have been organizing technical and commercial education. A number of institutions have been opened in different parts of the country during the past few years; and the establishment of the new University at Birmingham, the great manufacturing metropolis of England, marks another stage in this movement. If the object of this institution were to substitute a purely practical or "bread and butter" ideal of education for the spiritual ideal which has so long prevailed at Oxford and Cambridge, it would be looked upon with distrust and misgiving; but Birmingham does not mean to compete with the older universities. The new institution will not develop a new ideal of education, but give opportunities of education along practical lines for practical men—men who cannot secure the advantages of the older and more generous culture. Mr. Chamberlain, who has taken a great interest in the enterprise, says that it is proposed to create at Birmingham a school of universal learning; but it is easy to see that the new institution is devised by practical men to work along practical lines. Philosophy,

the classics, mathematics, history, and physics will have but a small place in the teaching field of the new institution; but the applied sciences—medicine, surgery, public health—will concentrate the great bulk of the teaching energy and force. Special attention is to be paid to the department of commercial education—commercial law, geography, political economy as it relates to commerce, and the modern languages. This is a broadly utilitarian conception; and if it were aggressive, it might seem to jeopardize the higher interests of English civilization; but it is apparently the working down of education from the higher to the lower branches, in recognition of the fact that not only the man in the arts and professions needs education, but the man in business as well.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the growing consciousness of the necessity of education for practical life and for the purposes of civilization is furnished by the enthusiastic response to Lord Kitchener's appeal for a fund of half a million dollars to found a college at Khartoum. There could be no better memorial to the memory of the brave and noble, if sometimes impractical, Gordon. The significance of this institution, when it is organized, will not be its connection with the memory of a devoted man; it will rather be its relation to the needs of a new country and its illustration of the spirit of an old one. When successful generals propose to found colleges as the first step toward consolidating the results of military successes, the age has evidently moved a long way onward, and the spirit of militarism has taken on a new form. The kind of militarism which General Kitchener represents in this suggestion is not one of which civilization need be afraid. The army which believes in the college and is the forerunner of the college is an army of construction and not of destruction.

A Modern Peripatetic..... Boston Transcript

Some weeks ago there rolled into the yard of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad at Park square a most unusual kind of a schoolhouse. It is, in fact, unique. It was backed upon a siding and remained there until it left the city. This schoolhouse, with its corps of competent instructors, is the only one of its kind in existence in this country, or in the whole world for that matter, and is owned and operated by the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. It is made up of three cars and has traveled more than fifty-five thousand miles. In it more than one hundred thousand railroad men have been instructed within the eight years of its existence. It is a perfectly constructed schoolhouse, fitted with every appliance for instructing the pupils in the use of the Westinghouse Air Brake system, and has its principal and its competent teachers.

When the Westinghouse Air Brake was invented and applied to steam railroads it was found to be the best thing of its kind ever invented, provided it was properly handled. It is automatic in its action, but the best results could not be obtained without a competent man at the throttle, who understood perfectly just what results would be obtained with a

certain amount of pressure. It was this fact that led to the establishment of the schoolhouse which just now has its headquarters in Boston. It was the idea of getting the best results out of the brake, and therefore insuring greater safety to the passengers and a saving of property to the railroads and shippers, that was the inspiration of this remarkable school.

It was in 1889 that the three cars that compose the schoolhouse were built in Altoona, Pa., by the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. The instruction car is equipped with the full number of air brakes, number of feet of piping, couplings, auxiliary reservoirs, etc., to equip a freight train of thirty cars; and also to equip a passenger train of fifteen cars fitted with the whistle signaling device. The instruction car weighs 135,000 pounds, and is one of the heaviest cars that ever traveled the rails of a railroad. More than 112,000 railroad men have received instruction and have been examined as to their competency. The schoolhouse of three cars has been on every railroad west of the Mississippi River, including Manitoba, in Canada and Mexico. It has also been over thousands of miles of railroad on the Middle Atlantic Central and Southern States.

The Bible in Education.....Hartford Courant

Not long ago an instructor of youth tried an experiment. He wanted to find out how much (or how little) the average American college student of these days knows about the Bible. To ninety-six such students he gave nine simple questions, to be answered off-hand and in writing. He explained to them his object and promised not to show their answers to anybody. This was the question paper:

1. What is the Pentateuch?
2. What is the higher criticism of the Scriptures?
3. Does the book of Jude belong to the New Testament or to the Old?
4. Name one of the patriarchs of the Old Testament.
5. Name one of the judges of the Old Testament.
6. Name three of the kings of Israel.
7. Name three prophets.
8. Give one of the beatitudes.
9. Quote a verse from the letter to the Romans.

In a letter to the Christian Advocate he reports the result of the experiment. Eight of the ninety-six students answered all the questions correctly; thirteen answered eight of them, eleven answered seven, five answered six, nine answered five, twelve answered four, eleven answered three, thirteen answered two, eleven answered one, and three "flunked" completely. "Most of these persons, I have no doubt, were brought up in Christian homes," remarks the experimenter, "and had enjoyed such instruction as the average Sunday-school and pulpit of our day afford."

We believe it to be a fact that a good deal more of the Bible is read aloud at public worship in the non-liturgical churches of the country nowadays than at any previous time. This is certainly the case in the Congregational churches of New England. But we fear it is also a fact that in New England and in other parts of the country boys and girls are growing up without that intimate, first-hand knowledge of the Bible that was possessed by their grandfathers and grandmothers. It is a great

pity; there must be a great fault somewhere. The Bible ought always to be, as it once was, the cornerstone of the American child's education. Leaving the religious side entirely out of the account, the study of no other literature is so intellectually stimulating to the child, nor can he anywhere else find such a model of sturdy, sinewy English as between the covers of the old King James' Version. The greatest orators of England and of this country have been assiduous students of this wonderful model. Rufus Choate's case was in no wise exceptional, and of him his nephew has just told us in a commemorative discourse:

This book, so early absorbed and never forgotten, saturated his mind and spirit more than any other, more than all other books combined. It was at his tongue's end, at his fingers' ends—always close at hand until those last languid hours at Halifax, when it solaced his dying meditations. You can hardly find speech, argument or lecture of his from first to last that is not sprinkled and studded with Biblical ideas and pictures, and Biblical words and phrases. To him the book of Job was a sublime poem; he knew the Psalms by heart, and dearly loved the prophets, and above all Isaiah, upon whose gorgeous imagery he made copious drafts. He pondered every word, read with most subtle keenness, and applied with happiest effect. One day coming into the Crawford House, cold and shivering—and you remember how he could shiver—he caught sight of the blaze in the great fireplace, and was instantly warm before the rays could reach him, exclaiming, "Do you remember that verse in Isaiah, 'Aha! I am warm. I have seen the fire'?" And so his daily conversation was marked.

It is not merely Christian men who feel that English or American childhood growing up without a knowledge of the Bible is defrauded of its birth-right. Professor Huxley was not a Christian man, in the accepted sense of the words. He was classed as an agnostic. His controversial tilts with Mr. Gladstone are well-remembered. To the average orthodox Briton he was a veritable bogey man. But he brought up his own children on the Bible nevertheless, and he prescribed it as the best mental diet for all English children. Twenty-eight years ago, in the *Contemporary Review*, Thomas Henry Huxley wrote:

Take the Bible as a whole; make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors; eliminate, as a sensible lay-teacher would do if left to himself, all that is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with; and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider that, for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple, from John-o'-Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso once were to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past—stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities; and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

THE ASSAULT ON THE SNOW FORT

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

Reddy and Heady, twin brothers, are the generals who command the opposing forces in a spirited snowball fight in the pages of "The Lakerim Athletic Club," by Rupert Hughes. (The Century Co.)

While it is not now considered a good plan to build a star-shaped fort, Heady realized that a battle with snowballs is very different from a war with artillery and other deadly weapons. So he built his fort in the shape of half a star. In front of it he threw up three redans, A, B and C, and he reinforced the rail fence in certain spots with a light wall of snow. The walls of the fort and the redans were made as high as was convenient for throwing. They were packed hard with spades, and at night water was brought from the brook by a bucket brigade, and poured over them, so that on Wednesday morning they were frozen into a very respectable kind of masonry.

Realizing that one of the advantages of a snow battle is in having unlimited ammunition all about your feet, Heady had his men roll what snow was left on the mound, after the building of the fortifications, into the fort, where it was piled into an enormous pyramid.

The ground was too hard for digging trenches. The mound, in fact, was no more than rock with a thin covering of turf. To allow the walls of the fort to be as high as possible, Heady built a platform of stones, picked up off the field, all around their inside. In this way it was possible to make them higher than the heads of any attacking party.

There was in the fort a gate taken bodily from a rail fence some distance away, and protected with sharp branches and sticks until it was a regular "chevaux-de-frise."

Inside the fort he had a number of huge snowballs, and provided for them little inclined railroads of saplings, on which they could be rolled up to the walls and tipped over upon the heads of the enemy. He had a number of men at work making great heaps of handballs, which he stored in pyramids in the redans and in the fort. And he provided himself with a number of ice-cream scoops, which could be dug into the snow pyramids, bringing out just a good handful, which, with one quick pat, could be made into a ball of fine possibilities.

The three redans were so placed as to command the approach to the mound, and they were too far from the fort to be of use as counter-forts for the enemy if they were captured. . . .

Early Wednesday morning Heady's men entered their fort. . . .

At eleven o'clock Reddy's scouts were halted by Heady's picket-line in the woods. The advance guard came up; there was a short skirmish, and the pickets fell back. A brief stand was made at the brook, and then Heady withdrew his men behind the rail fence, or the "outworks," as he called it.

Reddy made charge after charge up to the rail fence; but Heady had drilled his men to throw hard and straight till the snowballs in their bags were exhausted, and then to drop back and refill them while the reserve men in the rear rushed forward

with fresh ammunition. So he resisted every charge.

Reddy sent his men up, all along the line, only to see them driven back. He concentrated his attack on various spots, but owing to the difficulty of throwing when the men were crowded together, he found that this only gave the enemy a target they could not miss.

It was a steep climb up the embankment, and the men had to retire and rest long between charges, for there was nothing for them to lie down behind. But at length, at about five o'clock, he led a furious assault in person. He found the enemy's available ammunition almost exhausted; he called up his reserves, and these were too much for Heady's men. They did great execution with their last few snowballs, but could not stand the pelting of Reddy's soldiers, and finally, in spite of Heady's exhortations, broke and sought refuge in the redans.

By the time Reddy's men had clambered over the fence, Heady's men had climbed the gullies and were safely ensconced behind snow fortifications, which, Reddy saw, it was of no use to attack with weary troops. So he sent forward Colonel Sleepy with a flag of truce and a proposal for an armistice. He could not have chosen a more convincing man to carry a message asking for a rest, and the opposing general rejoiced the colonel's heart by agreeing to the armistice. . . .

Thursday morning a big crowd of townspeople came to see the famous battle. They stood just outside the woods on the other side of the brook, and watched with great interest and in perfect safety a first attempt Reddy's men made to climb the ravine and gain a foothold at the top. But the bullets from the redans fell in a merciless shower, and one particularly promising assault was met with a gigantic snowball that came crashing down, caught Colonel Punk's regiment on the flank, and bowled it over like a house of cards. The regiment picked itself up at the bottom of the gully, and retired to get the snow out of the back of its neck.

Hard was the battle before those redans, and many a noble scramble up ended only in an ignoble tumble down. The mortality was frightful, and the tearing of clothes and the bruising of hands sickening to see. At half-past five the defenders proposed an armistice for the night. . . .

The long day's fighting had so exhausted officers and men that almost all of them overslept the next morning; and while Reddy was up bright and early, he could not get his men into line before half-past one Friday afternoon. . . .

Heady now felt justified in ordering two or three of his most accurate sharpshooters to keep their eye on General Reddy, and to pick him off, if possible. In consequence, when General Reddy led a fiery charge against the fort, a snowball took him in the left eye, and before he could see what had struck him another snowball closed his right optic, and he fell over backward, and was dragged to safety by his panic-stricken followers.

This infuriated him so much that as soon as he could see daylight again he said a few fiery words to his men, and ordered a grand movement on the works. He was speechless with rage when he had the same eye-closing operation worked on him again, and found himself blinded at the very foot of the enemy's walls. Worse yet, when he came to his senses back in the redan, they told him that one of his men had perished nobly on the field of honor. . . .

Reddy was so mad with rage and humiliation that he ate a half-dozen snowballs, more or less, before he knew what he was doing; and then he had a stomachache, like Napoleon's at Waterloo. And he weakly consented to postpone further battle until Saturday morning. . . .

Saturday morning Reddy, breathing fire, ordered a determined charge to be made on the left salient of Heady's fort, and, to make sure of success, sent into it every available man. But the fort was so high that, though his men fought their way through a rain of missiles, they could not climb the walls and get inside. So Reddy ordered a leisurely retreat, that he might prepare for a bit of grand tactics.

As Reddy's army returned to its base he was horrified to see that his brother had made another sortie. The fort's ammunition was getting low, and the sight of several wheelbarrows full of snowballs in Reddy's right redan was too tempting to resist. He had sent Jumbo and Sawed-Off out again with a picked body of intrepid warriors. They made a sharp dash for the redan, and, while six of them trundled the barrows speedily back to the fort, the rest covered them, and resisted what little attack Reddy could organize in time.

Reddy now brought into play plan No. 1. He called his colonels together and gave them a few brief instructions, which they doled out to their men. And now his army moved out in two long lines. It went as far as was safe, quite deliberately; then, on entering the zone of fire, broke into double-time. Reddy's brother noticed that the first line was only lightly armed, soon spent its ammunition, and then ran low to the ground. Observing this curious action, he suspected some dark plot, and ordered his men to hold their fire.

Reddy's first line reached the fort untouched, dropped to its knees, and bent its backs turtle-fashion. On this platform the second line leaped, and delivered a furious volley right in the faces of the defenders. This was answered by a return volley of equal force. But in the teeth of this, Reddy's men began to scale the walls.

Now Heady gave a command with a wild yell, and four huge, waiting snowballs were sent flying up the sapling tracks. They smote Reddy's line irresistibly, and bowled the enemy over like ninepins, carrying them clear to the ground, and almost breaking the backs of the turtles below.

Reddy reorganized his lines, and called another council of war. There was a furious debate. Time was getting short, and every plan he could devise seemed to be met with superior skill by his brother. After dropping many schemes, he said:

"Men, the only way that fort can be taken is by an attack from the rear and the front at the same time."

"But no one can climb that cliff at the back, especially in winter," said Brigadier Tug.

"Well, I'm going to try it," cried General Reddy, and he called for volunteers. Almost every one responded zealously, eager to risk anything for victory. Out of these Reddy picked a handful of brave spirits. Under cover of an assault all along the line they stole away down the gully, and around to a place about half-way up the precipice.

Here he led his men inch by inch. They dared not speak aloud, and hardly dared to fall, for fear the noise would alarm the enemy at the top. They hardly dared to fall for another reason, and that was because of the dizzy height. But this latter reason was not so strong in their hearts as the former.

So they climbed, seizing a root here, digging a foothold there with a knife, stepping across great gaps their legs could barely span, climbing on hands and knees, brushing snow away from some sharp, cold rock, gripping it fiercely, and drawing themselves up on it with terrible effort. Thus they climbed and climbed, and many a time Reddy slipped and fell backward, to be caught and saved by the men behind him just before his weight pushed them all over.

The men carried pouches full of snowballs swung at their backs, and these were an added hindrance; but they were necessary. At the place where they had begun the climb, Reddy had left a man, another was stationed half-way to the redans, and behind one of the redans was waiting a third. This was to be the telegraph line. After an agony of climbing, Reddy found himself almost at the top of the cliff, and on a little ledge where he could gather his regiment, and where he could hear the voices of the men in the fort. Heady had no thought of danger from the seemingly impregnable rear, and would not waste a sentinel on it. This was just the mistake made by the French at Quebec.

Reddy now took out a pocket-mirror and flashed a heliographic signal to the next station, and this signal was passed along to the redan where the regiment under Brigadier Tug was waiting. Tug immediately gave a loud command, and with a wild cry the whole long line of his troops charged fiercely upon the fort.

The turtleback was worked again, and the defenders had no more huge snowballs to meet it with. But they took the shock bravely, none the less, and there was a pretty hand-to-hand combat there at the edge of the walls.

In the midst of their defense, however, they heard a mad yell behind them, and could not resist the temptation to turn, and could not control the panic they felt on seeing General Reddy and a regiment of the enemy appearing at a place where they had thought none but birds or moles could arrive. Instinctively, many of them whirled about to meet this attack, and on the instant many of Tug's men were over the walls. General Reddy leaped upon General Heady, and cried:

"We're in; now surrender!"

But Heady was not born with red hair for nothing, and he howled:

"Surrender nothin'! You're in, but we'll put you out again!"

He yelled to his men to oust the invaders, and there ensued a general wrestling-match.

Reddy and Heady were of the sort of brothers that are always fighting, in spite of their affection, and it was no new thing to see them wrestling desperately; so the army returned to its task.

At length they had struggled to the very rim of the cliff, and Heady managed by a sudden wriggle to throw Reddy over the edge, where he hung, clinging for dear life to his brother's coat.

Heady was as wild as any wildcat, and he gasped: "Surrender, or I'll drop you over the cliff!"

But Reddy was one of those that die rather than surrender, and he only muttered:

"If I go, you go with me!"

Then the mad little fools began to struggle again on the very brink of the precipice, and, finally, Reddy was dragging Heady over inch by inch, and could gain no foothold himself. Then a sudden wave of the battle going on above them brushed them off like flies.

After the two commanders had been swept over the edge of the precipice, the soldiers whom they had so ably generaled fought on furiously for the citadel. Only about half of General Reddy's attacking forces had been able to get in, and they were having a very hard time of it staying in, when suddenly Colonel Sawed-Off observed in dismay that his doughty general had disappeared. The rest of the defenders observed it at the same time, and a panic followed.

But just at this very moment the attacking army discovered that its noble leader had also turned up missing, and it was smitten with equal confusion. The bravest army becomes a mob without a leader; every hero turns coward, and gets in the way of every other hero turned coward.

So now a curious thing befell these two mighty hosts. The defenders of the fort, thinking their general slain or dragged off to perish in a dungeon, began to plead for mercy. At the same time the attacking party, without pausing to study what kind of evaporation could have carried off their leader, began also to plead for mercy, and to scramble for home and safety.

With both parties trying to surrender, naturally neither succeeded, and the battle ended in as perfect a draw as ever was drawn.

The deep wonderment at the disappearance of the generals now found time to assert itself. Jumbo, having scoured the hillside, the retreating enemy, the trees, the clouds, and the blue sky with a piercing gaze, at length glanced idly over the cliff, not that he expected to see anything there, but because there was no place else to look. He was so astounded at what he saw that he would probably have jumped overboard had the ever-present Sawed-Off not caught him by the arm.

When the twins were pushed over the edge of the cliff, Reddy went first, pulling Heady after him. They shot down at a sickening velocity, and seemed to be "checked through" for the rocks at the foot of the cliff. After scorching down the air thus for a few minutes—as it seemed to them—Reddy struck the top branches of an old tree growing in a gash in the cliff. They broke the force of his fall, but he could not stop till Heady, who was following

after like a dutiful brother, came crashing after him. Their four arms caught over a stout lower bough, and there they hung, like two Kilkenny cats over a clothes-line, too scared to speak or cry out, unable to see above, and afraid to look below, and wondered how long they could hang.

When Tug and Jumbo saw their two generals waving in air o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave, it did not take them long to determine what steps were necessary for relief. The twins were caught in a place where the cliff was so sheer that it was impossible for them to gain a footing or to climb back to safety as Reddy had climbed up to the fort. Plainly, the only way to save them was to rope them in.

While the rest of the fellows were shouting encouragement to the exhausted generals below, Tug and Quiz, who were both good runners, set off for a neighboring farmhouse at the top of their speed. There they did not stop to say, "By your leave, madam!" but cut down two or three clothes-lines, while the farmer's wife tried in vain to "sick" a large but sleepy dog on them.

Then they decided that the clothes-lines would be too weak, and went to the old-fashioned well and cut loose the cable, dragged it up dripping, and started back for the fort. They would have run as fast as they could, anyway; but the fact that the farmer and his two sons came after them with pitchforks made them run even faster than they could. They finally reached the fort, panting and exhausted, and while the rest of the boys took care of the farmers, hastened to turn over the rope to the rescuers.

This was tied under the arms of Bobbles, who had insisted upon the privilege of making the descent. The huge Sawed-Off appointed himself anchor, and a line of other men formed behind him to steady the rope. Bobbles was let down as rapidly as possible, and soon appeared, like a rescuer from the skies, at the side of the twins.

Each wanted him to take the other up first, and they came near letting go and resuming the battle; but Bobbles snatched Reddy out of the fray. The first ascent was made without difficulty, and Bobbles was lowered away again. He got a good grip upon the absolutely exhausted Heady, and signaled for the men above to heave away. They were brought up with a jerk and a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together; then the rope began to creak ominously, and in one place a sharp rock caught it and began to gnaw it.

Seeing the sure failure of the cable, Tug dropped down to the first ledge and tried to ease it where it was fraying. Even the rotten old rope seemed to grit its own strands together, and it managed to eke its strength out until it had its double burden over the ledge. Then it parted with a thump, and all its work would have been in vain, and the two would have gone over backward, had not Tug steadied them and saved their balance.

The terror of the ordeal sent the three boys home very faint and badly bruised. Neither Reddy nor Heady had won the battle—I mean, both had won it—so honors were even, and peace was declared.

And thus ended one of the greatest battles of modern times!

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Calcio the Prototype of Football.....St. Nicholas

In former times (1498) the Florentines would have thought the dresses which were worn this year (at a centenary revival) much too poor and plain, for the rules insisted on suits of velvet, satin, or cloth of gold, and what was equal to several hundreds of dollars was spent on a single game. The costumes consisted of a jacket, tight-fitting trousers, and stockings made in one piece, thin shoes, and caps, and were frequently trimmed wherever possible with gold and silver lace, buckles, embroidery, feathers, and all sorts of rich and costly ornaments. As the rules say:

The dresses of the players must be as light and convenient as possible, because the less impediment they offer, the more easily can the men move, and the more agile will be their limbs. But especially should each one endeavor to have his clothes beautiful and gay, and to see that they are well-fitting and becoming to him, remembering that there will be present to see him the most charming ladies and the most noble gentlemen of the city, and whoever, therefore, appears badly dressed makes of himself an ugly sight.

There were two kinds of calcio. One was the ordinary game, which was played at any time from January to the end of carnival, when there was not the same necessity for rich dress, and the players were expected only to wear different colors, distinguishing one side from the other. This was a somewhat impromptu game, and might be played whenever there were gathered enough nobles and gentlemen in an appropriate place. Then two captains were selected, and those who wished to play having arranged themselves in a circle in the centre of the field, each captain chose the men he wanted, and the game went on to its finish.

But when the calcio was played in costume, the would-be players assembled first at the house of one of the principal nobles of the city, and the best men were carefully selected. The day would be fixed, and a notice published of it. Then they named two of the best-known and important young men as "alfieri," or standard-bearers, and on the appointed day each of these would invite all the men on his side to a feast. After this they started for the field, the standard-bearers and trumpeters first, and when all the players were assembled, they cast lots for places, and entered the field in order.

As to the game itself, it was really rather complicated, and to go into all its details might prove tiresome, but these were its main points:

"None but gentlemen, honored soldiers, or nobles might take part in the calcio; no artisans, servants, infamous or common persons were permitted"; and the ages of those who played were supposed to range between eighteen and forty-five years. The general number of persons on a side was twenty-seven, making fifty-four in all, though this number might be more or less. The calcio was to be played in a large square, or piazza, where there should be room for ladies to see comfortably, and place for the general public. Around the square was erected a barrier or railing about one hundred and ten yards in length, fifty-four yards in width, and in height one yard. When, at the sound of the trumpets, the game was ordered to begin, all servants and persons who had no right there were

sent off the field, and could not come nearer than behind this railing.

At each end of the field was a goal over which the ball was to be kicked, and there was also erected a tent or pavilion for each side. These were decorated with the respective colors of the two sides, and here were stationed the musicians, halberdiers, captains, and so on. The judges, of whom there were six, three for each side—men who had been famous players—sat in a high place, where they could overlook all the field. Their decision was absolute, and a difference of views was settled by a majority of votes. The judges also took charge of the banners, and consigned them to the soldiers of the Grand Duke, when they were stationed each in front of its proper pavilion.

The twenty-seven players were to be divided as follows:

Fifteen "innanzi," or runners, who are placed in the front, and divided into three equal groups.

Five "sconciatori," who try to impede the opposite "innanzi" as they run with the ball. They may be called the fronts.

Four "datori innanzi," or half-backs.

Three "datori addietro," or backs.

This arrangement of the three rows of the calcio was supposed to resemble the order of battle in the Roman army, the last row being most widely extended of all. The "innanzi" took the place of spearmen, and the "sconciatori" represented the elephants in ancient warfare, or, later, the artillery.

When the players had taken their places, the "pallaio" (so called because he carried the "palla," or ball), dressed in a costume made in the colors of the two sides, threw the ball against the marble tablet in the wall. In very ancient times the ball was placed in the centre of the field, as now in football.

As the ball bounced back among the players, the "innanzi" ran to kick it and push it toward the goal.

The game was won by the side who made the greatest number of goals, called "caccia." It was considered equal to a caccia for one side when the other made two faults, or "falli." A "fallo" was made when the ball, being thrown or hit with the open hand, bounced higher than the ordinary height of a man. It also constituted a "fallo" when the ball fell outside the goal, beyond the ditch on one side.

Whenever a goal or a fault was made, the players changed sides, and the victorious ones carried their banners high and marched around to the pavilion at the opposite end. The conquered party, on the other hand, was obliged to lower its banner. Sometimes this regulation caused trouble, as the young Florentines did not like to own themselves beaten, and would occasionally refuse to lower their flag. Then their opponents would rush to compel them to it, and frequently in such a scrimmage the banners would be torn and the players injured. This, however, was considered extremely undignified and entirely contrary to all rules.

The regulations as to politeness and dignity were strict, and the old book of rules drawn up in the sixteenth century has a long chapter on the general conduct of players, and speaks with praise of young

men who will not allow "anger, envy, or any other passion" to make them rough or inclined to retaliate fiercely if they are injured by mistake; and the subject is thus concluded:

This principally is demanded in the calcio; for without such harmony it would not be an amiable rivalry of gentlemen, but an angry fight of mad beasts; and whoever makes it otherwise than this should remain dishonored by all noble persons of the city.

The game ended when the clocks sounded twenty-four, which in old Italian reckoning was about sunset, and the signal to stop was given by the explosion of two "masti," or mortars. The banners were then given to the "alfiere" of the victorious side, unless there happened to be a tie, when each "alfiere" received again his banner.

His First Acquaintance with a Broncho.....New York Sun

"Hunted with Roosevelt?" said Trooper Herrig the other day in answer to a question. "Indeed I have, on his Dakota ranch at Elkhorn, and along the hills of San Juan. It was more fun out in the Bad Lands than it was in Cuba. The colonel, as we call him now, had two ranches when I first knew him in the Bad Lands—the Elkhorn and the Chimney Butte he named 'em. They lay on a government range along the Little Missouri River, just south of Medora. There was plenty of big game when he first went out to that country, in 1883, and everybody sized him up for a grassy tenderfoot. 'Twas in Medora (named after the Marquis de More's wife, a New York woman), in front of Joe Ferris' store, that a lot of us planned a surprise for Mr. Roosevelt. He looked like a kid—I believe he was only a little past twenty—and what with his eyeglasses and his knee breeches and his little brown mustache he did look too nice for anything.

"While he was in Joe Ferris', buying postage stamps, Will Dow, who afterward worked along with me on the ranch, and a cowboy named Merrifield and myself unsaddled Roosevelt's pony, led him off and put the saddle and bridle on a bronco that was a dead ringer for his mount. We knew all about that bronco, for he'd already thrown Hell-roaring Bill Jones once that morning. So we kinder sidled off to see the fun. By and by Roosevelt came out of the shop and started to mount. He was nearsighted, but he couldn't have told those cayuses apart, anyway.

"The bronco let him get into the saddle, and then the beast bunched his feet and humped his back and Roosevelt went off, as easy as you please. Nobody said anything, except Joe Ferris, who came out of the door and asked if he was hurt.

"'Not a bit of it,' said Roosevelt, and up he went again. But the White-faced Kid—that's what we called the bronco—didn't wait for him to get his right foot in the leathers this time before he pitched the young fellow right over his head. It was the all-firedest jolt I ever saw. Roosevelt turned a somersault and then sat down so hard his glasses broke. Will Dow and I went up to help him up; Merrifield was laughing so he couldn't move. Roosevelt didn't notice any of us. He just looked surprised as he scrambled up—the dust was four inches thick in the road. 'It's too bad I broke my glasses,' said he, and he limped into the store.

"We thought he'd had enough of it, and were wondering how we could change nags again, when the tenderfoot came out with a new pair of glasses he'd fished out of his handbag, and blast my eyes if he didn't jump on the Kid's back again, and so quick this time the bronco didn't feel him till he'd got both feet in the stirrups and a good grip with his knees. Then maybe the Kid didn't start down the road, lickety split. In a minute he was out of sight in a cyclone of dust.

"There were only about eleven inhabitants in the town then, and it wasn't long until the news got out that the White-faced Kid was murdering a tenderfoot. We held a mass meeting in front of Ferris' store, and when the overland train from the East pulled in and another tenderfoot got off and asked for his friend, Mr. Roosevelt, and said his name was Dr. Lambert, and he came from New York, we said as how his friend Mr. Roosevelt was just about needing a doctor, and bad, too. But before we could explain, lickety split through the dust came the White-faced Kid, and there on his back, with all his teeth showing, was the doctor's friend, Roosevelt. When he clapped his peepers on Dr. Lambert he let out a whoop that couldn't have been beat by any cowboy on the Little Missouri. We took a shine to him from that very day. Any fellow who could ride White-faced Kid at one trial and holler like that was the man for our money; except that we didn't have any money—until we'd hired out to Roosevelt."

A Wonderful Jump.....Salem Special

Followers of athletic sports have been startled by the wonderful broad jumping performances in Ireland and England of W. J. M. Newburn. This athlete now holds the best on record of the world, twenty-four feet six and three-quarters inches, which he made at Mullingar, Ireland, recently. This is so far in advance of anything which the most celebrated running broad jumpers of the world have ever done that it could scarcely be believed. Had it not been for the fact that this great athlete cleared over twenty-four feet in public six times last summer on different grounds and under different conditions it is doubtful if on this side of the Atlantic athletes would admit the genuineness of his best performance. There are only about eight jumpers who have ever cleared twenty-three feet or over in this country, Great Britain and Australia. When it is considered that Newburn leads the whole field by nearly a foot, his ability can all the more be appreciated. Newburn stands 6 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs 208 pounds. His chest measures 42 inches, thigh 25½ inches, and calf 16 inches. Newburn starts with his run about 150 feet back from the take-off, and approaches rather slowly a certain mark, about ninety feet away from the take-off. On arriving at this mark he has given enough momentum to his body to have quickened his speed, which he does after getting the foot with which he jumps at this mark. His strides after leaving this mark increases in length as his speed increases, and the last three or four measure over ten feet in length, for by this time he is going at his utmost speed. The stride just in front of the take-off is not over seven feet long, for he must gather

himself then for the jump, and if he put his jumping foot too far in front of him he would more or less retard his momentum. When Newburn leaves the ground he gets a great "rise" and literally sails through the air. Just before landing it would seem that his feet were going to touch, when he tucks them under him, and their being handled so gives the uninitiated an impression that he is taking a second spring. Then when his head and shoulders are so close to the ground that he can postpone the inevitable no longer he shoves his feet in front of him, and the momentum of his whole body carries him forward and prevents falling back. Like nearly all of the best running broad jumpers, Newburn is a fast sprinter, and has been credited with running 106 yards in ten seconds. His stride when running his fastest in this race is from 10 feet 3 inches to 10 feet 5 inches, and he is the longest striding athlete ever heard of since athletic sport has been chronicled. He is a professor in Claremont College, Dublin, and practices his athletics solely for health. He lays particular stress on the fact that he neither smokes nor drinks. He writes that he intends to come to America during the summer holidays next year.

Trapping Wolves in the Sioux Lands.....Chicago Record

John Albers, who has just returned from the cattle ranges of the ceded Sioux lands, gives some interesting information concerning the operations of these skillful wolf hunters. This vast cattle range is divided into three wolf and coyote bounty districts. Thus between the Cheyenne River and a line drawn north and south through the centre of Jackson County a bounty of \$10 for each gray wolf is paid. From the centre of Jackson to the centre of Pratt County comprises the next district, where all gray wolves killed are paid for at the rate of \$8 each. In these two districts the bounty for coyotes is \$1 each. The third and last district comprises the territory east of the centre of Pratt County and extending to the mouth of Bull creek on White River. For gray wolves killed in this region the bounty is fixed at \$7, and 50 cents each is paid for coyotes. In addition to these bounties the cattlemen board Jesse and Lon Brown, and furnish them with the horses needed by them in their campaign against the wolves.

These men, who are brothers, own sixty or seventy steel traps, with which they catch the wolves and coyotes. In a little over two weeks they caught 105 coyotes and twenty gray wolves. They place the traps in places where wolves and coyotes are accustomed to rendezvous and take such precautions as are necessary to prevent stock from springing the traps. They employ a peculiar scent to draw wolves and coyotes to their traps, for these four-footed pests of the range are decidedly cunning, and great care has to be taken not to arouse their suspicions. The traps, after being set, are placed in a hollowed-out place in the ground, covered with paper, and then hidden from view by sprinkling light dirt or dust upon them. A piece of fresh meat, usually mutton, is then laid close to the trap, after a quantity of the scent has been placed upon it. This scent has a peculiar penetrating odor, and if the wind is favorable it will attract

wolves and coyotes a mile away. The animals while smelling suspiciously around the scented piece of meat step into a trap and are caught.

Prairie-dog "towns" are favorite lurking places of the fierce gray wolves, for when food is scarce they catch and eat the prairie dogs. The trappers meet with success when they set their traps in prairie-dog towns, and many wolves have been caught there. A few years ago it was believed that wolves could be killed by poisoned meat, but it was not long before they became too wary to be killed in this manner. Cold meat no longer has any attractions for them. Young colts appear to be a favorite article of diet. When wolves discover a band of horses feeding among the trees and underbrush along a river or creek they stalk them as skillfully as a hunter would a deer, keeping well to the leeward, so that no telltale scent shall be carried by the wind. Suddenly a wolf will spring from behind a clump of bushes and with one quick snap will hamstring an unsuspecting colt. Then the whole pack will rush in among the horses, which gallop wildly away to the open country, leaving the helpless colt to be torn to pieces and devoured by the hungry brutes.

Many cattle also are killed by them, and the meat eaten only while it is yet warm. C. K. Howard, president of the Western South Dakota Stockmen's Association, who has had considerable experience with wolves, estimates that a pack of five or six gray wolves will kill and eat a steer every other day on an average, and he believes that the loss to the cattlemen from this source is considerably greater than from the winter storms and exposure.

Gray wolves are not remarkably fleet of foot, and occasionally mounted cowboys run them down and "rope" them. Various measures have been resorted to for the purpose of ridding the cattle range of the pests. Some cattlemen in past years have imported trained hounds to hunt them down, but none of the plans adopted has met with the success of that employed by Jesse and Lon Brown.

Early Use of Skates.....New York Evening Post

To "necessity's sharp pinch," not to a desire for amusement, we owe the invention of skates and their early use. Holland is conceded to be the home and birthplace of skating, and it was undoubtedly first practiced there, and in the far North. In a country of lakes and canals the necessity of walking and running on the ice must have been felt from the earliest days, and, indeed, they show in Holland bone skates which were found in one of the mounds on which a Friesland village was built. The skates were fastened to the feet by straps passed through holes made in the bones. A Danish historian mentions the sport in 1134. The bone skates were also the kind first used in England. Fitzstephen, in his account of the amusements of the young people on the ice in London during the latter part of the twelfth century, notes that it was usual for them to fasten the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet, by tying them around their ankles, and then taking a pole, shod with iron, into their hands, they pushed themselves forward by striking against the ice, and moved with great rapidity.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

Problems.....Atlanta Constitution

Dey took en treed de 'possum
Des 'bout de break er day;
De tree fall on de hunter,
En de 'possum got away!

De rabbit went ter meetin'—
Dey b'iled him, en dey fried;
De blacksnake bit de preacher,
En den de blacksnake died!

Dey sent de missionary
Ter whar de heathen stay;
Dey chopped him into mincemeat,
En eat him up dat day!

It's trouble, trouble, trouble—
I dunno whut ter say;
Fer when you runs de rabbit
He goes de yuther way!

*The Man Who Only Smiled.....S. E. Kiser.....Poems**

I never saw a man as free from what is known as care
As Ira Hamlin used to be—it seemed to me, I swear,
Sometimes, as if the feller must jist laugh the whole day
through,

And keep his smilin' up at night, while he was sleepin',
too;

Never used to meet him but he'd have a word to say,
To kind of cheer a feller up and drive the blues away.

I mind the time his horse was killed—the best one that he
had—

He never gave a sign to show that he was feelin' bad;
Jist kept a smilin' countenance and worked away the same
As i he'd lost a nickel in a friendly little game;
Nothin' seemed to break him down; always crackin'
jokes—

Makin' light of things that would have worried other folks.

One fall his boy was taken sick—none of the doctors knew
Jist what the trouble was, and so he lay all winter through
A-hoverin' 'twixt life and death—still Ira smiled away—
Always had his joke, or else a hopeful word to say;

But when the trees began to bud and the birds began to
mate,

They laid his little boy away, up by the graveyard gate.

We watched 'im as he stood beside the little grave up
there;

But no one saw 'im shed a tear—he didn't seem to care;
And when the last words had been said, he simply turned
away,

And went about his work again, with not a word to say—
A-smilin' as he always had, and, in a day or so,
A-jokin' as if sorrow was a thing he didn't know.

Well, I jist couldn't stand it! He was plowin' on the hill;
At first I says: "No; what's the use?" and then says I: "I
will!"

So I went up, and we set down, upon the old wood sled.
And he began to crack his jokes, and then I up and said
I couldn't, fer the life of me, see how 'twas any one
Could throw his burdens off and go ahead, as he had done.

"I don't believe," says I, "that you are built like other
folks;

I've never seen you feelin' blue—you're always crackin'
jokes.

*The Helman-Taylor Company.

Don't sorrow never git into your breast and rankle there?
Or, has the good Lord made you so you never have a care?
But Ira'd put his face into his hands and bent his head—
And I'd a-given all the world to take back what I said.

I never heard such sobs before! We set there half a day,
And never said a single word, for he jist wept away;
Seemed as if the sorrow he'd escaped in former years
Had all come on 'im in a flood, and same way with his
tears;

But when at last he'd wiped his eyes, he turned around
to me,

And then, between his sobs, in sort of chokin' words,
says he:

"I've tried to keep a cheerful face, because I didn't care
To burden other folks with woes that God gave me to
bear;

They've troubles of their own; I thought that smilin' was
the best,

Yet, often when I've laughed 'twas jist to ease my achin'
breast;

But now it seems you want a man to mope and moan and
groan,

Instead of keepin' back his tears till he can be alone."

* * * * *

I'd nothin' more to say, and so that night when all was
still

I hunted out the little grave up yonder on the hill,

And there I stopped beside the gate and leaned against the
bars,

And saw him kneelin' by the mound and lookin' toward
the stars.

Po' Li'l' Feller.....F. L. Stanton.....Atlanta Constitution

Po' li'l' feller, los' in de snow,
En nowhar's ter go—en nowhar's ter go!
En yit, he de one what de Master call
When de day wuz gone en de shadders fall—
Callin' sof' ter de lambs dat roam:
"Come home, li'l' chillun—come home!"

Po' li'l' feller, los' in de snow,
En nowhar's ter go—en nowhar's ter go!
But a light is shinin' fer de feet dat roam,
En some one's a-callin': "Come home—come home!"
En some er dese times—when de Lawd think bes',
Dey'll all come home ter His lovin' bres'!

The Latest From China.....Cleveland Plain Dealer

Ching-a-ling-a-ching-ching,
Mighty lotta fun;
Catchee littee Kwang-Su—
Gottee on the lun!

Longee coma mamma,
Savee muchee how,
Quickee catchee pigtail,
Makee mighty low.

Ola mannee Li Hung
Wearee yelly coat,
Plenty longee fleather
Lookkee like a goat.

Ching-a-ling-a-ching-ching,
Gettee lotta fun;
Maybe littee Kwang-Su
Makee mamma lun!

CHILD VERSE

Ah-Goo!".....Charles Follen Adams

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
 Ven I goes to hees crib at der break of der day?
 Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
 So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose,
 Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboutt,
 Shust like dhey vas saying: "Ve vant to get oudt!"
 While dot baby looks oup, mit dhose bright eyes so plue,
 Und don'd could say nodings; shust only:
 "Ah-Gool!"

Vot vas id mine baby was dinking aboutt,
 Vhen dot thumb goes so quick in his shveet leedle mout',
 Und he looks right avay like he no undherstandt
 Der reason he don'd could quite shwallow hees handt;
 Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt indo hees eyes,
 Which fills hees oldt fader mit fear und surbrise;
 Und vhen mit dhose shimnastic dricks he vas droo,
 He lay back and crow, and say nix budt:
 "Ah-Gool!"

Vot makes dot shmall baby shmi'e, vhen he's ashleep;
 Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von, "bo-peep?"
 Der nurse say dhose shmi'es vas der sign he haf colic—
 More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;
 I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles, some day,
 Und dhen eef *she* shmi'es, I pelief vot she say;
 Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
 Oxcept shmile, and blay, und keep oup hees
 "Ah-Gool!"

I ask me, somedimes, vhen I looks in dot crib:
 "Vill der shirdt-frond, von day, dake der blace off dot bib?
 Vill dot plue-eyed baby, dot's pooling mine hair,
 Know all vot I knows aboutt drouble und care?"
 Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its pride und its sins,
 Und I wish dot mineself und dot baby vas tvins,
 Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
 Budt shust laugh und crow, und keep saying:
 "Ah-Gool!"

At Fifteen.....New Orleans Picayune

Sweet as a half-blown, honeyed rose, she stands
 On life's fair morning, when the crystal dew
 Is on the grass, and all the sky is blue
 As those that bend above Elysian lands.
 The sands of Time, for her, are golden sands.
 To her rapt vision, all the earth is new;
 There is naught false, because her heart is true;
 An untried power lies in her slender hands.
 Behind her, childhood's careless, sunny days,
 Before her, like an open, unread book,
 An unlied story, all the future lies.
 She walks no more within the childish ways;
 A deeper meaning shows in tone and look,
 A woman's soul is in her dreamy eyes.

An Interval.....Atlanta Constitution

You wouldn't think to look at his a-laying thar so meek,
 With his chubby hands both folded underneath his chubby
 cheek;
 You wouldn't think to see the peace his sleepin' features
 take—
 Jest what a holy terror he kin be when he's awake!

I bet if you could get a peep beneath those lashes now,
 You'd find a spark of mischief lurkin' in his eyes some-
 how;
 An' those curved lips that's molded like a cherub's, soft
 and sweet,
 They're yearnin' jest to give a whoop would lift you off
 your feet!

Look at his ragged little coat a-hanging on that chair—
 Thar ain't a thing that belongs to him that don't show
 signs of wear.

Jest see those rusty little shoes, with both the toes stumped
 out,

They give a sort of idea of the way he gits about!

Somehow it don't seem natural for the house to be so
 still,

It's full of empty spaces that it takes his voice to fill;
 An' I kinder miss the racket an' the patter of his feet,
 An' the litter that I growl about—things look a heap too
 neat.

It's curious how a little scamp like that kin take a part
 In all your thoughts and fancies, till he fills a feller's heart
 With the rattle and the prattle that you learn to love
 somehow,

Till you're lonesome when you miss it—Sh!—Great Scott,
 he's wakin' now.

Jim.....Joe Lincoln.....L. A. W. Bulletin

Want to see me, hey, old chap?
 Want to curl up in my lap,
 Do yer, Jim?
 See him, sit and purr and blink,
 Don't yer bet he knows I think
 Lots of him?

Little kitten, nothin' more,
 When we found him at the door,
 In the cold,
 And the baby, half undressed,
 Picked him up and he was jest
 All she'd hold.

Put him up for me to see,
 And she says so cute, says she,
 "Baby's cat."
 And we never had the heart
 For to keep them two apart
 After that.

Seem's if I *must* hear the beat
 Of her toddlin' little feet,
 'Round about;
 Seem to see her tucked in bed,
 With the kitten's furry head
 Peekin' out.

Seem's if I could hear her say,
 In the cunnin' baby way
 That she had,
 "Say dood night to Jimmie, do,
 Coz if oo fordettet to
 He'd feel bad."

Miss her dreadful, don't we, boy?
 Day don't seem to bring no joy
 With the dawn;
 Look's if night was everywhere,
 But there's glory over there
 Where's she gone.

Seems as if my heart would break,
 But I love yer for her sake,
 Don't I, Jim?
 See him sit and purr and blink,
 Don't yer bet he knows I think
 Lots of him?

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN*

—A little boy expressed a wish that he were built like a hencoop out of laths, so the breeze could blow right through him.

—An Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the priest: "Good morning, daughter of the evil one," meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

—"No," said the little boy who didn't want to go to school, "I ain't exactly sick, mamma, but my teeth itch dreadfully."

—Little Sadie (who had been told she must thank God for everything, whether it seemed good or not)—Thank God again, mamma, I've broken your rose jar.

—Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged two and four, were. She answered: "They are sitting on the doorstep talking about old times."

—Willie (as sister reaches for the larger apple)—Now, sis, don't be greedy!

—Mr. Le Sage had a new patent damper in his stove-pipe, and was explaining to a friend that it saved half the wood. Little Willy (who had studied fractions)—Oh, pa, buy another one and save all of it!

—Little four-year-old Ethel lived on a farm in Illinois, and her first visit to Chicago was made on a very rainy day. Her father took her for a ride on the elevated road, and after reaching their destination and descending to the sidewalk she looked up at the structure and asked: "Papa, does zay run zat wailwood on stilts to keep ze wheels dwy?"

—It is told of a certain bishop that, while dining at the house of a friend, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy and asked: "Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, with a glance at the bishop's knee breeches. "You're all right; only (hesitatingly) won't—won't your mother let you wear trousers yet?"

—A little girl was just recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, and the first day she was able to sit up she said: "Mamma, I guess I'll ask papa to buy me a baby carriage for my dolly." Her brother, a precocious youngster of five, overheard the remark, and exclaimed: "Well, you'd better strike him for it right away, for if you wait till you get well you'll never get it."

—Rosalie kneeling beside her little bed, saying her prayers at evening, always murmured after a devout little "amen" some soft word, whose meaning her aunt could not catch. One evening she questioned the child. "Rosalie, what is it that you say every night after you have finished your prayer?" "Aunty," said Rosalie, solemnly, "I just say: 'Dear Lord, this is Rosalie Pittman praying now.' You see so many little girls pray at just this same time and I thought I'd best say which was me."

—A little four-year-old boy had as his particular playmate a little girl of about the same age. The little ones were frequently together, and one morning the girl came to the fence and called him. "Alton," she cried, "come over an' play." Alton's mamma heard the call and said to him, "Tell her you can't come over just now because you have to take a bath." So Alton went to the end of the porch. "Elizabeth," he called, "I can't come over now." Then he turned back to his mother and added: "I don't fink the rest of it need be said."

—Little Phillip—Mamma, learned how to spell "cat" to-day. Mamma—Can you spell "cats" for me, Phil? Phil—"C-a-t, 'postrophe s, cat's." Mamma—Why do you use the apostrophe, Phil? Phil—Oh, I don't know; only teacher gets mad as fury if you don't.†

—They had told Mildred she was going to St. Peter's Church. After the usher seated them, Mildred pulled papa's sleeve, and, in a loud whisper, asked: "Papa, papa, was he St. Peter?"†

—Grandpa has injured his hand on the drive home. Arriving at the stable Keith asks in a very solicitous tone: "Grandpa, can I help you undress the horses?"†

—A few days ago the principal of a well-known school in this city visited a class of little boys. She gave them a talk on Indians, and emphasized the fact that these were the first people here. A small boy at her elbow became very thoughtful, and finally said: "The Indians wus not the first people here. A lady and gentleman wus here before them." After awhile the teacher asked the boy what he knew about this first couple, and he informed her that they had lived in a beautiful place, but one day they ate apples, and "Then the Lord fired them out."†

—Little Mary and her mother were visiting at grandma's, and one day there was perch for lunch. Mamma was very busy, and anxious to finish the bit of sewing before she stopped, so that when she reached the table grandma had taken the backbone out of Mary's fish for her. Mamma, not noticing this, said: "Mary, shall I fix your fish for you?" "No, thank you; gra'm' took de fedder out of mine."†

—One day Bess was walking in the little park near her home, when a policeman came up and asked her to walk with him. Bess paid no attention, so the big man with the brass buttons coaxed and bribed, but in vain. "Well," he said, "if you'll walk with me I'll tell you a nice story." "Oh," exclaimed Bess, straightening herself, "we don't tell stories at our house—we're Christians."

—Dear old Uncle Martin came to visit at Fred's home, and at the table Fred's papa asked the old gentleman to say the blessing. This was something new to the boy, so after the short silence which followed, Fred looked up and said, in a very serious tone: "Papa, you'd better learn Uncle Martin's piece."†

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

The Dogmatism of Science.....London Spectator

When engaged in disputation with some very dogmatic Puritan divines, Cromwell exclaimed: "I beseech you in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, conceive it possible you may be mistaken." How often would the world, as a whole, and its individual units, have been preserved from error and calamity had the spirit of those words animated men's minds! But, leaving the social, political and religious affairs of mankind alone for the time, let us glance at science, the very department in which the strictest adhesion to ascertained truth is imperative, and ask ourselves whether the entire body of science should be taught as truth, and whether all of the so-called sciences are to be properly classified as science—that is, as an ordered body of real knowledge as distinguished from a collection of isolated facts.

The modesty of the greatest men of science is well known. Sir Isaac Newton once did some charlatan the honor of patiently listening to his demonstration of the falsehood of the law of attraction, saying quietly, "It may be so." But it cannot be said that the scientific temper of the present day is represented by Newton. Few of us can forget the attitude of Professor Huxley toward those who were in any degree disposed to criticise adversely the gigantic structure we know as Darwinism. A sort of scientific Athanasian creed was launched at the heads of all doubters, even great men of science like Agassiz being treated very much as a mediæval pope would have treated some priestly heretic in a remote village. But what of this structure to-day? What of its probable future? We honor Darwin and accept the vast body of facts concerning variation he has accumulated; but the structure as a whole—is it intact? Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says that Darwinism does not in the least degree explain the growth of the moral and intellectual nature of man, which is, on the Darwinian theory, the crowning of the edifice of physical evolution. Professor Weissmann contends with great learning that acquired habits are not transmitted in generation—another breach in the structure. Yet it was proposed to force Darwinism, as a whole, down our throats as science. We do not believe that it can be maintained that there is such a thing as a science of biology. That we know something about certain manifestations of life is clear; but a science of life? No, we have no such thing at present. As with this science as a whole, so with its parts. So final, so certain was the zoological classification of Cuvier regarded, that at Cambridge the Chair of Zoölogy was founded to teach that science on the lines of Cuvier's classification—a matter of embarrassment to the professor who knows that in important particulars Cuvier's system has been largely modified. Take another department of biology—medicine. Is there a science of medicine? The writer was once present at a meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, at which the then president, the late Sir George Humphry (the incident may be told since he has passed away) said: "Gentlemen, as we are alone, I will say what I would not care to say

'coram publico,' that three-fourths of medicine is merely quackery."

Glance at other sciences. Look at the successive transformations through which geology has passed, and its complete disagreement with physics as to the age of our planet and its probable future duration. In a little more than a century chemistry has also passed through so many phases that it behooves its chief experts to be as doubtful as to the permanence of the existing phase as a South American president to be sure of his tenure of office in the coming week. We do not speak, let it be remembered, of isolated experimental facts. We do not doubt that it will always be found that two volumes of hydrogen combined with one of oxygen will yield water. We are speaking of the whole system of co-ordinated facts, of the complete body of doctrine, and for that we generally seek in vain among the piled-up strata of ruined hypotheses. Take one of the youngest of sciences—ethnology—and recollect through what phases it has gone. Remember the early dogmatism of the Sanskritists, who would have us form our ethnology on language only, and then think of the pulverizing effects of craniology and archæology. Think of the shattering of the old dogmatism about early Roman history as a consequence of the actual unveiling of Republican Rome. The German professors who were so sure that they exploded the primitive history of Israel, and, in some cases, the story of the Gospels, have passed away; but their places have been taken by successors who are just as sure of the historic reality of Abraham as of Cæsar, and of the general historic structure of the Gospels as of either. We have passed from physical to human science, therefore we may refer to a crucial instance of the dogmatism of science and its lack of foundation; we mean, of course, political economy. We should like very much to know if there are three men living who are in actual agreement as to a body of economic doctrine. The wage-fund theory, the law of population, the Ricardian law of rent, once deemed as immutable as the rule of three, have for most of us gone the way of phlogiston and old theories about the spleen. And the "science of history"? Is there such a thing? Buckle tried to found one based on physical environment; German thinkers have made their attempts largely evolved out of their moral consciousness. How do we stand to-day as regards both history and economics? The answer is clear; we have come down to specialism, to minute treatment of fragmentary details; that is to say, to a practical confession of failure in a design which was premature.

The truth seems to us to be that, in an age dominated by material science, claims have been made for science which can scarcely be allowed. While theology has been brushed aside as baseless and irrelevant, science has been proclaimed sovereign over civilized mankind, and a feverish desire has been made evident to teach it as a body of definite dogma to the imperfectly civilized peoples, thus greatly confusing their moral and intellectual attitude. We do not say that theology has not greatly

erred in her method and pretensions; but if she has, it has been the same error made by science. A creed drawn up in the fourth century has been treated as though it were the final expression of the religious consciousness "in secula seculorum." In the same way, what should have been thought of as a provisional hypothesis in science has been thrust upon the world as absolute truth, no more to be doubted than that twice two are four. If only science had been endowed throughout Europe on the basis of some creed, Europe would have become as China, and the progress of thought would have been arrested. We must be prepared for the perpetual restatements of scientific truth, sometimes apparently contradictory, but each representing a new aspect. In short, we must realize that science is a living body of truth, not a dead system of dogmatism, and that it is only a fruitful instrument of culture when it is so conceived. The modern man of science must abandon the spirit of Haeckel, the "It must be so" of the dogmatical fanatic, and cultivate the spirit of Newton, the "It may be so" of the philosopher of Nature. And when he has done all, the man of science must admit the possibility that his "facts" may be illusions, and that the world of phenomena may be a "Maya," a veil thinly covering a far deeper reality.

The Spiritual Vision.....George A. Gage.....Mind

When climbing a high mountain one often toils onward and upward for hours without apparent profit. But after reaching the top, or some point that affords an unobstructed view, there is spread before the traveler a scene of such beauty that all the hardships of the journey are forgotten. This is strikingly typical of one who, after a long search for what is highest and best, awakens to a consciousness of the heaven within. Let us consider the appearance of life to one who has thus made the acquaintance of his higher Self.

When one awakens, spiritually, he finds more pleasure in permitting than making. According to the old ideas, we should make things go as we wish. Ambition dictated the adjustment of matters to suit personal ends. The personality, having only a limited range of vision, sought to order all things according to its will.

The spiritual vision has a larger and clearer outlook. It comprehends at once the great purpose of life, and adjusts itself accordingly. It perceives the confusion of the plans and desires of the personality, which, seeing so little of the great design, makes many needless mistakes. It sees that, rather than compel matters to do its bidding, all that is necessary is to open itself to the instruction of Life, the great teacher; that its one end is to unfold; that this must be conscious; that it can only unfold through service, and can only get by giving. It finds its happiness in simply being. It sees that all is well; that sorrow, sickness and poverty are merely bugaboos to intimidate the personal. It rejoices in the universal truth, beauty and goodness.

All this is characteristic of the higher nature. It is like an upper parlor that is kept closed and darkened. It is the privilege of all to live in this beautiful place, with its luxurious appointments and clear, extensive outlook, or to dwell in the crowded,

musty basement where so many spend their lives. When we thoroughly realize this, what shall we think of the "conflict of life"? We are like children in the dark, frightening ourselves with the creations of our own fancy. We demonstrate our power as forcibly in disease and unpleasant surroundings as in health and opulence. In the former instance we use our power blindly; in the latter, wisely. We can never truly live until we come out of the dense cloud of ignorance in which we have been intellectually buried. We have but to make the decision and we find ourselves free to enter a limitless garden of Eden.

Winter vs. Spring.....Boston Journal

Why a young man's fancy should turn to love or to poetry rather in the spring than in the winter is beyond all but the solvers of the old Grecian puzzles. To be sure, the spring is a welcome time of the year. Like everything else, it must have its day. It is a delight or a necessity, as you like it, and, with its stretching nature, it gives a promise of loveliness and sweetness for the full-blown days. But why it should appeal more than any other of the quartet of seasons to the poet or the lover is, we think, out of question.

Every man of imagination has his moments of poetry and love, and no man knoweth the day or the hour when the heart will be stricken. As the affection is largely a matter of sentiment, enhanced and embellished by the imagination, it is preposterous to say that it can be influenced thus or thus by one season more than by another. So, without fear of exciting complaint from the friends of spring, we beg leave to divert attention to the appearing beauties of winter.

There are some who believe that winter cannot be enjoyed in a city. They talk musingly of "hills o'er-mantled with white" and "fields of crystal" stretching from the backyard to the horizon. It is surely very beautiful, purely beautiful, and sometimes superb, this stretch of undulating fields and these rows of brilliant, immaculate hills, but it is too lifeless to be ruminated day after day. There is something sepulchral about winter in the country. It seems too often as though humanity, as well as nature, had, like the bear in the hollow tree, put its head between its knees and gone to sleep.

Now in the city, barring the transient obstacles of travel, winter is a kaleidoscope of beauty. The sun comes up from the ocean and crawls over the thousands of picturesque roofs; the boulevards and the parks stretch out their pretty avenues and huge arbors, all trimmed and filled with white, to the hurrying crowds; the drowsiness of the dawn gives way to urban liveliness; the sun, by-and-by, goes down behind more picturesque roofs, gilding the spires in the sky and filling every western window with flames, and then, as night settles down, a million lamps twinkle their defiance. And all this time, from daybreak to dusk, the air paints cheeks red, braces the step, clears the eye and brightens every action. The world roundabout is all aglow.

That is winter, with its tonics for the system and its sumptuous colors for the imagination. It is the time for poets and lovers and all other grades and shades of men.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT

The beauty of tropical vegetation has inspired many a poet with a theme. Tennyson described the island upon which Enoch Arden and his companions were shipwrecked as an "Eden of all plenteousness"; and tells how, after the death of the two, the survivor looked upon

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world."

It may, however, be questioned whether the pen of the poet can give as realistic a picture as that of the less imaginative naturalist who has wandered in the depths of a tropical forest. Here is the description given by Mr. Bates in his *Naturalist on the River Amazon*, published several years ago: "The leafy crowns of the trees, scarcely two of which could be seen together of the same kind, were now far away above us, in another world as it were. We could only see at times, where there was a break above, the tracery of the foliage against the clear blue sky. Sometimes the leaves were palmate, or of the shape of large outstretched hands; at others, finely cut or feathery, like the leaves of mimosæ. Below the tree-trunks were everywhere linked together by sipos; the woody flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the taller independent trees. Some were twisted in the strands like cables, others had thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining snake-like round the tree-trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others, again, were of zig-zag shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height." Mr. A. Hyatt Verill gives us another view, what may be called an "economic" view, in

Vegetable Life in the Tropics.....*Popular Science News*

Doubtless it will prove of interest to many to learn that the "rattan," so much used in making chairs, baby carriages, etc., is nothing more nor less than one of these long, trailing vines carefully cut and dried. (The rattan is the stem of various species of calamus, a kind of palm, found especially in the Malayan Archipelago. The pliant stems, climbing by means of hooked spines attached to the leaf-stalks, often ascend to a height of a hundred feet.) Although rattan itself is very useful—almost indispensable, I might say, to civilized man, yet many of the "lianas," as the long vines are called, are even more valuable in their natural state.

Every one has doubtless noticed the numerous, tiny holes in the end of a piece of rattan. These are really minute tubes running the entire length of the vine, and serving as veins through which the sap flows. If you cut off a living "liana," a steady stream of sap will issue from these tubes, until the fluid, which is usually of a yellowish or whitish

color, coagulates and forms a coating or scab across the injured end, exactly as does the blood of an animal or human being. It is oftentimes poisonous; but in two or three species it is as transparent, cool and refreshing as the purest spring water. Many a time have I slaked my thirst with this cool and wholesome draught, drawn from Nature's storehouse by a single stroke of my machete.

Strange as the drawing of water from a living vine may appear, there is another vegetable which furnishes a yet stranger drink. This is a handsome palm tree, known as the "travelers' palm." From this palm, when an incision is made, there issues a thick, white sap, looking and tasting much like fresh cow's milk. This milk is very nutritious, and because of its value to travelers in the tropics the French Government has set out fine specimens of this Madagascan tree at intervals along all the roads in the French West Indies. (It may also be added that the "Palo de Vaca," or cow-tree, of South America, yields a milk closely resembling cow's milk, both in appearance and quality, perfectly wholesome, very nourishing, possessing an agreeable taste like that of rich cream, and a pleasant balsamic odor, its only unpleasant quality being a slight amount of stickiness.)

Although cocoanuts and cocoa are both well known in every northern household, yet many people who daily use these two useful products of the tropics, find it difficult or impossible to exactly describe the difference between the two. The coconut is the fruit of a tall and graceful palm tree, a familiar sight in nearly every tropical landscape, and too well known to necessitate any description, whereas the cocoa, or more properly cacao, is the powdered seed of a small and handsome tree, bearing no resemblance whatever to the coco-palm. (In fact, the cacao tree, "*Theobroma cacao*," is nearly allied to the lime, or linden tree.)

Perhaps no cultivated tree presents such an odd and striking appearance as the cacao, and nobody who has ever seen one will forget it or mistake it for anything else. The tree itself grows to a height of twenty or twenty-five feet, with a rather smooth and slender trunk, thick, bushy and symmetrical top, and handsome, broad, oval leaves of a deep purple or bronze color. Instead of growing at the ends of the branches or twigs as do most blossoms, the cacao flowers bud out directly from the bark of the limbs and trunk. The flowers are small and insignificant, but the fruit, shaped like a cucumber, grows to a large size, in the better varieties eight or ten inches in length and three or four inches in diameter. Moreover, the fruit is brilliantly colored, orange, red and yellow, and under favorable conditions fairly covers the tree, presenting a very odd and beautiful sight. The fruit or pod is completely filled with a soft, slimy pulp, in which the cacao beans are imbedded. When first taken from the pod these beans and the pulp as well emit a fetid, disagreeable odor. After being separated from the pulp the beans are placed in large wooden trays and exposed to the sun to dry.

A well-known plant in our conservatories and hothouses is the century plant. It is from a variety of this plant that the famous "pulque," the favorite beverage of the Mexicans, is made; but, although the Mexican cultivates the "agave," or "maguey," mainly for its sap, yet he puts it to many another use. The "maguey" to the Mexican Indian serves as many useful purposes as does the reindeer to the Laplander. From the juice he procures his drink and liquor, from the roots a coarse but nutritious flour, while from the fibre of the leaves he weaves mats and clothing, which he sews with a thread and needle from the same source.

Many another strange plant, with as many strange uses, can be found in the tropics of America, but wonderful as they are individually, nothing is so incredible as the remarkable vitality and rapid growth of the tropical trees. In many places the climate is so favorable and the soil so rich and conducive to rapid growth that almost any stick, if placed upright in the earth, will spring into life. In some portions of Central America this is particularly noticeable. Here one may see mile after mile of fences, apparently composed of growing trees, which, upon a closer examination, will prove to have once been barbed wire, the fence-posts having branched out and grown into good-sized trees. It is hardly to be believed that telegraph poles will grow, but such is the case, and many a Central American telegraph pole bears at its top a crown of green-leaved branches, which have sprouted since the last visit of the lineman. Here in the northland, where we expend so much time and labor in trying to make trees grow, we find it hard to imagine it difficult for the Spanish-American to keep them dead, yet in many of these countries one of the greatest difficulties encountered in railroad work has been to prevent the railway ties from sprouting.

Among the remarkable forms of tropical vegetation, the cacti stand pre-eminent. They are represented in the flora of the Eastern United States by three species of a single genus; but their uncanny appearance can be easily seen in almost every greenhouse. One of the most beautiful specimens found there is the "night-blooming cereus," of which a poet has written:

"Children of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest-bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem alied;
O dedicated flowers!"

The Cactus.....W. K. Higley.....Birds and All Nature

Because the Greeks in olden times applied the word cactus to a prickly plant, Linnæus, often called the Father of Botany, gave the same name to our wonderful American growth, and since his time these strange and varied plants have borne this nomenclature.

We can hardly imagine any group of plants more interesting. There are over eight hundred varieties of curious and unexpected forms, bearing tubular or rotate flowers most varied in size and color—

white, pink, purple, yellow, crimson, deep red—all beautiful and fascinating, and in our Northern country, protected in the conservatories. The night-blooming cereus is most renowned, most admired of all.

The cacti are commonly found in the United States, in Mexico, and in South America, and some species are cultivated on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, where the fruit is eaten. They vary in size from an inch or two in height to enormous growths of fifty or sixty feet, "*Cereus giganteus*," which stand like telegraph poles, sometimes with many vertical branches, reminding one of a huge candelabrum. Then again some forms are nearly spherical, while others are long-jointed, and square. One species ("*Echinocactus visnaga*") grows about nine feet in height, with a diameter of three feet or more, and a single plant of this species will sometimes weigh a ton. One of our most common forms is flat and broad. This, the prickly pear, or Indian fig ("*Opuntia vulgaris*"), is the only species found as far north as Wisconsin and New York. As many of the cacti required but little care, they are quite extensively cultivated, not only for the rare beauty of their flowers, but for economic purposes. However, nearly all are worthy of culture because of their peculiar forms.

In structure they are fitted for growth in the most arid regions, they abound in the deserts of New Mexico and southward, in many cases obtaining their food from a soil in which no other plant will grow, their thick coats enabling them to retain moisture and vitality for many weeks. Specimens of the prickly pear have been known to grow after lying on a dry floor, in a closed room, for six months, and they have blossomed when left in this condition for some time.

These plants, which are more or less succulent, are usually protected from the ravages of animal life by a formidable array of spines and prickles. Those who have carelessly handled our common prickly pear can attest to the intensely irritating character of its defensive armor. Thus does nature provide for the care of its otherwise defenseless forms.

A form of the prickly pear ("*Opuntia coccinellifera*") is cultivated in Mexico for the purpose of raising the cochineal insect ("*Coccus cacti*") which feeds upon it. Some of these plantations contain as many as 50,000 plants. The females are placed on the cactus in August, and in about four or five months the first gathering of the cochineal takes place, being then ready for the market. (The cultivation of cactus for the production of cochineal is largely carried on also in Guatemala, and has been introduced into the Old World, in the Canary Islands, Algeria, Java, and Australia. It has been computed that a pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects. In 1869 over six and a quarter million pounds were exported from the Canary Islands, and were valued at nearly twenty and a half million dollars. In 1886 the export had fallen to a million and a half pounds, and the price had also fallen to one-half of its former value.)

There are many other interesting uses to which these plants are put. When suffering from thirst animals will tear off the hard outer fibres and ea-

gerly devour the moist, juicy interior of the stems. The Moki Indian basketmakers use the fibre in their work. This they dye different colors and wind around the foundations, giving strength and beauty. The spines of one species are used by the Mexicans as toothpicks. It has been estimated that a single plant may bear upwards of 50,000 spines.

Nothing can be a greater contrast to the luxuriant tropical forest or the sunny plains of Mexico than the gloomy dens and caves of the earth. Yet for these Nature has provided suitable vegetation in the light-shunning fungi. We have an interesting account of the way in which this prodigality of plant-life is turned to man's advantage, in a paper by MM. Dinobren Griffith and D. Bril:

The Mushroom Caves of Paris.....The Strand Magazine

These subterranean gardens extend for some twenty miles under the gay capital, and are from 20 feet to 160 feet beneath the surface. It is very difficult to obtain permission to visit them, and even when permission is obtained it requires some courage to avail oneself of it, for the only entrance is a circular opening like the mouth of a well, out of which a long pole stands. Through this pole, fastened at the top only, at fairly long intervals, sticks are thrust. This primitive ladder, the base of which swings like a pendulum in the impenetrable darkness below, is the only means of reaching the caves. . . . Disused stone quarries are utilized for these mushroom gardens, the interiors of which may be compared to vast rock temples, with galleries radiating in every direction. These caves are divided among different owners, and are under Government supervision, and are periodically inspected. These inspections do not really amount to much, for only the owners themselves are familiar with the winding passages, and without their direction and guidance no supervision would be possible.

Mushroom-growing is very expensive at first to the cultivators. The most perfect cleanliness has to be observed near the beds, which are about twenty-two inches high and about the same in diameter. They are covered over with silver sand and a whitish clay, and run in parallel lines, with only a narrow path between. The manure, collected from the stables of Paris, has to be carted to the station and loaded, and perhaps carted a couple of miles afterward to the quarries. There it is made into flat heaps near the entrance to the shaft, and turned over and well mixed and watered for about five or six weeks, or, in some cases, only three weeks, before the necessary fermentation takes place. When the manure (in which virgin spawn exists naturally) is sufficiently prepared, it is shot down through one of the convenient shafts into the caves. . . .

After the manure has arrived down the shaft the underground gardeners form it into beds one and a half feet wide and high, and arranged in rows, this being the condition experience has proved best adapted to bring the manure up to the average temperature of from 15 degrees to 20 degrees Centigrade, necessary for the fructification of the fungi. To construct these beds evenly an interesting

method is adopted. Each workman sits astride his bed, as if on horseback, fills his arms with the manure, and presses it down between his legs, and thus they move along the beds with the jolting motion of a rider. In this manner the beds are regularly and evenly arranged and pressed like so many furrows. When the beds attain the proper temperature the spawn is sown. Small beds are devoted to the propagation of virgin spawn, which is more valuable than the spawn which is found abundantly in the old beds. This is never really used directly, but is employed to spawn a small bed when the virgin spawn is unobtainable.

An important item in mushroom culture is fresh air, and the farmer must know exactly how much oxygen is needed for the respiration of the fungi. Air holes are bored here and there, beneath which in many places, coke fires are lit, which consume five hundredweight of coke every twenty-four hours. This ensures the necessary renewal of fresh air. Temperature and moisture have also to be studied, necessitating partitions of straw laid between laths of wood, and many doors to regulate the needed current of air in these labyrinthine passages.

The beds look very pretty when in full bearing, the less advanced being dotted over with little white buttons about the size of peas, other beds are dazzling white, where the produce is ready for gathering, about 400 pounds being sent every day to market. They are gathered roots and all. The beds remain in bearing from two to six months. From the time of the first preparation of the manure to the gathering of the harvest three months or so elapse. All the expenses connected therewith amount, for each four feet of ground, to three francs, and a profit is only realized when this space yields more than four kilos of mushrooms. The price of a kilo at the Central Market in Paris is about one franc. Besides supplying the markets of Paris hundreds of pounds' weight are exported, and large quantities preserved. One grower alone sends 14,000 boxes of preserved mushrooms to England annually. The total value of the mushrooms sold in the Halles Centrales, exported or preserved, amounts to \$1,400,000 per annum. One thousand to 1,200 workmen are employed in the suburban caves, which lie between Meudon and Ivry. There the ground has been so excavated that the galleries run into and above each other, their length in one cave only being said to be no less than five miles.

A mushroom grower has to contend against rats and parasites of various kinds. As a remedy against the first evil, cats are kept in these cloisters, but sometimes they catch their prey, but do not eat it, and the mushrooms suffer from the decay of organic matter. A cryptogamic parasite which penetrates into the pores of the fungi causes a loss estimated at not less than \$200,000 per annum in the Parisian caves alone. The smallest particle of iron in the beds of manure is avoided by the spawn. Coal has the same effect, a large circle round the obnoxious object remaining barren. A spiteful employee wishing to injure his master need only stick a rusty nail here and there in the beds, and a very serious loss of crops will result.

INTELLIGENCE OF CROWS: A CORVINE CONGRESS

By C. C. ABBOTT.

Above the roar of the petulant east wind that bent the tops of the pines about the house, whistled through the big door-yard elm and passed over the meadows, twisting and twirling twigs and dead leaves in its path—above all this I heard the clamor of many crows that had congregated in the white-oak grove near the mouth of the gully through which hurries an upland brook on its way to the river. I heard these crows better than I could see them, so, armed with a field-glass, I cautiously approached their meeting site by a circuitous route, and happily escaped discovery by any one of the several sentinels that were most judiciously posted at all points of approach that might prove dangerous. The grove where this particular session of congress was held is well adapted for the purpose of such a day as this, being sheltered from the east wind, except about the tops of the tallest trees; a rural colosseum, fit for all avian exhibitions, and never quite forsaken, the round year, either by night or day. But perhaps I had better refrain from even the very plainest, least varnished account of what I saw and heard. The cry of imagination run wild, of investing birds with attributes not belonging to creatures lower than men, and all that ultra-scientific rubbish of theorists—all this is so vehemently proclaimed when a courier arrives from the woods, that one may well question if a personal narrative of out-door incidents is worth the while to print. It is true, an ever-increasing interest in a particular species of bird may make us a bit careless as to painfully extreme accuracy, our enthusiasm making every act and utterance of rather more significance than the facts warrant; but this, however much it is to be deplored, is less undesirable than the cold-blooded announcement of the anatomist that a crow flies and screams "caw" at all times, and is as black as the ace of spades. This is true; but is it quite all of corvine ornithology? No one doubts the cunning of a fox, and a crow is a fox in feathers. It is the most intelligent of all our birds, and I do not suppose any one doubts that there is a great difference among our birds as to their mental calibre. Perhaps it is doubted. The world has groped in error so long that now it loves the false, even to the point of idolatry, and truth is offered no kindly welcome when it timidly appears. I am not an omnivorous reader of books, and so speak only for myself. I have gathered from first hands—that is, from the birds themselves—that some are quick-witted, others foolish, and occasionally some are downright fools. You can hoodwink a wood-thrush, but it is a smart man that deceives a catbird, and never the second time. English sparrows know a trap, however natural its appearance, and know my gun as something very different from a walking-stick. The peewee is confiding, but its big, yawping country cousin down the lane among the apple-trees, the great crest, is always suspicious. The chippy that nested by the

parlor window took crumbs from my fingers; but the humming-bird dashed at my eyes when I drew too near its nest. I never saw a chickadee that was not distinctly friendly; but the crested tit says there is elbow-room enough for both it and myself, and demands so much neutral territory between us. The lines can be more closely drawn. There is marked difference among individuals of the same species. You do not get at this from a chance acquaintance, meeting birds to-day and never afterward. Circumstances must bring you together and keep you associated for a season, and then, after such an experience, the whole world will appear to you in a different light. To annoy birds will not occur to you, and bird-murder be unthinkable.

But the crows, what of them? Luckily, I gained an advantageous point of view, after a deal of painful crawling through the weeds; and briers' thorns are sharper in January than at other times, or human flesh more sensitive. Adjusting the field-glass, I saw—not fancied I saw—that one crow, from a commanding position, was haranguing the assembled multitude. What I heard was one crow's voice that varied or rang the changes on the basic syllable kaw about as follows: Kā—éé, kā kaw! kaw' kā; and then there was a babel of kaw—ka-ā-ā, that clearly expressed assent, an apparent "that's so," that was ludicrously like the chatter of congregated humanity when an orator stoops to their comprehension. After a momentary pause, the orator, as we will call the speaking crow, resumed his speech, and the variations of kaw kā were repeated, but with many sounds like e-e and a trill, as ar-r-r-r. The latter were always, I thought, uttered in a more rapid manner than what I have called the basic syllable, kaw, and certainly were accompanied with more gestures. Accurate description is impossible, words and actions were so rapid, but my impression would doubtless not have varied had the crow been more deliberate. The most striking feature of it all, however, was the dissent of the gathering on two occasions, that was as plainly marked as the previous assent had been. The utterance was wholly different, and the accompanying gestures likewise varied. The twisting and turning of the head and neck was most pronounced—a turning away, as it were, from the suggestion; and there was also a decided wing movement I did not notice before, corresponding in some measure to the hand and arm movement among ourselves when excited to the point of being demonstrative.

I am not sure at what time of day the congress opened its session, but it lasted for just twelve minutes after I took up my position in the spectators' gallery, if the tangle of briers can be so called. Then occurred a break in the proceedings, for one of the out-posted sentinels was heard to call out, not unlike a turkey, but the cry ending in a prolonged er-r-r-r. This caused a sudden closing of the orator's speech, or argument, or whatever it really was, and the assembled crows rose into the air, some thirty feet or more above the trees. I noticed, by mere chance, that the sentinels remained perched

*From *Clear Skies and Cloudy*, by Charles C. Abbott. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

in the trees. After the lapse of probably three or four minutes, the circling and chattering crows resumed their places, and what was to me most curious of all, in practically the same way they were previously distributed, and one individual, I shall always think the same, took up his position, in a way suggestive of being speaker of the house. There was a brief repetition of the proceedings as described, and then a shout or extra-loud call uttered by every bird. The sentinels left their posts, and joining their brethren of the congress, the whole gathering flew away in the same westerly direction.

Now, if we are merely to witness what birds do and refrain from contemplating their motives in so doing, the great charm of outdoor ornithology is gone. It is not satisfying to say there was a lot of crows in the oaks of the gully this morning, and they made a great noise. It is not for an instant to be held that crows caw merely to hear themselves break the silence. There is nothing in all they utter akin to music. It is not intended as such more than the squealing of a pig. The associated acts and general deportment of the crows clearly show they have other purposes than soothing their excited nerves with song. But how do we know this? It is difficult to satisfactorily reply, inasmuch as it has been claimed, whether with good reason or not, that it is not justifiable to judge the non-human by the human standard. This may be true, but I know of no other standard. When a lower animal does the same thing that we would do under like circumstances, it seems thoroughly logical to assume that the intention is the same in either case. When we see our legislatures in session or recall the pleasant days of youthful debating societies, the purpose of the gathering together of a number of individuals is recognized at once, and would be if we were deaf and could hear not a word that was spoken. It is safe to say that a dog, entering a church during service, would recognize that the officiating clergyman was speaking and the audience listening. So in the case of the crows to-day—one harangued and the others listened, and occasionally commented upon what was said, possibly applauded. These birds have not copied all this from man, but it has come about in their case, as in ours, gradually. They have learned the value of consultation, and that the pros and cons of a proposition must be duly considered. Certainly this was done to-day by the crows assembled in my hillside oaks, and to reach such a point of complex mentality means advanced intelligence. Those wonderful instincts about which, when children, we heard so much, played no part in what I have called a corvine congress. Even the posting of sentinels is not instinctive, but the result of forethought based upon experience. Truly, crows are cunning, but not merely from necessitated exercise of caution, as is possibly true of a fox, but cunning to the degree of planning what under given circumstances it is best to do; and how, with a fair measure of safety, they can pit their intelligence against that of man. Some mammals do this and a few birds, but I know of none in this country that go so far in the direction of consideration of cause and effect as does the crow.

A careful study of corvine courtship would be profitable to those who care for the subject of animal intelligence. Their mentality shows them, I doubt not, as prominently as when the nest is deserted and life is a struggle for food more than aught else. The actions of wooers have too frequently been commented upon as simply so many silly antics, and not having any deeper meaning; but we are not yet sufficiently versed in ornithological lore to deliver snap judgments. It is a common practice, but sin is not less sinful because of its prevalence. Among smaller birds than crows, the difficulties lie in the fact that we cannot detect all the utterances; and it would not be surprising, if it could be proved, that birds intentionally whisper "little nothings" to those nearest to them. That male birds sing to attract the attention of females is undeniable, but there are other expressions of their feelings and responses by the females that are usually overlooked. Only at rarest intervals can we witness a courtship throughout and see for ourselves that birds are not mere machines, soulless and unsentimental, moved by impulses mysterious to themselves. I have seen a male rose-breasted grosbeak bring food to its mate and then, when the latter had taken it, rapidly move its beak in a manner clearly showing it was uttering some sound, which was quite inaudible to me. I have seen the flicker stop his work of cutting out a new nesting-place, and sitting close by the side of his mate, the two chatted, may I say about their mutual interests? and then he would resume his work of deepening the cavity in the tree. Great, at times, is the chatter when the great crested flycatcher enters the nest and tells his mate to go out and take an airing and he will keep house while she is gone. But significant as is all that we see among mated birds, and we see but a mere fraction of what we should to pose as interpreters, it is little in comparison to that which is constantly transpiring among the crows. They do not live in fancied security, as is true of other birds; they accept nothing through hopefulness, and have no faith in appearances. Everything with which they have to deal must be tested as best they can, and so they live a life of constant fear, such as mankind finds intolerable. A happy crow, from our point of view, is an impossible creature; but, nevertheless, when crows do have a moderate sense of security, and know that their sentinels are alert and trustworthy, they venture to make merry among themselves and are playfully inclined. See them, for instance, gathered on cakes of floating ice when the river breaks up; see them pitch and turn in mid-air with almost swallow-like agility; see them hobnobbing with the gulls and hear them laugh! Perhaps this is a step too far, but it is a widespread fancy, one I first heard of from an old fisherman, and I have never been able to rid myself of the idea that he was right. It seems so rational an interpretation of their wild cries as they are playing about the river, for surely not all their time is now spent in searching for food. The true inwardness of all corvine ways is not yet within our reach; but when they are assembled as I saw them to-day and discussion is conducted decently and in order, then it is that the intelligence of these birds stands out quite unmistakably.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Only a Dog.....Alex. Hunter.....Field and Stream

There are dogs and dogs, and there exist among this noble animal as many types and characteristics as among men.

Every variety of dog has his individual trait. The bull for his gameness, the greyhound for his swiftness, the shepherd for his watchfulness, the beagle for his scent, the setter, the noblest of all, for his fidelity, loyalty and keen instinct; as for the coon dog, let his name, too, be inscribed on the roll of fame, for he can outbark all creation, scratch more, gulp more, live longer and die harder, than any quadruped on this green earth.

Few people understand the royal nature, the noble characteristics of the dog. They class him with other tame animals. Some people like him, some tolerate, some positively dislike him, but there are a few, thanks to Diana, who love him, and but for these few, the dog would be an Ishmaelite, and like the curs of Constantinople act as the scavengers of men, instead of his most trusted friend.

I have, in my time, owned many setters. They were "cracks" in their line, and were my constant companions. But the best beloved of them all, Jessie, died last hunting season. She was of a loving nature—and such a superb field dog—and a household pet—that I shall never forget her to my dying day. And when the life sands are nearly run out I shall wish, like the Arab for his dromedary, the Esquimaux for his reindeer, the Indian for his pony, that her shadow shall accompany me in that long journey from whose "bourne no traveler ever returns."

When Jessie was a little puppy her education began. When I made my daily julep, punch or cocktail, as the case may be, I would pour a little in a saucer for Miss Jessie, and by the time she was grown she learned several things. In the evening she would take her station on the porch, and when she saw me coming she would fly to the kitchen and take the tin bucket by the handle and run to the cook, who would go to the ice chest, put a chunk in the basket and Miss Jessie would carry it up the steps in a series of frenzied bounds, and when she reached the sideboard, would watch the decoction of the beverage with shining eyes, and wagged her tail for all she was worth. When she finished her drink and wanted more, she would take the saucer between her teeth and bring it to me.

She knew to the minute the coming of the postman and newsboys; all knew her, and her ways were a source of daily amusement to them. Jessie would meet them and get the documents and come flying into the room. She would never yield the paper to anybody but myself. The ordinary mail she gave to any of the household, and she knew every one by name as well as I did.

"Take this letter," I would say, "to Miss Sally"—and Jessie was up the steps in the twinkling of an eye, and her peculiar scratching on the door always was an open sesame. On her return she would distribute the whole batch of letters, and when there were none she seemed really put out. She

acted as general messenger, would shut the door, bring small articles by name, and was so well trained that she never could be induced to take a mouthful from any one but myself at meal times.

As the soul of some great artist descended into the idiotic negro, Blind Tom, so the spirit of some singer must have entered Jessie's body, for she tried often to give vent to her feelings in song—and such singing! To see her sitting on the top of the piano, her eyes fixed sentimentally upon the ceiling, giving vent to the most lugubrious howls, and barks, that were a cross between the banshee and cry of the loon.

But it was as a field dog that Jessie shone as the brightest jewel of them all. Some dogs might match her, but none excel. She knew more about the ways of the quail than I did. I soon learned to let her have her own way. She was the only setter I ever saw, who, when they found a covey in a dense covert, would back out, find the sportsman and by the creeping, stealthy step let him know that the game was found, and then slowly but surely lead him to the right spot.

In retrieving she was perfect. A winged bird was her delight. She never let up until she had it in her mouth. I have seen a rabbit dart beneath her nose while trailing a crippled quail, and she never turned her eyes upon him.

One evening I started out for a brief hunt. It had been raining heavily for two days and a half. The ground was spongy and grass and verdure surcharged with moisture. I was walking along the edge of a cornfield which at this Christmas time was nothing but lines of bare stalks, with deep gullies between the rows. Jessie started through the cornfield and suddenly came to a dead stand. I was so astonished that I could only stare at her in amazement, for there was not a vestige of cover in the cornfield. It was as bare as a billiard table. As I looked I saw her sink, lower and lower, to the ground and flatten herself until she looked like a spread-out skin. Not content with this effort to make herself small, she crawled along to where there was a puddle of water and crouched down until only her nose and eyes were visible. Looking up the ridge I saw a large covey of quail running down the furrow right in Jessie's mouth. She was trembling with excitement, but did not move. I stood about ten yards behind her, as motionless as a statue. On came the birds until the foremost one seemed to literally step on her head; then with a loud whirr they flushed and made off to the wood, leaving two of their number, which I shot, as a tribute to the wisdom or instinct of this matchless dog.

Another time I was hunting on the same plantation and was within fifty yards of the Nottaway River, which, at this point, had a steep bluff about sixty feet high. Jessie was trotting along a few steps in front when she stumbled over an old red fox that was lying low in the heather. In a second the fox was flying to the bluff, and at my shout of "Catch him, Jessie!" she bounded after him, and

crowded the old red so close that he could not double, but took a flying leap over the cliff, and straight into the air Jessie followed him.

There was a simultaneous splash, and when I reached the bank and looked over, I beheld about as pretty a combat as I ever witnessed. The fox fought for his life, but water was not his element, and he was soon killed, and Jessie dragged him ashore. I examined her carefully, but beyond a split lip she was none the worse, while the fox was badly torn in several places.

Another time I put her to a severe test, I took her with me to hunt in Northampton County, North Carolina, where I had never been before. On the first day Whit Urquhart and myself left home after an early breakfast and rode over five miles, most of the distance through by-paths in a great swamp. After reaching the hunting grounds, I wished to light my pipe, and to my disgust found that I had left my tobacco bag at home. At first I determined to ride back after it; then a happy thought struck me, and I wrote a note, asking to hunt up the pouch and send it back by Jessie. Wrapping the note up, I gave it to Jessie, and told her to carry it back home. At first she did not understand, but at last, by leading her back a hundred yards or so and waving her in the direction, she caught the cue and went off in a headlong run.

"You don't expect to see her again, do you?" inquired my companion.

"I most certainly do," I answered.

"I will bet you a gallon of twenty-year-old apple-jack of my own brewing against that cartridge belt of yours, that you will never see her until you reach home this evening."

We made the bet.

We hunted along the field slowly. About an hour after Jessie, covered with mud, dashed up, and in her mouth was a small bundle which proved to be the tobacco pouch and a note from Miss U., saying:

"I received your note, brought by your wonderful dog, and send the bag back to you by the same route."

"Well," said Whit, drawing a long breath, "I never would have believed it unless I saw with my own eyes. Jessie may not be as fast as the telegraph, but she can beat the modern railroad out of sight."

Last fall I went to North Carolina to shoot, taking Jessie, and two other dogs. After the first day out, which proved to be a very exhausting day's work, both for myself and the setters, Jessie showed signs of dullness, and seemed to lose, all at once, her dash and spirit. The next day I chained her in the stable. On my return I hurried to let her loose and examine into her condition. I found to my dismay that she was a very sick dog, her eyes were away back into her head, her breathing quick, and she would eat nothing, though I forced some extract of beef down her throat.

When I mounted my horse the next morning Jessie staggered down the steps and I got down, petted her, and told her to lie down on the mat in the porch. She looked at me with a wistful, longing gaze, that puzzled me then, but was made clear afterward. I thought she would be all right in a few days, for he had been seriously sick several

times, and I rode gayly off. After a splendid day's hunt, Mr. Urquhart and myself returned home. On reaching the gate, which was an unwieldy affair, I got down to open it. The sun was just setting. I had let the horses through, when to my amazement I saw a dog crawling toward me.

"Jessie!" I exclaimed. "Can that be Jessie?"

As I spoke she gave a whine of joy and made a staggering run and fairly leaped into my outstretched arms.

It was her last effort. She licked my hand, and with a whimper of content, her faithful eyes glazed, and I felt her form shiver and thrill and then stiffen in death.

Is there a man on earth who would not have dropped a tear over the dead body of such faithful love?

With her keen instinct she knew that death was near, and nursing her strength, dragged her dying form for nearly a mile, to see her master before she died.

Dear Jessie, the princess of all the blue-bloods that ever stood a point or quartered a field. No man ever had a more loving follower or a more faithful friend.

The Vanishing Spider.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

"My friend, the judge," said the Norhetrn visitor to Florida, "and I were treading a path along the Indian River not far from Rockledge, Fla., one morning, enjoying the steady southeast breeze which rustled the palmetto leaves around us and overhead and whispered in the sprawling oaks that reached out giant limbs above us. Suddenly the judge stopped and said in a low tone, turning to me as he spoke:

"Did you ever see a disappearing spider?"

"I've seen them scuttle away at my approach, if that is what you mean."

"No; I mean a spider that melts from sight while you look at him—vanishes from your sight without leaving his place. If you never did you can see one now, for here is one across the path."

"Pointing to an orange-colored spot in the middle of a web he suggested that I approach it and threaten it with a small twig which he handed me. The object looked like a huge drop of something of an intense orange hue in the middle of a curious web. If one will imagine a small, filmy hammock hanging perpendicularly he can form an idea of the web itself. I took the small stick, my eye intently fixed on the occupant of the web, and approached it. As I menaced it with my stick it seemed suddenly to become several diaphanous individuals lying one over another. Then the outlines became more and more indistinct until it swiftly faded entirely from view, while some small twigs at either side were agitated violently.

"Now, stand perfectly still for a few minutes and see it reappear," said the judge.

"I did so. The agitation of the twigs slowly subsided and my spider came into sight by a process the reverse of that by which he had melted into nothingness.

"Wait a bit until he has got over his alarm somewhat, then approach very carefully and examine it," was my friend's advice. I did so, getting

upon all fours to bring my eye to the level of the web. The spider, I found, had a rather bloated body. His long sprawling legs were so nearly transparent that I had not been able to see them at a distance, and they ended in large hooked claws by which he clung to the web. The latter was in length about three times its breadth, and was suspended by the upper corners from slender twigs on either side of the path, while the lower corners were braced by other threads, like the upper ones, to other twigs.

"Now, I threatened him again. At once he began to sway himself backward and forward violently until in a few minutes the web was in violent commotion. As the motion increased the impression on the eye changed so rapidly that the mind could make no note of it and finally the place where the spider had been seemed to have become vacant.

"That," said the judge, "is one of the curiosities of the Florida woods. The strange habit of this spider is his only protection against being gobbled up by birds. That very brightness of hue which attracts the insects on which he feeds also makes him conspicuous to the birds which feed upon him. He is obliged to hang his web in an exposed place, because the insects he catches—those he wishes to catch, I mean—do not frequent the thickets. When he sees a bird swooping down upon him he agitates his web and when the bird gets nearer the quarry has disappeared. It is his only defense, his sole means of protection."

The Hunt for Sea-Otters.....Chambers' Journal

At the recent fur-sales in London the fur of the sea-otter was quoted at an average of £56 (\$280) per skin. The animal, when it is alive and wearing the fur itself, is from three to five feet in length from nose to tail-tip, though the skin lying upon it in loose folds, the actual "pelt," is of a fair size. Still, sea-otter skins, at £56, while sealskins are worth from £3 to £6 (\$15 to \$30), cannot be considered economical wear. Ever since Behring, sailing from Russia, discovered Alaska, and found its natives clad in otter-skin, this fur has been the prime object of the pelt-hunters' desire. Sable, marten, mink, and even ermine can be trapped or shot without extraordinary trouble; seals are driven inland like fools to be slaughtered and skinned at their captors' leisure. But the sea-otter must be sought diligently as the diamond, for three centuries of experience have made him wise.

Upon the map of North America may be seen, jutting from the southern corner of Alaska—which is the northwest corner of the continent—Aliaska, a peninsula which breaks off into a chain of islands called the Aleutians. Just where the peninsula ends and the islands begin, a point may be noticed marked Belkovsky. This is the headquarters of the sea-otter hunters, and between here and Chernaboor Island to the south and Saanak Island to the southwest the bulk of the sea-otters are taken. Thoroughly impressed with the value of his own skin, the sea-otter takes care of it by living far away from the mainland, sleeping, with one eye open, upon the floating weed-beds or a sea-washed reef exposed to the full fury of the North Pacific. At the slightest sign of the approach of man he dives

deep, and stays below for twenty minutes at a time. Sometimes a stray otter may be shot from the land as he plays in the surf; but the chief methods of his capture are "the surround" and clubbing. In the former case a party of Aleutian islanders are conveyed to Saanak, there to encamp for two or three months. Woe to the hunters if the wind be off the shore, for then no fire may be lit to make the beloved tea, no pipe of tobacco smoked, or the hope of a capture would be vain. For the otter is all eyes and ears and nose when alive; all fur when dead. Upon a calm day the hunters paddle gently over the sea in their skin canoes, keeping an eager eye upon the rolling surf for a sign of the prey. A hunter sees an otter and makes a quiet signal to his mates; like a flash the quarry has dived. Raising his oar aloft, the man who found the otter remains as a buoy above the place of the animal's disappearance, while his mates form in a huge circle, with him for centre. In twenty minutes, at most, the otter comes up again in sight of some of the canoemen. A frightful yell drives the poor brute below again before he has had time to fill his lungs. Shortly he is again seen, and the process repeated, till at length his body is so gas-inflated that he cannot sink, and falls a prey to the lucky hunter whose spear first pierces that too, too rich coat of his. Luck varies, and the sea-otter is yearly rarer and more shy; but, if fortunate, each hunter may have from two to five skins for the traders as the result of his three months' catch.

To be a successful hunter requires a Spartan scorn of comfort, huge patience, keenness of vision, and readiness of resource, as well as great dexterity in the handling of a risky craft of the nature of a coracle, and an intimate knowledge of your quarry's habits which it requires a lifetime of observation under trying conditions to gain. "The surround," then, is no joke, but clubbing is next-door to suicide. The hunters encamped upon Saanak have been for a day or two prevented by a howling gale from doing anything save sleep or smoke. One or two of the men, knowing, seemingly by instinct, that the gale has almost blown itself out, prepare for a clubbing expedition. They also know that, much distressed by the weather, many sea-otters will be sleeping, with their heads buried in the sea-weed beds about the rocky, wind-swept islands of the Chernaboor group. To-morrow, the gale over, the otters will plunge again into the ocean. The hunters, therefore, lash their flowing waterproof garment to the edge of the well of their light canoe, and thus, like a Centaur of the sea, half-man, half-boat, they paddle out from the islands' shelter and are whirled away like straws before the blast. Should they, in the dark and turmoil, miss the islands some score of miles away, they are carried out into the ocean to certain death. If, on the other hand, they make their haven, they land and creep, club in hand, over the rocky coast to the ocean-swelled reef where the otters sleep. The roar of the gale drowns the sound of their approach, and the poor otter is a mere "pelt" before he knows of his danger. Scores of otters have been killed in one night by a club-man or two. But otter-clubbing is not a means of livelihood likely to become generally popular.

THE SKETCH BOOK : CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

An Incident of War.....From the French of Emile Richebourg

Wednesday morning, September 30, 1870, the Prussians having assured themselves that the greater part of the inhabitants had fled from Parmain, entered the village, determined, by making an example of it, to strike terror into the hearts of the neighboring people, who otherwise might be tempted to take up arms in defense of their homes and country.

Piling sheafs of wheat against several of the principal houses the soldiers set them on fire, and pressed on, until they came to the beautiful home of Monsieur Dembry.

The place was deserted, but doors were speedily burst open, and although beautifully furnished throughout and adorned with costly works of art, it was condemned to be burned.

While the soldiers were busy carrying off whatsoever they fancied to keep for themselves, the captain of the regiment, cigar in mouth, walked up and down the gardens, which on all sides gave evidence of the owner's love of flowers, surveying with much satisfaction the late bright blossoms in the flower-beds.

Presently, with a thrill of admiration, he stopped before a splendid group of dahlias, among which were varieties of every rare color and tint. A little farther were many splendid chrysanthemums, but he looked in vain for his favorite, "helichrysum," more generally known as "immortelles."

Now this Prussian captain was no mere amateur concerning flowers. On the contrary, he was a distinguished botanist and horticulturist from Hanover, where he himself owned magnificent estates. Moreover, at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, he had exhibited many specimens from his own gardens, and at that time there were to be seen in that part of the Champ de Mars reserved for the horticultural display, side by side with the exotics cultivated in France, all the beauties of the Hanoverian flora, conspicuous among the latter being a unique display of "helichrysum," or "immortelles."

These carried off the gold medal.

With a sigh of regret the captain turned from the garden beauties and entered the conservatories.

At first nothing was to be seen but a marvelous collection of "cacti," but soon, as he moved on, he uttered an ejaculation of intense astonishment, for there, right before him, was a collection of "helichrysum" of every rare color and hue, even still more beautiful than those of his own famous exhibit in 1867.

In that French conservatory so far from Hanover he saw again the much-prized flowers which he had fondly imagined were to be found only in his own greenhouses. But his astonishment even redoubled when, on a rustic table nearby, he found a complete German catalogue of his own estates! And on the first page of which, written in his own handwriting, he read:

"Presented to M. ———, French horticulturist. A souvenir of the Paris Exhibition of 1867."

Then he suddenly recalled the incident of presenting his own catalogue to a French exhibitor of

chrysanthemums, and to whom he had taken a great liking.

Most singular and happy discovery!

Hastening from the conservatories he sternly commanded his thieving men not to touch another article, and to the mystified officers he said:

"I know the owner of this castle, and his chief gardener is a friend and fellow-exhibitor of my own. I positively prohibit any further damage to this property."

Many articles which had already been carried off he ordered returned to their places. And during the burning of surrounding houses he made his own Hanoverian soldiers guard the property of M. Dembry.

Further, during the following three weeks he saw that his own men cared, not only for the choice flowers, but also that they kept the gardens and conservatories in good condition.

Before leaving the town, on all walls and fences of M. Dembry's property, he caused to be printed in red paint:

"Protected from pillage."

And the Prussians who came after carefully respected the property.

When the family returned great indeed was their surprise to find the estate had been spared the general destruction. But it was not until later, during the evil days of the Commune, when the Hanoverian regiment once more occupied Parmain, that they learned the truth.

Then the Prussian captain paid M. Dembry a call, complimented him on the richness of his conservatories, spoke of the German catalogue left on the rustic table, and told how the beautiful "immortelles" had saved his castle from pillage and the torch.

Experience in a War Balloon.....P. J. Delaney.....New York World

The balloon rose about as fast as a cable car runs, and for the first twenty or thirty feet in the run we did not hear a shot. The bag was drifting well over the water when we heard the first "ping! ping!" of the Mauser bullets across the side of the basket and against the bag. When the bullets came singly it sounded as if they were striking against a stone wall.

A few holes in the balloon did no damage, and we kept on rising, though it was a sure thing that we were in for trouble. We knew that the Spanish firing line was within 1,500 feet, and that they had the range on us.

A thousand feet below I saw a Spanish sharpshooter drop out of a tree once in a while, and I could tell by the way that he dropped that his fall was no accident. He was knocked out; that was a sure thing. Then I could see the Spaniards crawl through the tall grass to their intrenchments.

The aeronaut, "Bud," was quietly sailing the balloon, moving a lever now and then to change the rise or fall, and he and I were carrying on a quiet talk. I looked over the basket and as I did so remarked:

"'Bud,' there drops another dago from a tree;"

and "Bud" answered, "Say, that fall was easy to the one we will get."

Well, the balloon was probably to its full height—1,500 feet—and I was pushing away on the ticker when trouble began. It seemed as if the Spaniards had turned all their guns upon us. The noise of those Mausers against the bag was like forty hod-carriers falling down ladders with their hods.

The aeronaut crouched down in the basket, hanging on to his lever, while Lieutenant McNorn stood at his place, glass in hand, and kept on writing dispatches. The bullets were flying like hailstones by the basket and into the bag, and striking it in a storm.

Nobody was rattled. We kept right on playing ball. I expected that the big bag would be ripped in a thousand pieces, and that it would fall like a lot of bricks. Instead of that we began to gradually descend. The balloon was being plunked full of holes, but very little gas was escaping.

The rain of bullets never let up for a second. "Bud" had just asked me if I wasn't getting a little nervous when he yelled: "My God, they've got me!"

He dropped over to the bottom of the basket with two wounds, one in his left groin and the other in his left foot. I noticed two holes in the basket as he dropped the lever. I had just been wondering who the first man would be. The lieutenant looked around and asked how badly the aeronaut was hurt. Then he said:

"Now, I have got to stand here and watch out, and if 'Bud' gets so bad that he can't handle the lever you do his work and your own, too." Then he wrote on a sheet of paper from his note-book:

"Bountiful. McNORN."

This message meant "One man shot."

But the rain of bullets was doubled, probably because the Spaniards saw they were getting the best of us. I couldn't understand why the balloon did not fall like a dead weight until I was told later that the holes closed up almost as fast as the bullets came through. There was now enough gas escaping to cause the balloon to drop faster.

The basket was swaying from side to side as the balloon shifted. The outlook was very "leery," for I expected every minute that the balloon would rip, and there was nothing below us but water.

Lieutenant McNorn was as cool as ice. He had just written a dispatch and handed it to me when he was hit. He was standing close to the edge of the basket. The basket had taken a sudden turn when he fell with head across the edge of the basket and a bullet in his right side.

Then followed the hottest ten minutes of my life. I caught the lieutenant with one arm and drew him back into the basket, which was swinging so that it was a guess whether we wouldn't all be spilled out at the next turn.

With the other hand I telegraphed to my friend Considine at the other end:

"The lieutenant is hit. I am holding him up with one hand and wiring with the other. I don't know how badly he is off, but it looks like '30' with him."

It was a hard place for fair, and I was scared more over falling out of the basket than from the bullets that kept swarming. Considine wired back:

"Keep your nerve. The balloon is coming down easy, and we will stand by until it touches the land."

I was covered with the lieutenant's blood, and he was unconscious. The aeronaut was breathing, but could do nothing. With my free hand I again wired to Considine:

"Get the ambulance and the doctors. They have missed me, but the other men are unconscious."

I was told afterward that it was twelve minutes by the watch between the first message from the balloon and the landing. It seemed like twelve years. I stuck my head over the edge of the basket to see how the balloon was drifting, and I thought that there was a chance when I saw it turning to the land. For perhaps two minutes before the landing the shower of bullets let up.

Finally the basket grazed the beach and I climbed out. My feet were fairly on the ground when a sharpshooter's bullet struck my face under the left eye and covered my head with blood. It was a lucky shot, and pained me, but I knew that it was not serious.

The boys ran up and carried the lieutenant and aeronaut from the basket, and I turned around in time to see the big balloon collapse slowly to the ground.

His Dual Life.....Black and White (London)

As a matter of fact, nobody knew that he lived a dual life at all; and it may indeed be doubted whether "life" is the word to use, seeing that his most splendid experiences always came to him in sleep, and sleep is first cousin to death. But his sleeping life and his waking life were as different as chalk from cheese, the latter being for the most part a mud-colored and dreary procession of days, dominated over by Mrs. Honeybag and devoted to the selling of poultry and eggs, while the former gave the real inner spirit of Mr. Honeybag its opportunity, as shall appear.

His existence was mostly spent behind a marble counter, and the principal scenery of his business hours was that incidental to the occupation of a poulterer and buttermilk. In his window stood a gilded cow and calf, the latter nearly as large as that famous image which caused so much annoyance to Moses in the days of the Exodus. Upon either side stood artificial vegetation in pots; then came pats of butter, eggs in baskets of dry moss, and rows of fowls and ducks. Now your fowl, as it appears on the marble slab of a poulterer's morgue, presents perhaps the most desolate and unlovely example of still-life to be found in nature. Death is often beautiful enough, no doubt, but never in the case of domestic poultry; for convention requires that the victim shall be plucked, save for his neck, trussed, drawn, frizzled, and otherwise mutilated and Spanish Inquisitioned, which outrages upon the lifeless clay produce a corpse so utterly unlovely, bizarre, grotesque and uncomfortable to every finer sense of humanity, that it is difficult to imagine any sort of wholesome inspiration drawn from such a spectacle.

Yet Mr. Honeybag lived in this atmosphere, though the vast difference between his actual life and the dream existence that usually began for him

when his head touched the pillow, had struck his own attention more than once and presented him with problems quite beyond his power to solve—"How a hogenous row of plucked poultry, with their livers under their wings; how butter in barrels and heggs of various ages with other such like products can act upon the heye of the mind, is more than I am able to say," Honeybag once confessed to me, "but there it is, and the more dreary are the days, the more remarkably splendid are the nights. Nobody never dreamed like what I do, unless it was Bible characters, who certainly did great things in that line; but even Solomon in all his glory never had proper days than I have nights. You never see anything like it off the music-hall stage. It's drama, that's what my nights is—pure melodrama." I asked Honeybag how he accounted for this surprising faculty, and from what bygone ancestor he derived his remarkable gift. He replied that, seeing his father had been a house-painter and his mother the daughter of a milkman, he found no reason to assume the gift could be traced back to either side of his family. He said:

"It's more what you eat, I think; I've thought about it a lot, and I've proved as clear as can be that sausages mean splendor most times. A sausage, more especially if its took late and eat cold, throws you in a bit of a perspiration—generally between two and three of a morning; and then you'll get dreams of gorgeous palaces, and fountains, and flunkeys, and hupholstery, and gold furniture. A green salad I've known to produce wonderful dreams; but if you wants to find yourself a king or a big bug with nations and armies under your command, and people bowing and scraping and wantin' of you to walk on their bodies, there's nothing like good, strong, homely cheese—and plenty of it. You can always get a line as to what you'll dream at supper, and you often know to a 't' just how it'll turn out."

Mr. Honeybag interested me, and I called upon him occasionally in order that he might regale me with his opulent visions of regal power and aulic splendor. A theatre seemed to light up in his brain as he lost consciousness, and within his imaginary world he forgot the sordid circumstances of the day, doffed his shiny black coat and apron for a king's purple or a warrior's crimson, moved through vast spaces, became a power, listened to the voices of nations, played a potentate's part on the shadowy stage of dreamland.

"A curious vision last night," he said to me once, while he pensively patted butter with a wooden spoon. "I was commanding of a squadron of battleships, and we hanchored off this port to blow the place out of the water. I was a Lord High Admiral in navy blue with a jeweler's shop a-gleaming on my left breast; and I runned up a signal to the fleet: 'Blow this here town to Hades, but spare Honeybag's poultry shop—No. 13 Union street.' And they done it. The guns roared, and the air was white with clouds of smoke, and all the awful circumstances of war went on for a bit. Then the smoke rolled away, and there was the town, laid so flat as a pack of cards spread on a table; but my shop was left standing, like an oasis in the desert. Then the fleet gave me three cheers, and my wife

kicked me, as she often does, being an uneasy sleeper, and I waked up, my heart heaving with nautical pride."

I fancy Honeybag's wife often broke into his most splendid visions. Indeed, he confessed to me that some untimely act of hers had not seldom come between him and the capture of kingdoms, the extermination of tyrants, the slaughter of Bengal tigers and African lions, with other splendid achievements.

Once I called on Honeybag, and found him more than commonly cheerful.

"Extraordinary vision last night, sir. I found myself a prince of the blood, and heir to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. I was just being married to a princess of dazzling appearance in St. Paul's Cathedral, when Mrs. Honeybag comed corvetting and blustering up the aisle, same as she might have done in real life. And the bishop says: 'Who's this pusson?' And I says: 'Blime me if I know her from Eve.' And he says: 'Take her in the organ loft and hang her!' And they done it while we waited! Then they went on with the ceremony, as if nothing had happened—that real and convincing, too. I went to sleep on a hempty stomach last night, and I'm going to do the same again to-morrow. It's good enough, I tell you. Hush! She's a-coming!"

Mr. Dooley's Dilemma Chicago Journal

"I know what I'd do if I was Mack," said Mr. Hennessy. "I'd hist a flag over th' Ph'lippeens, an' I'd take in th' whole lot iv thim."

"An' yet," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis not more thin two months since ye larned whether they were isl-ands or canned goods. I've been r-readin' about th' counthry, full iv goold an' precious stones, where th' people can pick dinner off th' threes, an' ar-re starvin' because they have no step-ladders. Th' inhabitants is mostly naygurs an' Chinnymen, peaceful, industhrus an' law-abidin', but savage an' bloodthirsty in their methods. They wear no clothes except what they have on, an' each woman has five husbands an' each man has five wives. Th' r-rest goes into th' discard, th' same as here. Th' islands has been ownded be Spain since before th' fire; an' she's threatad thim so well they're now up in ar-rms again her, except a majority iv thim which is thurly loyal.

"Th' natives seldom fight among themselves, but whin they get mad at wan another they r-run-a-muck. Whin a man r-runs-a-muck, sometimes they hang him an' sometimes they discharge him an' hire a new motorman. Th' women ar-re beautiful, with languishin' black eyes, an' they smoke see-gars, but ar-re hurried an' incomplete in their dhress. I see a pitcher iv' wan th' other day with nawthin' on her but a basket of cocoanuts an' a hoopskirt. They're no prudes. We import juke, hemp, cigar wrappers, sugar an' fairy tales fr'm th' Ph'lippeens, an' export six-inch shells an' th' like. I larned all this fr'm th' papers, an' I know 'tis sthaight. An' yet, Hin-nissy, I dinnaw what to do about th' Ph'lippeens. An' I'm all alone in th' wurruld. Ivrybody else has made up his mind."

"Hang on to thim," said Mr. Hennessy, stoutly. "What we've got we must hold."

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

The Wreck of the Hesperus.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm;
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
Was his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Old Books are Best.....Beverly Chew

Old books are best! With what delight
Does "Faithorne fecit" greet our sight
On frontispiece or title-page
Of that old time, when on the stage
"Sweet Nell" set "Rowley's" heart alight!

And you, O Friend, to whom I write,
Must not deny, e'en though you might,
Through fear of modern pirates' rage,
Old books are best.

What though the prints be not so bright,
The paper dark, the binding slight,
Our author, be he dull or sage,
Returning from a distant age
So lives again. We say of right:
Old books are best.

Jennie Kissed Me.....Leigh Hunt

Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in—
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jennie kissed me!

My Aunt.....*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone.
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why did she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit calvacade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her now happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

The Cloud.....*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;

And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees;
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million colored bow;
The sphere fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA*

—The earlier editions of Webster's Dictionary contained a verb "to Jew," and defined it "to cheat," "to play with," etc. At the request of a number of influential Israelites, the word was eliminated from the book. As a matter of fact, however, the word had no connection with or reference to the followers of the Mosaic faith. It was derived from the French "jeu" and "jouir," which means "to play with," "to cheat," etc., but its orthography had become corrupted to "jew." It did not appear in subsequent editions of the work.

—At present it is estimated there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment, the level of the water would not drop one single inch.

—It was 300 years ago, in Florence, that the first grand opera was produced.

—Tumblers resembling in shape and dimensions those employed to-day have been found in great numbers in Pompeii. They were made of gold, silver, glass, marble, agate and of precious stones.

—The microphone is being utilized for the education of deaf mutes, and such persons can actually hear sounds proceeding from the microphonograph, and soon learn to utter them. It appears to be an efficacious method, even with persons who have passed middle life.

—By a system of numeral type, invented by Rev. W. H. Murray, of Pekin, originally a Scotch workman, the blind people of China are now taught to read and write in less than three months, and this in spite of the fact that there are 408 distinct sounds in the Chinese language. By a special adaptation of this system the blind are now actually teaching sighted pupils to read.

—A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die, and are succeeded by new ones every day. At this rate we get an entirely new brain every sixty days.

—The Paris Figaro says that the word "Sirdar," which has been so frequently used since the exploits of Lord Kitchener, is a contraction of the Arabic words, "Sayer ed Dar"; that Sayer means inspector or watcher, and Dar means palace—ergo, "inspector of the palace." Webster's International Dictionary, however, says that "Sirdar" comes from the Persian "Sardar"; "sar," the head, top, and "dar," holding, possessing—hence, a chief or general.

—A club exists in Vienna the members of which are pledged to marry a poor girl. If, by chance or design, a member marries a rich girl, he is fined £400, which sum is bestowed on some respectable but impecunious couple engaged to be married.

—A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Here is the place for the purity party and scaremongers who are forever hor-

rifying the public with the dismal fear of microbes. They would have to take their supply with them, most of which are useful to man. It is pleasing to observe that the microbe does not give himself lofty airs, but, as a fellow-creature, comes down to our level and dwells cheerily in our midst.

—The Chinese Government does all in its power to check the opium habit, the punishments common in the Chinese army for this habit being extreme. For the first offense a man may have his upper lip cut; for the second he may be decapitated. For the last sixty years on an average half a ton of opium has been sent to China from India every hour.

—The famous old city of Ghent, Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands, which are connected with one another by eighty bridges. Three hundred streets and thirty public squares are contained in these islands. Ghent is famous because Charles V. and John of Gaunt were born there. It has been the scene of many treaties, insurrections and revolts, and it was there the treaty was made terminating the War of 1812 between this country and England.

—According to a report made to Congress last year twenty-four per cent. of the petty officers and thirty-three per cent. of the enlisted men in the navy of the United States were of foreign birth, and some of them had never taken out their naturalization papers. The percentage of foreign-born officers is very small, a fraction of one per cent., and every officer in the service is a citizen.

—Recent observations among Indians show that in South America, as well as in North America, the red woman lives longer than the red man. But the average duration of life is only seventeen years for both sexes in the South, and twenty-two per cent. of the Indians die during the first year of life.

—Japan's largest and most formidable man-of-war is the Fuji, named after the highest mountain in Japan, having a tonnage of 12,649, which figures represent the exact height of the mountain in feet.

—The United States Department of Agriculture has, by experiments, found that the force of a growing pumpkin was sufficient to lift two and one-half tons, provided the weight is so placed as not to interfere with the growth or natural development of the vegetable. In London a paving stone which weighed five hundred pounds, and which was wedged in on all sides by other stones, was lifted up by a mushroom. The growth of a big gum tree at Cinerias, Honduras, moved the walls of a concrete church three feet in thickness eighteen inches in seventeen years.

—Recent investigations have shown that the principal source of the Gulf Stream is not the Florida channel, but the region between and beside the islands of the West Indies. At Binioni the volume of this warm water is sixty times as great as the combined volume of all the rivers in the world at their mouths.

—The longest canal in the world is the Erie in New York, extending from Albany to Buffalo, a distance of 381 miles. The cost of construction was \$52,540,800.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Miniature Railways.....Tid-Bits

There is always a certain amount of fascination about railways, and is there anything more wonderful than the steam engine, which has now proved itself capable of ascending our highest mountains as well as traversing the level ground at express speed? Railway enthusiasts could be numbered by thousands, and quite an army of individuals possess remarkable toy railways, while there are a few wealthy persons who can boast of some wonderful ingenious Liliputian railways, built on precisely the same lines as the ordinary railway, and which are not only capable of traveling at a fair pace, but in some cases can even carry passengers.

One of the most remarkable, perhaps, of these miniature railways is that owned by a wealthy American gentleman, Mr. J. H. Shriver, who has constructed a wonderful little railway in his own private grounds in Denver, Col. It is circular in shape, and has a total length of close on 400 feet, with a gauge of eight and three-quarters inches. The engine, which was made entirely by its owner, has a cylinder of one and one-half inches in diameter, while the driving wheel has a diameter of eight inches. Its little water tank is capable of storing six gallons of water, and the boiler pressure is registered as 150 pounds to 175 pounds.

This tiny engine has proved itself capable of drawing eight carriages, which constitute a full train. Six of these carriages are forty-two inches long and fourteen inches wide, and provide seating accommodation for two passengers, while the remaining two are fifty-two inches long, and are capable of seating three passengers. Twelve or fourteen passengers is generally the number carried, but as many as eighteen have been carried at one time.

Mr. Shriver, who "runs" the railway, acting as director, manager, ticket-collector, and engine-driver, occupies a kneeling position in the first car behind the tender, from where he can easily control his little engine. On fine days Mr. Shriver is often to be seen attending to his Liliputian railway, and he has never any trouble in getting his train full of passengers.

Another interesting miniature railway deserving of passing reference is that owned by the Rev. H. L. Warneford, of Windsor, who has erected in his garden a railway track 100 feet in length, with a gauge of two and five-eighths inches. It is called The Chicago and Jericho Railway, and the little engine is a correct model of the Great Northern type. Unlike that owned by Mr. Shriver, it does not carry passengers, but draws two or three carriages along the little line at a fair pace, the motive power being methylated spirits.

The line runs through some interesting "country"—if we may be allowed to use that word—crossing no fewer than five bridges, negotiating a "long" tunnel, and also a deep cutting, over which is the conventional foot-bridge for passengers. Jericho Station, which is two feet six inches in length, can boast of waiting-rooms and a ticket office. The signal arrangements, too, are perfect, there being an admirably-equipped signal cabin

containing six levers, which work automatically. Along the line the usual railway notices are to be seen. For instance, close to the foot-bridge you read, "Passengers are requested not to cross the line except by the foot-bridge," while at the level crossing appears the warning, "Beware of the trains," and at the entrance to the tunnel is the intimation to the engine-driver to "reduce speed."

But what is undoubtedly the most costly and most complete of miniature railways is that belonging to a Manchester gentleman, Mr. Percy H. S. Leigh. The gauge in this case is six inches, and the track has a total length of 270 feet. There are two stations, as well as a goods station, and a fully equipped signal system. The engine and tender has a total measurement of five feet, and is a model of those of the London and Northwestern Railway, and was built at a cost of about £300. Three carriages and the conventional guard's van constitute a full train. The first carriage is "first-class," and is fitted up accordingly.

Then there is a goods train, which consists of ten trucks and vans and a guard's brake-van. The speed obtained on this Liliputian railway, which is run in a specially-constructed room adjoining the owner's private residence, is about six or seven miles an hour, and is unquestionably one of the most complete miniature railway systems in existence.

Flagmaking for the Navy.....Scientific American

In the Equipment Building at the New York Navy Yard there is a large manufactory where most of the flags of our navy are made. A large vessel carries forty American flags, and a smaller vessel almost as many. This does not include the fleet and international signal flags and the flags of other countries. There are three rooms in the Equipment Building which are given up to flag-making. One of these is very large, and the others at either end are much smaller. There are sewing machines, scissors, pincushions and flat-irons scattered around, so that the place does not look unlike a patriotic dressmaker's establishment. The flags are all made by women, though a few men help to cut out the stars and do the finishing. The wind and weather destroy flags so fast, and new vessels are put into commission so rapidly, that it is necessary to employ a number of people even in time of peace. The working hours, during the present war, were extended from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the evening. In one week eighteen hundred flags were made at the flag department, and this was when the rush of work was about over. The women cut all the square flags and the devices for them. The men cut the stars and bias pennants, and put on the finishing touches and the heading through which the rope runs. They also put in the rope and stencil the flag with the size and nationality. There is a pattern for every flag, and the patterns are put away in paper bags when not in use. There are forty-four flags in a set of general signals used in the navy. These are in three sizes, while the regular flag is made in nine sizes. The largest flag

measures thirty-six feet long, while the smallest is only thirty inches. Pennants are made up to seventy feet long. There are nineteen international signal flags and forty-three foreign flags, which are made at the navy yard. There are no specialists in the workroom, and the women make any flag which may be assigned them. Of course it is necessary to have the flag exactly the same on both sides, which makes the work very difficult, especially with foreign flags, where the devices are in much detail. It may be truly said that some of the flags are fancy work on a Gargantuan scale. Here are wonderful landscapes, with round-faced suns with halos coming up from behind gay-colored mountains over which run rainbows in four or five lines of outline or chain stitching, making a scene which would surprise an artist. Water must be indicated with some kind of embroidery stitch. Whole menageries of animals have to be represented on some flags. Flags of Costa Rica and San Salvador are considered the most difficult to make, says the *New York Times*, from which we glean our facts. The German flag is also considered difficult. The largest foreign flag is only twenty-five feet long. The largest-sized American flags are made of nineteen-inch bunting, and the narrow pennants are made of four and one-half-inch bunting, which comes on purpose for them. Each flag which is made is measured on the floor over the seams and sewed to insure the exact measurement. There are metal pieces let into the floor, and each one is marked for the different flags. It is an inspiring sight to see the manufacturing of these flags, and it seems curiously appropriate that women should be selected to make them. Preparing the colors for gallant warriors who go to fight seems to have always been an essentially feminine duty which has obtained from very early days. In the middle ages fair ladies embroidered the banners under which their knights fought, and although flag-making is now put on a business basis, it has been the work of the women in the United States since the first flag of the country was made down to the present day.

Yellow Fever.....Philadelphia Times

Some authorities contend that yellow fever first made its appearance among the soldiers of Columbus in San Domingo in the year 1495. Certainly nothing was known of the disease before this period. But the first authentic account we have of an epidemic is of the one which occurred in the Island of Barbadoes in 1647. Since then innumerable epidemics have ravaged the cities of North America, Mexico, Central and South America, and even Europe. It was at the time of the Napoleonic wars that the most extensive epidemics occurred. In 1800 Cadiz was visited by this scourge, and out of a population of 57,000, 48,000 persons were attacked, 8,000 dying in a few months. One of the most extensive epidemics to visit the United States occurred in the summer of 1853. It extended throughout all the Southern States and on the Atlantic coast as far north as Rhode Island. Again in 1878 this country was ravaged by another widespread epidemic. One hundred and twenty-five thousand persons were stricken, over 20,000 dying of the disease.

The yellow fever germ, which yet remains to be discovered, may be carried long distances and preserves its vitality for several months. An instance of the transmissibility of this disease occurred in 1800. A native of Cadiz, fleeing from this infected city, went to his villa in Medina Sidonia and died of yellow fever on his arrival. The house was immediately closed, and during the following year the articles of clothing and furniture were sold to a junk dealer. He died within a few days of yellow fever, and an epidemic followed in that locality directly traced to this one case.

The epidemic in Philadelphia in 1741 was also traced to an infected trunk which had belonged to a Mr. James Bingham, who had died in Barbadoes of this disease, and whose luggage had been returned to his family in Philadelphia.

Dr. Finlay, of Havana, claims that mosquitoes may carry the disease to a healthy person after biting a yellow fever patient, but this assertion is not borne out by proofs. Individuals of all ages and races are attacked. The negro is not so susceptible as the white, but he does not enjoy complete immunity. At one time it was supposed that creoles or the native born population enjoyed immunity, but Dr. Guiteras has conclusively shown by his careful studies of the mortuary statistics of Havana and Matanzas that there is an enormous increase in the infant mortality in these cities when yellow fever is prevalent, proving conclusively that the apparent immunity enjoyed by creoles is due to the fact that most of them have had the disease during infancy, and he believes that "the foci of endemicity (or existence of yellow fever in a locality) are maintained by the creole infant population."

When severe epidemics exist even the creoles die in numbers. On the other hand, one attack, as a rule, seems to render the person immune for life, although this immunity may be lost, by prolonged residence in northern climates. It is a disease of the hot season (June, July and August), and one or two frosts will usually arrest an epidemic, although it may reappear on the return of warm weather.

Ice Crushing-Boats in Russia.....New York Evening Post

The Czar of Russia has stolen a march upon the other great European powers which watch his operations in the far East with such close and jealous attention. Vladivostock, the "Mistress of the East," which heretofore has been bound in icy chains for nearly half of every year, will for the future be an open port in winter as well as summer. One ice-crusher has been built and others more powerful are building, the plans upon which they are constructed being closely modeled on those of the great ice-crushers which ply the Straits of Mackinac every winter. The ice-crusher Nadeshuy has been recently built at Copenhagen and another and more powerful vessel of the same general type is now building on the Clyde. The Nadeshuy is 280 feet long, 43-foot beam, of 1,500 tons displacement, and has an indicated horse-power of 3,000. She is very solidly built, sheathed with steel plate, and by an ingenious arrangement of water-ballast steel tanks can be given a draft of 22 feet aft and but 9 feet forward, though calculated to run with 13 feet forward and 18 feet aft.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS

In the Wrong Place.—A characteristic story of General Scott is told in connection with the sword presented to him by the State of Louisiana, through the Legislature, at the close of the Mexican War.

He was accosted by a man who said, "General Scott, I had the honor of doing most of the work on the sword presented to you by the State of Louisiana. I should like to ask if it was just as you would have chosen."

"It's a very fine sword, sir, a very fine sword, indeed," said the general. "I am proud to have it. There is only one thing I should have preferred different. The inscription should have been on the blade, sir. The scabbard may be taken from us, but the sword, never!"

Ingersoll and Phillips Brooks.—At one time when the late Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness so severe that many of his friends were not allowed to see him, Robert Ingersoll called upon the bishop, who came downstairs to see him. "Why," said Ingersoll, with surprise, "how is it that you honor me by seeing me when you have refused your friends?" "Well, you see," slowly replied the dear bishop, "I knew I should see my friends in the next world, but thought that this might be my last chance of seeing you."

"Art."—A farmer from the far West one day visited the Cincinnati Museum of Art, accompanied by the hackman who was taking him around the city to see the sights. The hackman, with all the volubility of his tribe, volunteered explanations of the different objects in the Sculpture Hall. After pointing out every object as a "Venus" that could conveniently be called so, he summed up the situation in these words: "Now, you see, most nearly everything 'ere has snakes on it," and then impressively, "that's art."

He Was Careful.—A good many years ago I, with many others, was waiting in a certain post-office for the mail to be distributed. One of the group spoke of the dreadful disease of small-pox in a certain family in Newport. "How do you know, John, that those people have it?" "Oh, I get letters from them; awful disease." "But do you know, John, that there is danger in getting letters from such sources? There is danger of contagion; you should be very careful." "Gad, man, I take good care of that; I never answer any of them."

Why He Failed.—There were once a Congregationalist preacher and a Methodist preacher who were holding revival services at the same time in the same town. The Methodist was having pretty good success, while the Congregationalist was not. They met one day and the Congregationalist asked: "Brother, how is it that you have such good success winning souls and bringing them into the church, while I do not make any headway at all?" "Oh," the Methodist preacher replied, "that is all plain enough. I will tell you how it is: When you get up to preach you have your sermon all written out,

and the devil stands behind you looking over your shoulder, and reads what you are going to say before you say it, and uses his influence over the congregation to harden their hearts to what is coming; but when I get up to preach I have neither manuscript nor notes, and I don't know, or the devil himself don't know, what I am going to talk about."

Unimaginative.—Michael Burke was an erratic son of Erin, whom an adverse fate had cast into a Prohibition town of Maine. There he found a fellow-countryman, Patrick Duffy by name, who, if common report did him no wrong, was not unskillful in evading the sumptuary laws.

One day Duffy was brought before the local court on a charge of transgressing the Prohibition law, and the unwilling Burke was dragged along as a witness. Mr. Burke's memory seemed to have failed him, and the prosecuting attorney, despite a lengthy cross-examination, could get from Michael nothing that would incriminate his friend Duffy. Finally the baffled attorney: "Now, Mr. Burke, will you please state to the jury, unreservedly and unequivocally, all that you know of this case?" Mr. Burke: "Well, gintlemin, it was this way: I was comin' ddown the hill on the night you spake of, and I saw two min rollin' a big barrel into Mr. Duffy's yaard. One ind of the barrel was marked 'XXX Whiskey' and the other ind, 'Patrick Duffy,' but whether XXX Whiskey or Patrick Duffy was in the barrel is more than I can say."

A Question of Privilege.—Some years ago the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke was the rector of St. George's Parish, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Mr. Uniacke was a tall, distinguished looking man, very dignified and with a rather pompous manner. He was, however, a kind-hearted man, very generous to the poor, and greatly beloved by his parishioners. One morning a couple of colored people came to him to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The groom was a big six-foot darkey, and the bride almost as tall and almost as black as the ace of spades, and was, moreover, the possessor of a lower lip on which a five o'clock teapot could be placed without tipping over. At the close of the ceremony the groom grabbed his bride and was about to kiss her, when she gave him a vigorous push and angrily exclaimed, "Go 'way, niggah; minister fust." Mr. Uniacke declined the invitation, I think, on the ground that it would not do to interfere with the groom's prerogative.

The Quartermaster.—The Third Alabama Infantry is a negro regiment with white officers, and the negro's ideas of military life and regulations are very startling at times.

The other day Adjutant ——— was approached by one of the privates with "Lieutenant, lend me a qua'tah, please, suh."

Before the officer could answer another private standing close by broke in, "You fool niggah, dat's de adjant. Go to Lieutenant ———. He's de quahtahmaster."

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS*

—Apparently the only way to get the Maria Teresa into American waters is to annex Cat Island.

—Papa—See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect, try as he may, no man could spin that web? Johnny—What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?

—“Why, grandpa, you used to say that you killed six Indians with one shot; then you cut it down to five; now you say it was four.” “Well, well, my child. I suppose that’s because my memory’s failin’ a little every year.”

—Lady (to servant)—Well, Mary, is your sister married yet? Mary—No, mum. Lady—How’s that? I thought she was to have been married last week. Mary—Yes, mum, so she was; but her young man, instead of buying the furniture, bought a bicycle.

—Visitor (in jail, to prisoner)—What are you here for? Prisoner—For stealing. Visitor—What did you steal? Prisoner—I stole a girl’s affections. Visitor—Well, that is no refraction of the law. Prisoner—H—m, I carried ’em off with her father’s horse and cart.

—Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes and hair such as a goddess might envy. Servant—Really, sir, I don’t know— Voice (from head of stairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I’ll be down in a minute.

—Ethel—You say he was wounded before Santiago? Jack—Yes; two months before. The President refused him a commission as major-general, you know.

—Mrs. Youngwife—Mary, don’t you put acid in the water when you wash the clothes? Mary—Oh, yes’m; but don’t worry—me hands is used to it.

—“Speaking of women with saving dispositions,” said Dixmyth, “my wife’s in a class all by herself.” “How so?” queried his friend Hojax. “Last week I bought an upright piano,” replied Dixmyth, “and my wife made a beautiful green plush cover for it, so the polish wouldn’t get scratched. Yesterday she made another cover of linen to go over the plush to prevent that from getting soiled. Next week I suppose she’ll make a calico cover to protect the linen. Oh, I tell you, women have great big fertile minds.”

—She—Do you think there is any such thing as retributive justice upon this earth? He—Oh, yes, I’m sure of it. A man who once endeavored to kick me out of his office for asking him to let me have his daughter struck the door casing, broke his knee cap, and has been a cripple ever since. What’s more, his daughter is getting to be an old maid.

—The Rev. Dr. Howley—My dear sir, I am a minister of the Gospel, and, as I intend preaching

a sermon against the stage, I thought I would ask you for a ticket of admission to your show, in order that I might see for myself the extent of this great immorality. Manager (to ticket seller)—Charlie, give the doctor a seat in the orchestra and charge it to advertising.

—“What does the weather man mean when he says it will be ‘partly cloudy’?” “Well, if it’s cloudy part of the day and clear the rest of the day, or if it is not exactly cloudy, but merely hazy, or if it is cloudy in one part of the country and clear in other parts, he hits it—don’t you see?”

—Two Irishmen were going over a bridge and saw the following notice: “Any person saving a life will get 20s., and for a dead body 10s.” Said Pat to Mick: “We ought to make some money out of this. You fall in and I’ll pull you out.” “All right,” said Mick, and he dropped over the bridge. Pat, after trying three or four times to get Mick out, was arrested by a voice from the water calling out: “Bedad, if you don’t look sharp we shall only get 10s.”

—“Ye’re not goin’ into that public house, are ye, Tim?” “Sure Oi am, ye’re riverince.” “Then do you know the devil is goin’ in wid you?” “Faith, thin, he’ll have to pay for his own drink, for Oi’ve only got the price of wan.”

—An old Scotch grave-digger was remonstrated with one day at a funeral for making a serious overcharge for digging a grave. “Well, ye see, sir,” said the old man in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, “him and me had a bit o’ a tift twa or three years syne owre a braw watch I selt him, an’ I never been able to get the money out o’ him yet. ‘Now,’ says I to myself, ‘this is my last chance, and I’ll better tak’ it.’”

—“Auntie, has kitty got pins in her toes?” “I suppose so.” “Don’t you wish they were safety pins?”

—Neighbor—Did that artist who boarded with you paint your doors and windows? Farmer—He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures, I refused to let him do it.

—Mrs. Newma—Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler’s baby. It’s perfectly lovely! Such a delicate sweet little creature as it is. It’s a perfect cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels. Mr. Newma—Is it as nice as our baby? Mrs. Newma—Mercy! no, not half!

—“Dickie, what did you do with that dime I gave you for taking your quinine?” “Why, pa, I bought some lickerish with fi’ cents—an’ with fi’ cents I hired Tommy Budds to take th’ quinine.”

—“Do you find the cares of State fatiguing?” inquired the interviewer. “Fatiguing!” echoed Li Hung Chang. “I should say so. It keeps me busy seeing how many Russian roubles there are in an English pound, and then getting the result in Chinese taels so as to make sure who is offering the most money.”

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

An Indian Ghost Story.....F. H. Shrine.....National Magazine

"I returned to my little camp in the 'Jungipore' district of Bengal one evening worn out with a heavy tale of work and feeling even more homesick than usual. While sipping my brandy-pani—afternoon tea was then indulged in only by the fair sex, and whisky was regarded as a smoky fluid appreciated only by patriotic Scotchmen—I asked my native messenger whether there were any of my countrymen in those parts. I was enchanted to learn the existence of an indigo factory five miles away. Here was a relief to the barbarism and monotony of my daily life! In a few minutes my pony was saddled and I speeding northwards through fields of scarlet chillies relieved by the old gold of grain ripe for the sickle. Half an hour's canter brought me within view of an avenue of casuarinas—large piniform trees which in Bengal invariably bespeak the proximity of a European bungalow. Alas! the ruin which has fallen on a once great and flourishing industry too often produces a bitter disappointment. The giant pines still lift their heads heavenwards, but the sweet English home which once nestled in their shadow is often a heap of formless ruin, the haunt of the cobra and jackal. In this instance, however, no such disillusion awaited me, for I was greeted with the blessed vision of a white skirt in the verandah of the straggling creeper-covered house; and soon received a warm welcome from the fair chatelaine. She was a Frenchwoman on the sunny side of thirty, trim, 'petite,' and charmingly dressed, with a wealth of hair whose beauty was not obscured by the immense chignon then in vogue, and a pair of haunting hazel eyes. Soon afterwards her husband rode in from his daily task of superintending the cultivation of the capricious weed which makes or mars a planter's fortunes in a single season.

"There was no mistaking his nationality—a portly, bearded Gascon, whose volubility and love of gesture would have qualified him to pose as a model for M. Tartarin de Tarascon. We were soon deep in a discussion of the latest phases of the war which was desolating his country. Dinner came as an agreeable relief to the emotions evoked by a condemnation of the imbecility of French generals and the ruthlessness of the Man of Blood and Iron. Our hostess had listened to our eager debates with a well-bred semblance of interest, but she was evidently a prey to some grave preoccupation. Was it the woes of 'la belle France,' then writhing under the Teuton's heel? Evidently not; for I saw her lovely eyes fill with tears as she turned over the pages of a photographic album. Ten o'clock was struck on the factory gong, and I asked for my horse, but M. Gilbert would not hear of my returning to my lonely tent through the dedalian village paths, and told me that my bedroom would be ready before we had finished our second bottle of claret. Such was Indian hospitality before the influx of 'globe trotters' and the paralysis caused by inept legislation conspired to make it nearly impossible. Madame soon bade us good night; and an hour later I was inducted into my room and left to

woo a well-earned sleep. My courtship was of short duration, in spite of a rocky couch—for feather beds are unbearable in the Tropics, and spring mattresses were still in the bosom of futurity. I was wakened in the dead of night, and sat up, trembling with the terror which comes once or twice in a lifetime from the approach of the Unknown. A child's voice came from without. In tones of agony it shrieked, 'Mamma! "Ayah"! I sprang through the open French window into the flower garden. All was still, except the thump of my heart as I listened intently. It must have been a jackal, I thought; but, hark! again the wail rang out—'Mamma! "Ayah"! This time there was no mistake as to the direction. The sounds came from the indigo vats, an appurtenance of every factory. They are deep masonry cisterns, in which the green plant is immersed in order to extract the coloring matter. I ran down the avenue, climbed the party wall separating the row of vats, and peered into the dark recesses of each. All were empty, save one filled with clear water to serve as a reservoir for the garden; and it showed no sign of human life. Filled with creeping fear, I turned and walked slowly towards the house over ground on which the feathery foliage of the casuarinas seemed to be photographed by the moonlight.

"High above their mournful sough there came again the childish screams. I ran back to the vats, and searched each in vain. 'Shall I alarm the house?' I asked myself. The feeling that human intervention was useless restrained me, and I sought my bed, whereon I tossed till the morning sun pierced the Venetian blinds. It was very late, according to Anglo-Indian ideas, ere I joined my entertainers at breakfast. There was something in my appearance which showed that all had not gone well, for I was pressed with questions as to whether I had slept soundly. I admitted that I had not, and began to tell the strange episode of the night. Before the 'dénouement' was reached my hostess sank from her chair in a swoon. M. Gilbert, as he ran to her assistance, cast on me a glance of menace and reproach which I shall never forget. With the help of the servants he carried the poor creature to an adjoining bedroom, leaving me in mute amazement at the effect of my plain, unvarnished tale. After ten minutes or so he returned, and, striding up to me, said, in a voice trembling with fury, 'Well, sir, what am I to understand by this mystification?' 'What on earth do you mean?' 'Yes, sir, mystification; and permit me to observe that it is in execrable taste.' So saying M. Gilbert brought his pudgy fist down on the table with a thump that made the hot-water dishes sound a carillon. Shifting my position to a point within reach of the carving-knife, in view of active hostilities, I replied, 'Now, M. Gilbert, perhaps you will explain the meaning of such language to a guest.' There was something in my manner which impressed the unhappy man. He grew calmer, and asked anxiously whether I had really heard the voice in the dead of the night and whether I did not know the misfortune which had wrecked his life and was breaking

his wife's heart. I assured him, on my word of honor, that I had heard his name for the first time on the previous day. 'Sir,' he replied after a pause, 'our little boy was drowned a year ago in those vats.'

Houdin's Magic and the Arabs.....Household World

To witness Houdin's first performance in Algiers the neighboring tribes were invited. The theatre was speedily filled with them and the French officials who attended in all their pomp and glory. Interpreters were scattered through the house in order to repeat Houdin's remarks to the natives in their own language. With true Oriental dignity and gravity, the Arabs witnessed the first few tricks in stolid silence, but the taking of a huge cannon-ball from a borrowed hat aroused great excitement.

Then came the great tricks of the evening—especially prepared to astonish the Arabs.

"By a wonderful power which I possess," said Houdin, "I can deprive any man of his strength. I invite any one to prove my words."

On this being interpreted to the Arabs, a tall, strong man stepped forward on the stage. Houdin held in his hand a little iron box, and balancing it carelessly on his little finger, he asked the Arab:

"Are you strong?"

"Yes," replied the man carelessly.

"Are you sure of always remaining so?"

"Always."

"Lift that box."

The Arab did so, and asked contemptuously:

"Is that all?"

"Wait," said Houdin, making a solemn gesture.

"Now you are weaker than a woman. Try to lift that box again."

The Arab seized the handle and tugged again. He could not raise the box an inch from the floor. After many attempts, he paused for a moment to brace himself for a final effort. He seized the handle again, but shrieked aloud with pain, dropped on his knees, then rising, threw his cloak round his face to conceal his shame, and rushed from the theatre, leaving his compatriots stricken with fear.

The trick was as simple as the result was startling. The box was placed on a powerful electromagnet, and the current being complete, no man on earth could have lifted it. An electric shock, sent at a signal by Houdin from behind the stage, was what caused the Arab to shriek and hurriedly retreat.

Before the excitement caused by this trick had subsided, Houdin announced that he had a talisman which rendered him invulnerable, and he defied the best shot in Algiers to kill him.

A marabout immediately sprang on the stage, exclaiming: "I want to kill you."

Houdin handed him a pistol, which the Arab, examining, pronounced a good one.

"It is a good pistol, and I will kill you."

"Very well," said Houdin; "to make sure, put in a double charge of powder. Here's a wad. Take a bullet from this tray, and mark it so you will know it again. Ram it into the pistol well."

"It is done."

"Now," said Houdin, "you say the pistol is a good one, and you've loaded it well, so kill me."

"Yes," replied the marabout, "I will do that."

Houdin took a pear, stuck it on a knife, and walked a few paces in front of the Arab, and told him to aim at his heart. He fired, and the marked bullet was seen on the pear.

After the powder and wad were rammed home, and while the Arab was marking the bullet, Houdin slipped a little tube into the pistol. This tube was closed at the lower end, and into this the Arab dropped the bullet. As he thrust the wad down with the ramrod, the tube fitted snugly on to it, and was withdrawn with it, being polished to resemble it. Houdin thus got possession of the marked ball, and all was then plain sailing.

On one occasion, during his visit to Algiers, Houdin was placed in a very awkward position, from which he only extricated himself by his quick-wittedness. He was the guest of an Arab chief, Abou Allem, and entertained his host and friends by a few tricks. One of the company was a marabout, who asserted that the spectators in Algiers had been merely duped by a vision. Houdin, however, produced the marabout's watch in his hand, and on feeling his sash the marabout found there a five-franc piece. Convinced by this and other feats that Houdin was really a sorcerer, he challenged him to repeat his performance in the theatre, and produced two pistols. "You need not fear," said the Arab, "since you know how to ward off bullets."

Without losing his self-possession, Houdin explained that his invulnerability lay in a talisman which was with his possessions in Algiers. "By six hours prayer, however, I can do without that talisman, and at eight o'clock to-morrow morning you can fire at me."

At the appointed time there was a large concourse of Arabs, which the news had attracted. The pistols were brought and carefully examined. The marabout dropped in the powder, Houdin handed him a bullet from the tray, and he rammed it down. Houdin then loaded his own pistol, and walking about fifteen paces away, turned and faced the marabout.

The shot was fired, and the Frenchman opened his mouth and showed the bullet between his teeth.

"You could not kill me," he said, "and now you shall see what my shots can do."

He fired at the marabout, and immediately a red splash was seen on the whitewashed wall before which he was standing. The Arab was untouched; stepping up to the wall, he dipped his finger in the red splash, tasted it, and, realizing that it was blood, collapsed in amazement.

Though the trick was simple, only a Houdin could have devised and carried it out successfully. During the night he had melted some wax, blackened it to look like lead, and run it into a bullet-mould, thus obtaining a hollow globe of wax exactly resembling a bullet in appearance. It was with this bullet the marabout loaded his pistol, and in ramming it down crushed it to powder. A second bullet, similarly made, Houdin filled with blood obtained from his own body. This he dropped into his pistol, and rammed it down very gently, so as not to crush it. As it struck the wall it was broken, leaving a red splash of blood.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

It is stated that Count Leo Tolstoy has written a novel which will be published in the form of a supplement by a Russian illustrated paper, and that the count intends to devote the proceeds derived from the publication of this work to the assistance of several of his wards who are in need.

Mr. Ralph Disraeli will be best remembered as editor of Lord Beaconsfield's *Letters to His Sister*. He had not the literary talent of his famous brother, but having been "brought up in a library" he had a keen interest in literature, and could, if he cared, have added to *The Curiosities of Literature* published by his father. The Disraeli family is now represented by Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, M. P., who succeeded to the Hughenden estates of his uncle, Lord Beaconsfield.

Paul Sabatier has discovered the Latin original of *The Little Flowers of Saint Francis* in the works of Ugolino da Monte Giorgis. The text bears the date of 1322.

So great was Eugene Field's love of children, even the ragamuffins of the street, that he is said even to have kept his bride waiting at the church on their wedding day, while he settled a dispute over a game of marbles, down on his knees in the mud!

Miss Lillian Whiting, of Boston, is writing a life of Miss Kate Field. She was an intimate friend of Miss Field's, and has all her letters and papers.

There has been a very great demand for Dr. Busch's *Bismarck* in Paris and in Berlin. As the book is printed only in English and is published in London by the Messrs. Macmillan, this enterprising firm is doing a large continental business. We believe that a copy was bound especially for presentation to the German Emperor, but on reflection it was thought better not to send it.

Bookselling does not seem to have been a flourishing business in Cuba. While the Spaniards were in possession there was only one bookseller in Cuba who sold English and American books, though English newspapers and periodicals were more easily obtained. It is now stated that enterprising American firms are considering the prospects of the book trade in Cuba, with a view to starting business. English exporters might also keep their eye on Havana, once the Americans get it into order.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, being unmarried, should be particular amused to read the following story: "The other day, in an examination in logic, the victims were asked to give in technical language the character of various terms—i. e., to state whether they were abstract or concrete, general or singular, absolute or relative. One of the terms included in the question was 'Mr. Balfour.' 'Mr. Balfour,' said one of the examinees, 'is absolute if considered with reference to himself only, but relative if considered with reference to Mrs. Balfour.'"

Balzac's birthday, the 20th of next May, is his centenary, and is to be celebrated both at Paris and Tours. It is said that his long-forgotten play, *Marâtre*, will be performed at the Paris Odéon.

The first edition in England of Henry Seton Mer-

riman's *Roden's Corner* consisted of 25,000 copies. These figures do not, as is often the case, include the American edition.

A new bronze statue of Burns has just been erected at Leith by the local Burns Club. Mr. Munro Ferguson, M. P., who performed the ceremony of unveiling, described Burns as the greatest of Scotsmen.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the English writer, is improving in health, and is now staying at Sandgate, in Kent, where he will probably take up his residence. The "*Mercure de France*" is about to begin publishing a translation of Mr. Wells' *Time Machine*. The translator finds the title difficult to put into French. "*Le Chronomoteur*," "*Le Chrono Mobile*," "*Quarante Siècles à l'heure*," and "*La Machine à Explorer le Temps*," are some of the suggestions for an equivalent.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, was taken when a little boy to see Wordsworth, and he still retains a vivid recollection of the kindness with which he was treated by the venerable poet.

The "lady novelist" is not, according to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, as formidable a phenomenon in America as in England. "Not often burdened with a mission unto which she was not born, in that happy land she is frankly content to interest and amuse her readers without feeling it a duty to lecture them"—which is a statement showing that there be many American novels of which the English journalist has not heard.

Ernest Ingersoll, in an article published in the *New York Times' Saturday Supplement*, about Henry M. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, at his home in Metuchen, N. J., states some facts which will carry small comfort to literary aspirants. "Into the bare and dusty little corner closet come from sixteen to eighteen thousand manuscripts a year, offered for publication in the magazine or in book form, for Mr. Alden is one of the literary advisers of the house. Of these, it would be physically impossible to use more than two hundred or so were the whole space of the annual volume given to them; but serial stories and prearranged articles (as the majority now are) and the need of meeting the ever-shifting current of public events and opinion by promptly treating what are called 'timely' topics, reduce the margin left for casual contributions to very narrow dimensions indeed, so that it is wonderful that any room remains at all. This has been said over and over, yet the stream of receipts increases as the country grows and learning spreads."

In collecting material for his recently published book, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, a selection of studies from the chronicles of Rome, Marion Crawford, the author, probably experienced less difficulty than he encountered while searching through the annals of early Italian life. As he remarked while lecturing in this country one or two years ago, it was most difficult to find anything in which was mirrored the domestic traits of the people, one of the best sources of information being old inventories.

Next year will be the centennial anniversary of the birthyear of the Russian author Pushkin, and is to be elaborately celebrated. Pushkin, like the Dumas, had negro blood in his veins, his great-grandfather having been a slave of Peter the Great. He himself was killed in a duel in 1837.

A volume of new letters of Walter Savage Landor, Public and Private, is announced in London.

"A novel," observes Paul Leicester Ford, "is historical or unhistorical, because it embodies or does not embody the real feelings and tendencies of the age or generation it attempts to depict, and in no sense because the events it records have happened or the people it describes have lived . . . The events and characters must be typical, not exceptional, to give it the atmosphere which, to another generation, shall make it seem more than a mere created fancy."

Nicholas Michorlowsky, the well-known Russian novelist, arrived in San Francisco recently, accompanied by friends. He is making a tour of the world, and will return to Europe by the way of New York, first visiting all the principal cities of the United States. Mr. Michorlowsky, whose pen-name is Gurine, has traveled extensively over China, and recently in Korea, where he gathered material for a novel. The best known of Mr. Michorlowsky's works are: "L'Enfance de Cema," "Les Etudiants," and "Recits de la Campagne."

Jules Lemaitre has resigned the position of dramatic critic on the "Revue des Deux Mondes," on the ground that in fourteen years he has expressed all the ideas on the drama that he is ever likely to have. He will devote himself to writing plays and other creative works hereafter.

The eccentric Mr. Whistler has withdrawn from a London publisher his forthcoming work, *The Baronet and the Butterfly*, which will be issued under his personal supervision in Paris. In a characteristic letter to the London publisher he says: "Napoleon and I do these things, and France shall have *The Baronet* first."

Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, has gone to England to fill his engagement to deliver the Gifford lectures on the Philosophy of Religion at the University of Aberdeen. These lectures are ten in number. Each lecturer invited to give the lectures is engaged for two years. Many men noted in philosophy and religion have been invited to deliver them, but Professor Royce is the first American to receive the honor.

This pleasing story about our famous humorist is going the rounds of the press: Some years ago Mark Twain appeared at the consulate of the United States at Frankfort, Germany, and found Captain Mason, the consul-general, packing up his books and papers and all of his personal belongings.

"What's up?" he asked.

"My time is up," returned Mason cheerfully. "We have a Democratic President, and as I am a Republican I have to get out and give my place to a good Democrat, soon to be appointed to this post."

"That's a blessed shame," exclaimed Mr. Clemens, and he started for the hotel, where he wrote this letter to Ruth Cleveland, then only about a year old:

"MY DEAR RUTH—I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the most sacred rules of our order prevents us from asking favors of officials or recommending men to office, but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you and telling you that an infernal outrage is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best consul I know (and I know a great many), just because he is a Republican, and a Democrat wants his place."

And then Mr. Clemens related what he knew of Captain Mason and his official record, and continued:

"I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him concerning such matters, I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a Government that so treats its efficient officials."

Three or four weeks later Mr. Clemens received a little envelope postmarked Washington, in which was a note, written in President Cleveland's own hand, that read:

"Miss Ruth Cleveland begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Twain's letter, and to say that she took the liberty of reading it to the President, who desires to thank Mr. Twain for his information and to say to him that Captain Mason will not be disturbed in the Frankfort consulate. The President also desires Miss Cleveland to say that if Mr. Twain knows of any other cases of this kind he will be greatly obliged if he will write him concerning them at his earliest convenience."

The following clever bit of verse by Rudyard Kipling was contributed to the souvenir programme of the Siegel-Cooper Company Employees' Association, of this city, on January 7, the occasion of their third annual entertainment and ball, an autograph copy accompanying a very cordial note from the poet's wife:

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life,
Called for wine and threw, alas!
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground:
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah! the fateful dawn deceived—
Mingled arrows each one sheaved!
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred.
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of death!
Save ye maidens! This is why
Old men love while young men die.

The programme from which this is taken is in reality an elaborately gotten up book, containing photographs and reproduced autograph indorsements of the Association's commendable benefit work from many of the most eminent names in this country and England—among others those of Queen Victoria, Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Henry Irving, Clara Barton, Cardinal Gibbons, Governor Theodore Roosevelt and Fitzhugh Lee, appearing in its pages. In making the above quotation from this programme Current Literature desires also to be added to the list of cordial sympathizers with the Association, its promoters and beneficiaries.

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Cyrano de Bergerac: Edmond Rostand: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth 50
 Cyrano de Bergerac: Howard Thayer Kingsbury: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth \$1 00
 Essays in Dramatic Criticism: L. Du Pont Syle: Wm. R. Jenkins, cloth 75
 Life's Comedy: Third Series: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 London Types: William Nicholson, R. H. Russell, board, illus.
 Music and Manners: Henry Edward Krehbeel: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth 1 50
 Sketches and Cartoons: Charles Dana Gibson: R. H. Russell, board
 The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac: Louis Gallet: Translated by Hettie E. Miller: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth 1 25
 The Casino Girl in London: Edited by Curtis Dunham: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth, illus. 1 00
 The Drama: Its Law and Its Technique: Elizabeth Woodbridge: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth. 1 50

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Catharine of Siena: Arthur T. Pierson: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth 50
 Charles Lamb and the Lloyds: Edited by E. V. Lucas: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illus. 2 00
 John Hancock, His Book: Abram English Brown: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illus. 2 00
 John Ruskin, Social Reformer: J. A. Hobson: Dana, Estes & Co., cloth 1 50
 The Life of Henry Drummond: George Adam Smith: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth 3 00
 The True Story of Benjamin Franklin: Lothrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. 1 50

Essays and Miscellanies.

- Essays on Work and Culture: Hamilton Wright Mabie: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 25
 Etiquette for Americans: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth.
 Macauley's Essay on Milton: Charles Wallace French: The Macmillan Co., leatherette 25
 Maids, Wives and Bachelors: Amelia E. Barr: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 25
 Manual of the History of French Literature: Ferdinand Brunière: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., cloth, illus. 2 00
 Miscellanies: Austin Dobson: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 25
 Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders: Charles M. Skinner: J. B. Lippincott Co., buckram, illus. 1 50
 Old World Memories: Edward Lowe Temple: L. C. Page & Co., cloth, illus., 2 vols. 3 00
 Out of Mulberry Street: Jacob A. Riis: The Century Co., cloth 1 25
 Spirit Slate Writing and Kindred Phenomena: William E. Robinson: Munn & Co., cloth, illus. 1 00
 The Business Girl: Ruth Ashmore: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth 50
 The International Directory of Booksellers and Bibliophile's Manual: Edited by James Clegg: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 50
 The Lark Almanac, 1899: Wm. Doxey: Paper, illus. 50
 The Workers—the West: Walter A. Wyckoff: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 Turrets, Towers and Temples: Edited and translated by Esther Singleton: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illus. 2 00
 Wit and Humor Series: English, Irish, Scotch: Geo. N. Jacobs & Co., 3 vols., cloth, each. 50

Fiction of the Month.

- A Golden Sorrow: Maria Louise Pool: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth, 12mo. 1 50
 A Sister to Evangeline: Charles G. D. Roberts: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth 1 50
 A Slave to Duty: Octave Thanet, and other women: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1 25
 A Yankee from the West: Opie Read: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth.
 A Yankee Volunteer: M. Imlay Taylor: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth 1 25
 Adventures of the Comte de la Muette During the Reign of Terror: Bernard Capes: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 25
 Alicia: Alexis: Bonnell, Silver & Co., cloth. 1 50
 An Obstinate Maid: Emma von Rhoden: Translated by Mary E. Ireland: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 Antigone: Paul Bourget: Translated by William Marchant: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth 1 50
 As Told by the Typewriter Girl: Mabel Clare Ervin: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 At the Blue Bell Inn: J. S. Fletcher: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth.
 Ave Roma Immortalis: Francis Marion Crawford: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus., 2 vols. 6 00
 Bound by the Law: Kate Thyson Marr: G. W. Dillingham & Co., cloth 1 50
 Cartagena: Charles W. Hall: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth 1 50
 Chap-Book Stories: Herbert Stone & Co., (second series), cloth 1 25
 David Harum: Edward Noyes Westcott: D. Appleton & Co., cloth.
 Doctor Thorne: H. Rider Haggard: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth 1 00
 Doomsday: Crabtree Hemenway: Copeland & Day, cloth 50
 Enoch the Philistine: Le Roy Hooker: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth 1 25
 Exiled for Lèse Majesté: James T. Whittaker: Curtis & Jennings, cloth 1 25
 Father and Son: Arthur Paterson: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth 1 25
 Gemma: Alexander McArthur: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth
 Gloria Mundi: Harold Frederic: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth 1 50
 I Am the King: Sheppard Stevens: Little, Brown & Co., cloth 1 25
 John Splendid: Neil Munro: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 50
 Joscelyn Vernon: Archibald Campbell Knowles: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., cloth 75
 Labor of Love: Julia Magruder: Lathrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. 50
 Lasca, and Other Stories: Mary F. Nixon: B. Herder, cloth 60
 Margaret Wynne: Adeline Sergeant: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth
 Maria Felicia: Caroline Světlá: Translated by Antonie Krejsa: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth 1 00
 My Invisible Partner: Thomas S. Denison: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth 1 00
 Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago: Henry Peterson: Henry T. Coates & Co., cloth, illus.
 Phoebe Tilson: Mrs. Frank Pope Humphrey: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth 1 00
 Rembrandt; A Romance of Holland: Walter Cranston Larned: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow: Jerome K. Jerome: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 25

- Sielanka; A Forest Picture, and Other Stories: Henryk Sienkiewicz: Little, Brown & Co., cloth. 2 00
 Sir Jefferson Nobody: Effie W. Merriman: A. C. McClurg & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 Some Marked Passages: Jeanne G. Pennington: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, cloth 1 00
 Stories in Light and Shadow: Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth 1 25
 Stories of the Cherokee Hills: Maurice Thompson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic: Thos. Wentworth Higginson: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 The Blindman's World: Edward Bellamy: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth 1 50
 The Borderland of Society: Charles Belmont Davis: Herbert Stone & Co., cloth 1 25
 The Choir Invisible: James Lane Allen: Macmillan & Co., cloth, illus. 2 50
 The Count's Snuffbox: George R. R. Rivers: Little, Brown & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 The Deserter: Harold Frederic: Lathrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 The Fifth of November: Charles S. Bentley and F. Kimball Scribner: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth. 1 50
 The Heart of Toil: Octave Thanet: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 The Little Lady, Some Other People, and Myself: Tom Hall: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 The Man Without a Country, and Other Stories: Edward Everett Hale: Little, Brown & Co., cloth. 1 25
 The Story of a Genius: Ossip Schubin: Translated by E. H. Lockwood: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth. 75

Historic, National and Political.

- Anglo-Saxon Superiority—To What It Is Due: Edmond Demolins: Translated by Louis Bert. Lavigne: R. F. Fenno & Co., cloth 1 00
 Cuba and Porto Rico: Robert T. Hill: The Century Co., cloth, illus. 3 00
 Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Countries, 1896-1897: Government Printing Co., cloth, vols. I. and II. 1 00
 De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida: Grace King: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 Historic Pilgrimages in New England: Edwin M. Bacon: Silver, Burdette & Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 Our Navy in the War with Spain: John R. Spears: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 Philadelphia; The Place and the People: Agnes Repplier: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus. 2 50
 Stories of the American Revolution: Everett T. Tomlinson: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illus. 1 00
 The Court of the Second Empire: Imbert de Saint-Amand: Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns: Richard Harding Davis: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 50
 The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century: Francis Parkman: Little, Brown & Co., cloth 2 00
 The Land of Contrasts: James Fullarton Muirhead: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth 1 50
 The Land of the Pigmies: Captain Guy Burrows: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., cloth, illus. 3 00
 The Roman's Story in the Time of Claudius I.: S. M. Beunham: A. I. Bradley & Co., cloth, illus. 1 75
 The Santiago Campaign, 1898: Major-General Joseph Wheeler: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth. 3 00
 The Story of the English: H. A. Guerber: American Book Co., cloth, illus. 1 00
 The Transition of North Carolina from Colony to Commonwealth: Enoch Walter Sikes: Johns Hopkins Press, paper 1 25

- The War with Spain: Charles Morris: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 War Echoes: Ernest Howard Crosby: Innes & Sons, paper 10
 With Kitchener to Khartum: G. W. Steevens: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 50

Natural History Sketches.

- A World of Green Hills: Bradford Torrey: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth 1 25
 Clear Skies and Cloudy: Charles C. Abbott: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 Outdoor Studies: James G. Needham: American Book Co., cloth, illus. 1 50
 The Butterfly Book: W. J. Holland: Doubleday & McClure Co., cloth, illus. 3 00
 Woods and Dales of Derbyshire: Rev. James S. Stone: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., cloth, illus. 1 00

Poetry of the Month.

- Beneath Blue Skies and Gray: Ingram Crockett: New York: R. H. Russell, boards. 1 00
 Budd Wilkins at the Show, and Other Verses: Samuel Ellsworth Kiser: The Helman-Taylor Co., cloth 1 25
 Cathedral Bells: Rev. John Talbot Smith: William R. Jenkins, cloth, illus. 1 25
 Child Stories and Rhymes: Emilie Poulson: Lathrop Publishing Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner: Edited by Tuley Francis Huntington: The Macmillan Co., flexible. 25
 From Me to You: Lillian Gertrude Shuman: Lee & Shepard, cloth 1 00
 Hank, and Other Poems: Henry Corlidge Semple: George G. Fetter Printing Co., cloth 1 25
 Impressions: Lilla Cabot Perry: Copeland & Day, cloth 1 25
 Just Jingles: Arthur J. Burdick: The Peter Paul Book Co., cloth 1 25
 Labor and the Angel: Duncan Campbell Scott: Copeland & Day, cloth 1 25
 Love Lyrics: Frank Putnam: The Blakely Press, paper. 1 25
 Moonflowers: Anna Whiting Stubblefield: Paper. 1 25
 Poems: Philip Henry Savage: Copeland & Day, cloth 1 25
 Poetry for Children: Charles and Mary Lamb: The Macmillan Co., cloth, ill. 1 00
 Poetry of the Seasons: Compiled by Mary I. Lovejoy: Silver, Burdett & Co., cloth, illus. 60
 Pictures of Travel, and Other Poems: Mackenzie Bell: Little, Brown & Co., cloth, illus. 1 00
 Songs of Good Fighting: Eugene R. White: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth 1 00
 Sporting Rhymes and Pictures: J. L. C. Booth: R. H. Russell, cloth, illus. 1 25
 Stories True and Fancies New: Mary Whitney Morrison: Dana, Estes & Co., cloth, illus. 1 25
 The Golden Person in the Heart: Claude Fayette Bragdon: Brothers of the Book: Cloth 1 00
 The Modern Traveler: H. B. and B. T. B.: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus. 1 00
 The Princess: A Medley: Alfred Lord Tennyson: The Macmillan Co., cloth 25
 The Purple Cow: Gelett Burgess: William Doxey: Paper, illus. 50
 The Seven Voices: J. Hooker Hamersley: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, illus. 1 75
 The Shadows of the Trees: Robert Burns Wilson: R. H. Russell, cloth, illus. 1 00
 The Song of Stradella: Anna Gannon: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth 1 00
 The Wayfarers: Josephine Preston Peabody: Copeland & Day, cloth 1 25

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR JANUARY, 1899

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Century of Amer. Illustrat. III.: Arthur Hoeber..B'man
A Great French Sculptor: Camille Thuawanger..N.E.Mag.
A Spanish Painter in America: Leno Cooper....Munsey's.
George Gray Barnard, the Sculptor: L. C. Dennis..R. of R.
Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the Sculptor: Sarah A. Tooley.
The Actor of To-day: Norman Hapgood.....Atlantic.
The Drama of the Month: Norman Hapgood.....Bookman.
The Making of Stained Glass Windows: T. Dreiser...Cos.
The Work of W. S. Gilbert: J. M. Bullock..Book Buyer.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

A Sketch of Gen. Galixto Garcia: Geo. Reno....R of R.
A Visit to Whittier: Edmund Gosse.....The Bookman.
About Bismarck: Munroe Smith.....Book Buyer.
Alexander the Great, III.: Benj. Ide Wheeler....Century.
Autobiography of Napoleon Bonaparte: Conclusion..Cos.
Autobiography of a Revolutionist: Kropotkin...Atlantic.
Bismarck, the Man and Statesman: C. T. Lewis...Harp.
Campaigning with Gomez: Thos. R. Dawley, Jr..F.L.P.M.
Character of Benjamin Franklin: C. R. Edmunds....S. C.
Czar Nicholas II., Emperor of Peace: W. T. Stead..R of R.
George McDuffie: Walter L. Miller.....Green Bag.
Harold Frederick: Louise Imogen Guiney..Book Buyer.
Letters of R. L. Stevenson: Edited by Sidney Colvin.Scrib.
Maurice Jokai at Home: Alexander Hegedüs..Book Buy.
Otto Von Bismarck: Harry Thurston Peck....Bookman.
Personal Narrative of the Maine, III.: Sigsbee..Century.
Reminiscence of Julia Ward Howe, II.: J. W. Howe..Atl.
The Carlyles in Scotland: John Patrick.....Century.
The Home of Jefferson: Maud H. Peterson.....Munsey.
The Many-Sided Franklin: Paul Leicester Ford..Century.
The Poet of Absinthe: Howard Lyndon..The Bookman.
The Real Russell Sage: Chauncey N. McGovern..Ainslee.
W. R. Leigh: James B. Carrington.....Book Buyer.

Educational Topics.

Social Ethics in the Schools: Julia E. Bulkley....Forum.
The Kindergarten and Its Critics: Nora Atwood...K. R.

Essays and Miscellanies.

A Curious Burial Place: Jennie Lown.....Cos.
A Visit to Egypt, and a Sequel....International Magazine.
A Woman in Washington: Emily M. C. Kilvert.Int. Mag.
Bugs and Beasts Before the Law, II.: E. P. Evans.G. Bag.
Businesslike Information About Cuba: Albert Shaw.B. B.
Early New Eng. Almanacs: Annie Russell Marble.N.E.M.
Fathers, Mothers and Freshmen: L. B. R. Briggs...Atl.
Fin de Siècle Individualism: Gertrude Evans King..Lip.
Heroes of the Nations, and How Remembered...Cassell.
In a Klondike Cabin: Joaquin Miller....F. L. Pop. Mo.
Irish Leaders in Many Nations: John Paul Boccock..Cos.
Literary Curiosity from C. Lamb's Library....Bookman.
Lowell: A Character Sketch of the City.....N. E. M.
Luxurious Bachelorhood: James L. Ford.....Munsey.
Search Light Letters: Robert Grant.....Scribner's.
Studies in Cheerfulness, II.: Max O'Rell.....N. A. R.
The Literature of Action: Edmund Gosse.....N. A. R.

Historic and National.

American Literature and Nationality: H. W. Mabie.For.
Americanism vs. Imperialism: Andrew Carnegie..N. A. R.
Are the Germans Still a Nation of Thinkers?.....Forum.
Bismarck and German Unity: Chas. H. Genung....B. B.
Fifty Years of Francis Joseph: Sydney Brooks..Harper's.
Future Relations of Great Britain and the U. S.:Dilke.For.
Japan as a Power in the Pacific: C. Pfoundes.....Arena.
Naval Campaign of 1898 in the West Indies....Harper's.
Naval Lessons of the War: H. W. Wilson.....Harper's.
Objections to Annexing the Philippines: Vest....N. A. R.
Out of the Mouth of Czars: Edward Everett Hale.N. E. M.
Our War with Spain: R. H. Titherington.....Munsey's.

The Army of the U. S.: Brig.-Gen. H. C. Corbin..Forum.
The British Army Manœuvres: W. Elliott Cairnes..Scrib.
The Great Debate of 1833: Chas. Coteworth Pinckney.Lip.
The Guards of Europe: B. Fletcher Robinson....Cassell.
The Jews in Jerusalem: Edwin S. Wallace..Cosmopolitan.
The Race War in North Carolina: H. L. West...Forum.
The Red Cross in the Summer's Work.....R. of R.
The Rough Riders: Theodore Roosevelt.....Scribner's.
The Sinking of the Merrimac: O. W. Deignan..F.L.P.M.
The Sultan at Home: Sidney Whitman.....Harper's.
The War on the Sea, and Its Lessons: Mahan..McClure's.
With the Sirdar: Major Edward Stuart Wortley.Scribner's.

Literary Criticism.

A Percursor of Realism: Fred. Tabor Cooper..Bookman.
Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character.....Century.
Plays and Poems of Richard Hovey: Page....Bookman.
Recent Phases of Literary Criticism: J. Burroughs.N.A.R.
Watts-Dunton's Romantic Novel: Nicoll.....Bookman.

Political, Financial and Legal.

Canada and the United States: Sir J. G. Bourinot..S. Cul.
Cuban Reconstruction: Richard J. Hinton.....N. A. R.
Energies of Our Government Compared: C. W. Eliot.Atl.
Government and Society in the Klondike: F. Palmer.For.
German Imperial Politics: Prof. P. S. Reinsch.S. Culture.
Liberty: An International Study: Felix L. Oswald..Lip.
Liquor Legislation in Norway: Francis G. Peabody..For.
Our Constitution and Expansion: H. P. Judson..R. of R.
Our Relations with the Far East: Chas. Denby..Munsey's.
Our War Diplomacy: Henry Macfarland.....R. of R.
Private Property at Sea in War: Chas. H. Butler.N. A. R.
The Foreign Office: Robert Machray.....Cassell.
The Recent Election and Its Results: Hon. Jas. Kerr..For.
San Francisco's Struggle for Good Government..Forum.
Social Settlements and the Civic Sense: H. Campbell..A.
Weakness of Executive Power in Democracy...Harper's.

Religious and Philosophic.

Evolution and Consciousness: Oliver H. P. Smith..Monist
Evolution Evolved: Prof. Alfred H. Lloyd.....Monist.
Fiat Morals: Hudor Genone.....Mind.
Man; Past, Present and Future: Chas. B. Patterson.Mind.
Ormazd; or, The Ancient Persian Idea of God...Monist.
Philosophy—Oriental and Occidental: L. G. James.Mind.
Progress Through Reincarnation: H. W. Graves...Mind.
Psychology and Mysticism: Hugo Munsterberg..Atlantic.
Style Is the Thought Itself: Jos. Dana Miller.....Mind.
The Art of Concentration (Part I.): M. E. Carter..Mind.
The Value of Moderation: Carrie B. Humphreys..Mind.
Vitalism: Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan.....Monist.
Woman and Theology: Lurana W. Sheldon.....Mind

Scientific and Industrial.

A Study in Nativities: Byron C. Mathews.....Forum.
Advantages of Nicaragua Canal: Crowninshield....Cen.
Col. Waring on the Sanitation of Havana: G. E. Hill..For.
Municipal Socialism in Boston: F. T. Douglass...Arena.
Problems in Organization: Econ. Org.: C. B. Flint..Cos.
The Upper Regions of the Air: John Trowbridge..Forum.
Voyaging Under the Sea: L. Lake and R. Baker....McC.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

A Glimpse of Nubia: T. C. S. Speedy.....Harper's.
A Ride Into Cuba for the Red Cross: C. R. Gill..Scrib.
An American in Madrid During the War: E. Kelly..Cen.
Big Fish in California Waters: C. F. Holder..Recreation.
Eleven Months in Mex. and Cen. Am.: Sainte-Croix.Inter.
In Lotos Land A-Wheel: T. Philip Terry.....Outing.
Leopard Hunting in Northern Bengal: J. W. Parry..Out.
Photographing Wild Game at Night: E. D. H. Recreation.
The Passing of the Ice Carnival: Edwin Wildman..Out.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

The Snow.....Will T. Hale.....Nashville American

A muddy inland sea, the sagegrass stirs
In undulations to the wind; the rill
Moans in the agony of winter's chill;
Within the woods hide ghostly whisperers—
Stilled when the startled quails with noisy whirs
Seek safety in a copse; with neighings shrill,
A stray horse wanders on the darkling hill,
Browsing among the mullein and dead burs.

When twilight dieth, softly flakes descend,
As thistledown, an eagle-driven bark,
An owl's hulk sweeps across the gray, to blend
With the black line of trees; and then the dark . . .
Night passes on, as pass the years, and, lo!
The badge of age on Nature's head—the snow.

Then Give Me Rosy Wine.....B. J. M. Donne.....London Public Opinion

When friends have dwindled, one by one,
And Hope's bright star has ceased to shine,
When Guile refrains her honeyed tongue,
Then give me rosy wine.

When shadows flit on bat-like wings,
And Sorrow's chequered page enshrine
"The sad vicissitude of things,"
Oh, cheer me then with wine!

And when the eyes with tears are wet,
The solace of the grape be mine;
Its cup may help me to forget
In one sweet draught of wine.

I'll bid no Chloe to impart
The siren song—no libertine—
No drug that dulls the aching heart—
But only rosy wine.

The fumes that rise from Bacchus' spring
May bring me bliss divine;
And Care shall droop neath Pleasure's wing
From out the cup of wine.

And, musing as I sit, my theme
Shall be the tendrilled vine;
So care shall vanish from my dream,
Dispelled by sparkling wine.

Cheer Your Fellow-man.....James Whitcomb Riley.....Poems

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up an' slap him on the back, an' holler, "How d'you do?"
An' grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you;
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, an' laugh his cares away,
An' tell him that the darkest night is just before the day;
Don't talk graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

Song of the Locomotive.....George Richards Parr.....Chicago Post

Blackness out of the blackness,
Fronted with dazzling light,
With a demonish groan and a vomit of flame
It teareth through the night.
Splitting the vale with a mighty shriek,
Flying o'er glints of steel,
With a whirl by the edge of a precipice
Or a lunge where the marshes reek,
And the ooze is under the wheel.

High in the air like a wounded bird,
Spanning the trestle's thread,
Ere it plunge through the mountain of rock with a roar
To glide by the river-bed.
Ever and on like a haunted thing,
Trembling and crazed with fear,
With a fire at its heart that is eating deep
And the speed of a dragon's wing,
As it crosses the plain and the mere.

Blackness out of the blackness,
Monster of steam and steel,
Yet a thing that is living and human as man,
A soul in the shaft and wheel.
Servant of man that abides his will,
Child of his brawn and brain,
It has made of the earth but a little place,
It has leveled the granite hill,
Till the ends of the earth are plain.

En Voyage.....Caroline A. Mason.....Poems

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Unsatisfied.....Mary M. Parks.....Jenness Miller Monthly

He looks at me with wistful eyes
And moans for words that will not come;
He lays his head upon my knee
And sighs, poor dog, for he is dumb.

Dear fellow, do you envy us
These mocking tongues? Our hearts are dumb.
They quiver with pent-up desire,
And moan for speech that will not come.

These idle words that lightly flow
And seem with careless ease to teach
The secret of the inmost soul
To all who hear—this is not speech.

'Tis but the spray that sudden starts
Up from the sea when fierce winds blow,
And fill the air with pungent mist,
But never stirs the depths below.

Fate flouts us all. To you, poor dog,
To you the gift of speech were bliss;
Yet those who hold it at its best
The joy of perfect utterance miss.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over this month.

453. Please give me some information concerning Rupert Hughes, selections from whose writings so often appear in *Current Literature*. Also, does Mr. George W. Cable still edit *Current Literature*?—R. E. B., Denver, Colo.

[A brief sketch of Mr. Hughes and his work is printed in the department, *Gossip of Authors and Writers*, on another page of this issue. Mr. Cable is no longer connected with *Current Literature*.]

454. *The Bible and the Child*: F. W. Farrar and a number of clergymen have written a book entitled, I believe, *The Bible and the Child*. Will you please inform me where I can procure a copy?—E. T. Hollingsworth, Gadsden, Ala.

455. *Author of Menticulture*: Will you be good enough to give me, through "Open Questions," the name of the author of the book *Menticulture*, and also where this book is to be had?—Samuel H. Davis, Portland, Me.

[Horace Fletcher is the author of *Menticulture*; or, *The A, B, C of True Living*. The book is published by the Herbert S. Stone Company, Chicago, Ill.]

456. *The Irishman's Dream*: Will you kindly inform me where I may obtain the dialect poem, which I think is called *The Irishman's Dream*? It describes a German, Frenchman, Jew, etc., trying to obtain admission to heaven through St. Peter's gate. All are refused, until the Irishman appears, who gains an entrance. This information would greatly oblige.—Mrs. C. Willard, Allegany, N. Y.

457. *Cover Design of Current Literature*: Will you please explain to a subscriber in next number the significance of the three heads on the first page of *Current Literature*?—Subscriber, Selma, Ala.

[This question has already been answered several times in this department, but we are always glad to oblige our correspondents. The three faces on the cover of *Current Literature* appeared on the first copy of the magazine in a design by Arthur Jules Goodman. The old man represents "Wisdom," the centre face "Letters," and the face on the right hand "Wit." In making over the design, the use of flowing lines in the background was thought to be more graceful, and to typify to some extent the passage or current of time, against which the emblematic faces appear in strong relief.]

458. *Song of the Winds*: Can you supply me through your information column or "Treasure Trove," with a poem called *Song of the Winds*, by Alba? The poem was published originally in *Catholic World* some six or seven years ago, but the publishers cannot now supply me with the number, as it is out of print. This will be a great favor.—Franz Bellinger, Indianapolis, Ind.

459. Kindly tell me where I can find an old poem, every stanza of which ends something like this:

Peter and Paul

God in His wisdom created them all.

—M. L. Creighton, 110 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

460. *Book-binding and Designing*: It is rather doubtful, I fear, whether my question can rightfully come in your department, but I shall be very grateful if you will answer it, as I know of nowhere else I could so confidently send for trustworthy information. Can you tell me whether there is in New York City any place where a woman can learn artistic book-binding, both as regards design and execution? If you can give me the address of such a place I will be very grateful.—M. M. V., Binghamton, N. Y.

[We regret that we are unable to give our correspondent the information desired. In our reading recently we noted an interesting paper on *Book-Cover Designing and Decoration*. Possibly a letter directed to Mr. W. G. Bowdoin, in care of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, editor of the magazine, *Self Culture* (Akron, Ohio), in which this article appeared, may elicit a satisfactory response from Mr. Bowdoin, the author.]

461. *John McCulloch's Ravings*: Will you please tell me in your "Talks with Correspondents" where I can obtain *The Ravings of John McCulloch in a Mad House*?—A. J. Scott, Elizabeth City, N. C.

462. *Tewkesbury Abbey*: Will you please give me information in regard to a historical novel of *Tewkesbury Abbey* and *Tewkesbury Castle*? Is there such a novel? Is there a "history" of these places? I am not particular about it being a novel; I want a history very much. Can you tell me where and at what price I can get a copy of Sir John Gilbert's painting of *Tewkesbury Abbey*? I saw a notice of it (the original) in *Current History* last quarter of '97. If you know where a photo. of the castle or abbey could be obtained I would be glad to receive the information.—Mrs. M. Byrns, Amethyst, Colo.

[In a very comprehensive index of English historical novels, we find no mention of *Tewkesbury Abbey*. The only volumes on the subject given in the reference books at hand are W. Dyde's *History and Antiquities of Tewkesbury*, and *A Disquisition on the Conventual Church of Tewkesbury*. Both of these are old English publications, and we doubt if they can be had outside a large public or exceptional private library. Possibly correspondence with Brentano, importer and bookseller, Union Square, New York City, would bring our correspondent the desired information.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

415. Replying to 415 in *Current Literature* for July, "Who wrote *The Long Ago*?" I will state that I have the poem, clipped from a newspaper, name not given, with this heading:

"The following, which we find floating like a wind-driven waif upon the great sea of American newspaper-ship, is certainly one of the most beautiful things we have ever seen. Who can be the author of it? Does anybody know?"—*Baltimore Patriot*.

"It was written by Benjamin F. Taylor, of the *Chicago Journal*."—*Commercial*.

Among other telegraphic items on reverse of my yellow old clipping, bearing date Dec. 22, 1860, is the following from Washington:

"One hundred guns were fired in honor of South Carolina's secession to-day. Fifteen guns were fired at Portsmouth and the Palmetto flag hoisted."—Juliette M. Babbitt, Washington, D. C.

[In our September issue a correspondent gave additional proof of the authenticity of the claims

made for Mr. Taylor as author of this charming poem.]

429. "S. M. P., Duluth, Minn.," asks for "Good-by, Jim." If your correspondent wishes to procure this one piece he can do so by obtaining from the Globe Publishing Co., New York City, the prospectus of their Library of Universal Literature, which contains the poem in question.—Hugh A. Lorentz, Buckhannon, W. Va.

432. G. B. Adolphus asks for the poem that has as the concluding line of each stanza,

"The good alone are great."

There is a poem entitled, "All Saints' Day," that has for the first line of each stanza the line,

"The dead alone are great."

The entire poem is published in that admirable series of leaflets issued by the Church of the Transfiguration, No. 1 East 29th street, New York. The author of the poem referred to is not known, however.—Chas. N. Kent, Merrick, L. I.

443. In your December number, on the page devoted to correspondents, I noticed an inquiry, No. 443, from Mr. H. C. Read, East Oakland, Cal., as to who is the author of some lines which he quotes, ending "My Mother, O, My Mother." In my Selected Works of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. II., embracing *The Light That Failed* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*, published by Peter Fenelon Collier, New York, are to be found the lines referred to by Mr. Read, though they differ somewhat from those quoted by him. They are written in the book, presumably as a dedication, and as no credit is given to any one for their authorship, I believe Mr. Kipling to be the author. The lines are:

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine.

—John D. Feahake, Galveston, Texas.

444. *The House of Death*: The House of Death, by Louise Chandler Moulton, about which J. O. C. asked in the December number of your paper, can be found in *The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics*, page 236.—Mildred Walsh, Chicago, Ill.

[This selection may also be found in the edition of Mrs. Moulton's poems, published by Copeland & Day, Boston; and in Stedman & Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*, vol. ix., page 248; and so we are informed by Miss Gertrude Stevens, of Newton Highlands, Mass., though she fails to give the publisher's or compiler's name—in a volume of poems entitled *Younger American Poets*. Miss Stevens courteously encloses a copy of the poem in question, which we hold subject to the pleasure of querist 444.]

447. *The City of the Living*: In answer to 447 in "Open Questions," for December, *The City of the Living*, by Elizabeth Akers, wife of Paul Akers, the sculptor, may be found in the volume of her poems published by Ticknor & Fields, in 1868 (entered by Act of Congress in 1866). Mrs. Akers is the well-known author of *Rock Me to Sleep*, which has been so fiercely claimed by many aspirants to literary fame. She has been as notoriously pilfered

from—*robbed* is the right word—as was Longfellow. . . .
—(Mrs.) Mary L. Wells, Montpelier, Vt.

[The question of authorship of the above-mentioned poem was settled in our January issue, but we print Mrs. Wells' letter, with thanks for her courtesy, because of the further information concerning author and poem. An answer to this query was also received from a Salem (Mass.) correspondent.]

451. *Rhymed Recipe for Welsh Rarebit*: Possibly this is the Rhymed Recipe for Welsh Rarebit asked for by H. B. Miller. I fail to recall the author's name. The actor referred to was the late William Florence.—Chas. L. Hincke, Parker, Colo.

Should you ask me, friend and actor,
"Whence the flavor of the rarebit,
Whence its odor and its smoothness,
Whence its subtle fascination?"
I should answer, I should tell you:—
From the method of its mixture,
From the choice of its ingredients,
And the time of introduction,
This the way to make a rabbit:—
Give me of your cheese, O grocer!
Good fresh dairy cheese domestic—
Cheese quite fresh, not old and mouldy!
Cut it then in dainty fragments—
Fragments cut in sizes equal;
Light the spirit lamp and place it
'Neath the blazer, brightly gleaming;
Then a lump of butter placing
In the blazer, watch it creaming,
Creaming in the heated blazer;
Then with deftness add the substance
Creamy substance, cut in fragments.
Then when it doth melt and thicken,
Pour on ale—the ale called Bass's;
Gently add in scanty spoonfuls,
Lest you chill the substance melting—
Always stirring, stirring always.
When the cheese to heat surrenders,
Drop into this dish so tempting
Two teaspoonfuls, measured finely,
Only two of Coleman's mustard.
This you add to keep dyspepsia,
Grim dyspepsia, from partakers—
All this while keep up the stirring,
Always stirring, stirring always.
Add a touch of red paprika,
Made from pepper tips Hungarian;
This the foe of indigestion,
Deadly foe of indigestion.
Now you stir with vim and ardor,
For the rabbit nears completion,
And the appetites are whetted
By the subtle, faint aroma.
Plates, hot plates, must be beside you,
Crowned with buttered toast, and waiting
For the baptism of the rabbit,
Hot and smooth, and oh, so fragrant.
Quickly bid the guests assail it,
Ere a breath of air can chill it;
Ale or beer attend the feasting,
And delay is most disastrous;
Plates and toast and beer and glasses
Must be ready at your elbow—
Quickly served and quickly eaten,
And the grace be spoken after,
This the secret of the rabbit.

[A letter from Mrs. V. R. Robinson, Crawford, N. J., also answers this question, obligingly enclosing a copy of the verses as well.]



MISS ZITELLA COCKE

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 208.)